

TO THE READER

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TWO YEARS IN SOUTHERN SEAS

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A CHEECHAKO
IN ALASKA

By CHARLOTTE CAMERON

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T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON

TWO YEARS IN SOUTHERN SEAS

By CHARLOTTE CAMERON
O.B.E., F.R.G.S.

Illustrated

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PREFACE

LONDON fogs begin—the leaves fall—one shivers in one's coat. I picture in my mind the South Sea Islands; the coral atolls wreathed with pearl-sprayed breakers; the brilliant tropical flowers kissed by the soft breezes, wafting the perfume of magnolia and frangipani to soothe one's senses. Shining palms that sway and glisten in the sunshine seem to beckon me.

My last journey had comprised some 20,000 miles in Alaska and the Yukon. I had remained home in London nearly a year, and now the wanderlust leaves me no peace. It is November, and all arrangements for a protracted voyage have been completed. I embark on a Cunarder for New York and travel through the Southern States via Washington. At Mount Vernon I gather an ivy leaf from the tomb of George Washington for a mascot. New Orleans, rich in French and Creole traditions, famous also for gastronomic achievements, provided my Christmas dinner.

Then the comfortable Sunset Route, Limited, of the Southern Pacific, landed me at El Paso, where I had expected to see hitching-posts, ranchers and cowboys, and instead saw a fine town with skyscrapers and everything that spoke the last word in modernity. Juarez (pronounced Warez) on the Mexican frontier attracted me for an afternoon. It was what the Americans call "a wide, open town"—gambling of every description, drinking, thieves, dagoes and most of the denizens of the underworld appeared to be congregated here. Never had I beheld such vile faces—both men and women. It was indeed hard to realize that these creatures had been moulded in God's image.

“Guard your purse well” admonished the citizen who accompanied me. Just then a man approached and complained that he had been robbed of 800 dollars and his railway-ticket. It was a relief to view Juarez from a distance. Next I proceeded to Arizona—the Painted Desert—the Apache Trail—a beautifully picturesque part of the country wherein the Indians waged warfare in the olden days and, in their rock-bound fastness, were unconquerable. Now, as the result of a great engineering triumph, the waters have been controlled by the Roosevelt Dam, thereby creating a lake thirty miles in length. Arizona the desert blooms with verdure. Eventually San Francisco is reached, and the sapphire ocean of the Pacific spreads itself before me.

Is there Romance in the Isles of the Southern Seas? Will you voyage with me, my readers? I have no idea of what we shall encounter; what adventures may befall. I will take you with me in spirit, tell you conscientiously the story of my adventures.

CHARLOTTE CAMERON.

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Presented by Lieut. E. W. Pearson Chinnery, F.R.G.S.

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Two Years in Southern Seas

CHAPTER I

HONOLULU—HAWAII

“Onward to the Isles of the Blest”—The *Ventura*—“Aloha”—The Moana Hotel—Hawaiian music—The Japanese menace—A *luau*—The *hula-hula* dances—Government—A savage king—Waikiki Beach—Surf-riding—King Kamehameha I—Ancient explorers—Paradise of the Pacific—Pearl Harbour

“ONWARD TO THE ISLES OF THE BLEST.”

THE good ship *Ventura*—appropriately named—swung out from the wharf and headed her prow towards the Golden Gate. It was a delightful afternoon, the sun, descending in the west, casting a rosy veil over the disappearing city of San Francisco, lighting up the large white edifice now in construction, and which is to be known as the California Palace of the Legion of Honour. This building, erected on a high promontory in Lincoln Park, will, when completed, be the first landmark visible for voyagers entering the Golden Gate from the Pacific. It establishes a tangible bond of friendship between the great republic of America and her sister republic, France, a magnificent *entente*.

Sailing into the harbour of New York, the first object which strikes the eye is the statue of Liberty enlightening the world, a gift to the United States of America from France. This Museum of the Legion of Honour is a replica of the museum bearing the same name in Paris. It is a gift to the people by Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Spreckels, of San Francisco, in commemoration of the soldiers of California who laid down their lives in the Great War.

Onward we glide on a calm sea towards the west.

After a look around, a sizing up of ship and passengers, I go below to my cabin, which is heaped with boxes of flowers, confectionery, and gifts of all kinds sent by my dear American friends. This recognition is not entirely for my personal self, but is the outward sign of regard for Britain, as I, a British woman, had lectured and worked for our Allies in the United States of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific for two years during the war.

That splendid institution, the English-Speaking Union, has been and still is doing magnificent work in cementing the friendship between the two countries. As an active worker, I am hopeful of enlisting all British-speaking peoples to membership, in order that we may know and understand each other, to the betterment and advancement of the world.

The *Ventura*, under the efficient control of genial Captain Dawson, a native of my beloved Scotia, but now an American citizen, does all in his power to make our voyage a happy one. The food is excellent: teas on deck, dances, concerts enliven us as we stream across the dark-blue Pacific. Life is charming under the circumstances, and we are not cut off from the world. The *Federal Radio News* sees to that: every morning and evening a four-page pamphlet is put in one's cabin giving all the wireless news. After five and a half days of cruising, the picturesque promontory of Diamond Head indicates that we have arrived in Hawaiian waters. The Oceanic Line steamers remain two days at Honolulu and then depart for Pango-Pango, American Samoa, then on to Sydney, covering the distance to Sydney in nineteen days—"Sydney's Short Line," they call the run. The air is deliciously warm, somewhere about 78 degrees to 80—nearly everyone wears summery attire; the temperature varies very slightly the year round. All are keen to get a first glimpse of this paradise of the Pacific. After rounding Diamond Head and Koko Head (which is the higher crater), the Punch Bowl is pointed out. The shores are fringed with palms and sub-tropical foliage. Honolulu is set in a unique frame, with verdant mountain

ranges as a background, whilst glistening white breakers, ever singing her praises, roll in from the Pacific. The huge seven-storied Moana Hotel, with double wings and open courtyard, now discloses itself, while below we catch our first sight of the famous Waikiki Beach, which has inspired song writers, poets, artists, and the genius of many an individual. Our own Prince of Wales was so enchanted with surf-boating at Waikiki that he paid Honolulu a second unofficial visit at the conclusion of his Australasian voyage.

Honolulu is the capital of the Hawaiian group of islands and is situated on the Island of Oahu, which comprises 598 square miles. This group of islands used to be known as the Sandwich Islands. There are eight inhabited islands, and Hawaii Isle is the largest, with an area of 4,015 square miles. It possessed the largest continuously active volcano on this planet, Kilauea. Then in rotation as to size are Maui, Oahu, Kanai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, and Kahoolawe, with some smaller unimportant islands outlying to the north-west. The area of the entire group is some 6,406 square miles. This group, now known as the territory of Hawaii, was annexed by the United States of America in 1898, and is situated in the North Pacific Ocean, between $18^{\circ} 54'$ and $22^{\circ} 14'$ north latitude and $154^{\circ} 48'$ and $160^{\circ} 13'$ west longitude. It is about 2,020 miles south-west of San Francisco.

One is surprised to find upon landing how up to date the town is ; for example, motor-cars of the latest design ply for hire. Still, in spite of this modernism, the picturesque Hawaiians give a friendly greeting which endears them to you at once. As you leave the steamer, “ a malihini ” (native word for newcomer), several smiling women will throw sweet-scented wreaths, “ leis,” over your head and say “ Aloha.” Now, this word needs to be explained for you hear it continually. It is beautiful and its sentiment expresses heartfelt kindness. “ Aloha ! ” means “ Good wishes and sympathy with you in every condition, every thought and every mood, every sorrow and every joy, every success and every loss. Welcome in your

coming, *bon voyage* on your going, and friendly affection wherever you may be." One would not recognize Hawaii without "Aloha Oe!"

It is their song which they sing whenever a parting takes place :

Aloha Oe ! Thou charming one who dwells
Among the bowers. One fond embrace before
I now depart, until we meet again.

How different is the greeting in the big cities of the world ! You arrive, maybe no one cares. You go and it is the same.

All kinds of strange and lovely flowers as well as masses of delicious-looking fruit are sold at the wharf. I summon a car and am swiftly whirled away towards the Moana Hotel. The chauffeur is a Jap, and as I pass through the streets *en route* I am astounded at the number of Japanese I see. In some districts one might well imagine oneself to be actually in Japan, so many are the Japanese. In passing a street where a school had just liberated the scholars, the entire thoroughfare was blocked by Japanese children. They appeared like so many bunches of flowers in their gay-coloured cotton dresses. It is some four miles' drive to the Moana Hotel, along a most glorious road bounded on each side with a multitude of flowers, flowering bush and tree, through which gleamed the deep blue of the sea washing the white coral beach. Oleanders, poinsettia, begonias as high as twenty and thirty feet, which to us seem incredible, beautify the roadstead. The shades of light and colour on the towering mountains captivate the eye. One's whole body becomes thrilled with artistic delight at this fairyland, until all too quickly your drive is ended, and you are deposited on the broad veranda or lanai of the Moana Hotel. Here a crowd of Jap boys take possession of you, and your belongings and yourself are whisked upstairs by a live, quick elevator. The boys show me into a clean white room actually overlooking the seas and Diamond Head ; the waves surge under my windows, and ever I hear the

whispering of the waters. Attached is the latest thing in bath-rooms, all white and dainty. Surely I could never hope to be more comfortable. Tentatively I ask the price of this luxurious apartment, not being an American millionaire but a Londoner burdened with a heavy British income tax. I am told 10 dollars a day, including three meals, roughly speaking, a little over £2 a day in the best hotel of Honolulu, which cannot be excessive in this playground of rich Americans. There are many other hotels and excellent boarding-houses which I will deal with later. One can live at Honolulu at a figure to suit almost any purse. This hotel has a variety of sitting-rooms, and everything that hotels possess in the greatest cities. But most people prefer to sit in the big "comfy" chairs on the lanai—there is always a breeze somewhere. Soon lunch was announced. I went into a gigantic dining-room overlooking the sea. Here again the Japanese were in evidence. Every waiter was a Jap; mine was a small, doll-like creature, ever smiling. It was a wonder how this diminutive person was able to carry the trays piled high with heavy dishes and eatables. The menu was long and varied. I began with half of an apricot, coloured papaia (in other islands the name of this fruit is spelt differently). As I was enjoying this delicious iced fruit a roulade of song burst upon me. Wonderful melody, barbaric, pathetic, entrancing. I turned, to see some dozen of male Hawaiians in a sort of musicians' gallery. What music! All my nerves shivered with emotion. I seemed to see centuries of barbaric history unrolled before me as these men sang—the pathos, the gladness, how wonderfully they expressed life. Afterward the tinkling of ukuleles and guitars, accompanied by a piano, soothed one into a sort of dream. You felt as if you were walking in Elysium. By night the scene was even more enchanting, for a wondrous moon threw ethereal shadows over all. I went up on the roof garden and looked over the city which, with its lights, resembled an enormous diamond field, every one scintillating, only Diamond Head and the Punch Bowl dark and gloomy.

Downstairs on the broad lanai of the courtyard a dance was in progress. Many American officers were jazzing with attractive, smartly gowned young women. The huge banyan-tree in the centre of the courtyard was hung with many coloured electric lamps, imparting added charm to the resplendent moonlight. I felt a little lonely, as I had not then presented my letters of introduction, and went to my rooms where, with the moon shining overhead, and with the lullaby of the sea in my ears, my spirit fled to the land of Morpheus.

Next morning opened with glorious sunshine and perfect climate. Before long, I take a motor to explore beautiful Honolulu, which has a population of over 80,000 and is the Mecca of tourists. Some of the big American steamers do a round trip from the States, bringing 600 people on each voyage. These tourists circulate all over the various islands sightseeing, then return after a couple of weeks.

In driving over the beautiful streets and residential part of Honolulu, one feels a sort of intoxication, or exhilaration would better describe it, at the wonderful scenery. Homes, gardens, flowers—wherever I looked it was as if Nature had arranged a grand masterpiece. Never in any of my long trails have I seen oleanders as big as trees, hedges of hibiscus, and such masses of bougainvillea, to say nothing of the rest of the flower family or the multitudes of variegated crotons. The Hawaiian homes are bowers of beauty, from the small houses to the mansions. In the principal business quarter are all kinds of good shops, some almost aiming to be skyscrapers. As far as women's garments are concerned, Paris models can be obtained, but I found all feminine requirements rather expensive. Seeing that Honolulu is only five days distant from California, everything that you can buy in the States is purchasable here. One must not forget the art shops kept by the Japanese and Chinese—wonderful curios from the East, kimonos, ivories, lacquers, embroideries, every unique and beautiful curio finds its market in Honolulu. The Japanese quarter

is large and most interesting. It is in a way a pity that the Japanese have flocked to such an extent to Honolulu. If they continue to multiply at the present rate—every Japanese woman's ambition is to bring into the world at least seven children—the Japs will soon outnumber the Hawaiians as well as the Americans.

In case of war anxious times would certainly follow. The Japs and their children have all the advantages of the Americans—free schooling, and all the benefits of American government and protection. I passed through the Chinese quarter as well, but the denizens are in no way so numerous as the Japanese. I remarked two large picture palaces. Altogether, the town appeared most prosperous and up to date. On my return back to the Moana, I found that I had unfortunately missed several callers. When I first arrive at a new place I prefer to take a conveyance alone and get the "lie of the land" myself. First impressions are always best; but in traveling, and especially in writing, one must get to know the people, get into their homes, their inner life is what one wishes to study. Among the notes I received was one asking me to dine at a real Hawaiian luau (feast). My friends were to call for me at 8 p.m. We motored in the brilliant moonlight to the beautiful residence of Senator W——, whose garden is renowned even in this Eden. The house was splendidly furnished, pictures by celebrated artists adorned the walls, and all that good taste and wealth could produce appeared to be collected under their hospitable roof.

Now, the luau is a historic feast at which the customs and choice of foodstuffs have been handed down since the days of the great King Kamehameha. Upon arriving, we found about fifty guests had assembled to partake of this famous luau (pronounced luar). It was held in a rustic hall, the walls curtained with huge palm branches intersected with flowers and yellow leis. White oleanders and flamboyant crotons added to the beauty of the decorations. On one long table stood huge bowls filled with red hibiscus, yellow trumpet vine and purple

bougainvillea. Native women waited at table wearing flower leis on their hair. When we sat down the entire dinner was laid out before us, and great dishes of sliced pineapples perfumed the air. At each place the eatables were arranged around the plate in the form of a horseshoe. Poi—like a thick porridge of a pinkish tint—reposed in large coconut bowls. Most people dipped in a finger, twisted the poi around the finger or fingers and conveyed it to their mouths in this primitive manner. As a malihini, I did not care for it. No knives, forks or spoons are supplied at a luau. I dived into a packet of leaves and found a piece of nice well-cooked fish which I could eat. The next dish was rather different to manipulate with pre-historic forks—a small bowl with a piece of chicken floating in gravy and taro tops, which resembled our spinach. Everyone laughed to see me eat the fat pig (which I loathe): this came next on the menu. Fortunately there was a vessel of water in which one could rinse one's hands after attacking piggie—one had need of it! There were many species of sea food which I had never seen before—small clams, minute devil fish, and others I had not happened to come across previously. Maybe I shall learn more about them in time. Large sweet potatoes baked in their skins were excellent. For dessert we had a thick sort of custard made of arrowroot and coconuts, with the best pineapple I have ever tasted. The beverage was pineapple punch without a stick. After the luau began the sweet, weird music of Hawaii. An old native woman of sixty-five, who had been an entertainer in the late Queen's household, advanced into the hall. She was well versed in the hula-hula dances, and walked slowly, with head in the air, chanting poems about the birds of the land. Her gown was a "holokus," the native robe of a long "princess" style, loose and flowing with train of bright yellow. On her head were several orange leis, while leis of bright green hung around her neck. She paused as she came nearer, and bowed as with solemn majesty to all, then sat down on the floor, a red cushion before her, upon which rested a big

calabash of peculiar formation. Again she chanted and beat upon the calabash.

Two Hawaiian dancing-girls came in, gesturing before her. They also wore orange leis on their heads, and blue silk shorts, the abdomen bare. Their skirts were of thick grasses, which swayed with every movement. Bracelets of gold and silver adorned their arms, and orange leis encircled their ankles. They began to dance according to their custom. What gyrations! Advancing, retreating, motioning of the hands, convulsions of the body, languorous glancing of the eyes. With their surprising manipulation of the hips, I feared they must disjoint themselves. It was a sensual dance, much resembling the Egyptian stomach-dancing. The hula-hula has been danced before the kings in the Hawaiian Islands ever since history began.

The entertainment was certainly unique. At its close the beautiful hymn "Aloha Oe" was sung by all present. Then the motor journey home in the moonlight, the air sweet with the perfume of exotic flowers.

There is so much to see and do in this wonderful Honolulu that one cannot possibly be dull. Furthermore, the people are most hospitable; they appear to think it their sacred duty to make one's stay enjoyable. Mrs. Charles Chillingworth—or "Anne" as she is called by thousands by whom she is beloved—is indefatigable in her efforts to make strangers think well of Honolulu—and she is most successful. Mrs. Chillingworth is a tall, handsome woman, rather Spanish in colouring, with large dark smiling eyes and a manner which no one can resist. I went to an afternoon reception given by Governor and Mrs. Charles J. McCarthy. Mrs. Chillingworth also helped to receive. The venue of the party was the former home of Hawaii's last queen, Liliuokalani. On the lanai girls from the Normal School played and sang divinely the songs which the Queen had herself written. It was interesting to note that the traditions and much of the monarchical atmosphere had been retained, recalling the sad days when Liliuokalani had lived there,

a deposed queen. The large gold satin arm-chair which the Queen always occupied when receiving her faithful Hawaiians was drawn to the place of honour, the centre of the hall, where the Governor and his lady were receiving—a very pretty and thoughtful idea. This empty chair was draped with strands of the lovely and fragrant lavender flowers, known as pun kalaumi, the *crown* flower, plucked from a vine which the Queen had personally planted in the gardens of Washington Palace. Also resting on the Queen's piano was a magnificent basket of yellow flowers intermixed with many coloured gladioli (this was sent by the Hawaiian Senate), as well as a large black bowl filled with scarlet African daisies and white chrysanthemums, the gift of the House of Representatives. The fact that this day was the fortieth anniversary of Governor McCarthy's arrival in Hawaii lent exceptional interest to this charming reception. The Governor's wife and the leaders of Hawaiian society all wore the pretty black silk holokus with coloured leis about their shoulders, as they would have done in the days of the Queen.

Hawaii is self-governing. The Governor holds executive power, and is appointed by the President of the United States, as is also the Territorial Secretary. Both officials must be citizens of Hawaii. The other territorial officials, who must have the approval of the Upper House of the Legislature, are appointed by the Governor.

The Senate consists of fifteen members, and the House of Representatives has thirty members, which body is elected by the people. Hawaii is represented in Congress at Washington by one delegate, who has floor privileges in the House but is not allowed a vote.

They have a Supreme Court, or Judiciary, four Circuit Courts, and numerous District Courts, which are appointed by the President with the approval of the United States Senate. These appointments are customarily made on the recommendation of the acting Governor. The Houses of Parliament and Courts are fine structures equal to any in the big cities of the world. The street cars of Honolulu

are most comfortable, practically traversing all the chief thoroughfares. They are open, clean, and the entire service is excellently managed. For 5 cents (or 2½d.) you can ride quite twenty-five miles. A few minutes' walk from the Moana Hotel brings you to the Aquarium, sheltered under the Royal Palms in Kapiolani Park on Waikiki Beach. The admission fee is 25 cents. Everyone should visit this Aquarium; it rivals that of Naples, which is said to be the finest in the world.

A much-travelled friend has told me this story of the King of the Marshall Islands. I repeat it to show the primitive isolation of some of the groups of islands in the South Seas. In the ordinary way, most people have no idea of the number of islands dotted all over the Pacific—there must be one hundred thousand. A year ago, when a terrible storm was raging, a ship essayed to drop anchor at the Marshall Islands. As the population is extremely limited, the King himself acts as a pilot upon the rare occasions of a steamer's visit. His Majesty came out in his canoe and managed to board the ship. The storm, however, increased to such an extent that the pilot King could not leave the ship. Now the captain was bound to be at San Francisco on a certain date. So thus he addressed the King of the Marshall Islands: "I can't wait around here and lose time any longer; you will have to come to San Francisco, and get back on another steamer." The King looked dubious—he could only speak a few words of English, not more than a dozen—he was powerless. Thus the steamer was headed for the Golden Gate, and in due time arrived. Now this dusky King was practically helpless so far as the language question went, and anxiously awaited his home-bound ship, but unfortunately for him there are few ships sailing for his remote kingdom. The shipping people and others were very kind to him. Being simply a savage king who had travelled no farther than his native island, the great city filled him with awe. The rush and roar, skyscrapers and motor-cars, were wonderful, beyond all his dreams. But motoring was his great delight; he would

settle back in his seat, his eyes gleaming, and ever ask to be driven faster and faster. After waiting months for a ship to take him back, they advised him to embark for Sydney, which is really the base for the South Seas island traffic, and to make his way to the Marshalls by that route. My friend happened to be on board with the native King, who interested him, although his vocabulary was most limited. On the deck a motor-car was tied and strapped, and the King would stand and watch his pet object for hours. One day my friend came along. The King was still staring at the car, which he pointed to and said, "Me like 'em—go like hell." It was nearly a year before the King was again united to his people. One can imagine his eloquent description of motor-cars!

People are always in and out of the sea here. On Waikiki Beach one sits on the sand under a palm-tree and dreams. Some people are disappointed at the length of Waikiki bathing beach, for, of course, the beach proper extends for miles. I have heard Americans exclaim, "Oh, this is not a patch on Atlantic City or Coronado!" Waikiki is, however, quite different. No surf in the world is more agreeable to bathe in than the soft white carded waves that lap these sands. One is in and out of the tiny narrow outrigger canoes, laughing and falling over each other. Towards sunset is the favourite time for the expert surf-boarders. Then you may see Duke Kahana-moku, the world's champion swimmer, and his bosom friends swim out. Then they come racing in, standing up balancing, which is a great feat, on a board which is travelling at the speed of an express train on the spangled foam of breakers. When nearing the sands they step gracefully ashore. For a beginner it is very difficult and dangerous, as often the board flops up out of the waves and hits the novice on the head, as mine did!

As the sun descends, a huge globe of red and gold, leaving a shimmering trail on the deep blue ocean, you, out by the pier in your little canoe, watch the tall, bronzed, magnificently built Hawaiians, whose lives since infancy



WAIKIKI BEACH AND MOANA HOTEL.



SURF RIDING.

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have been spent more or less in the water. It is a sight you will never forget, to witness half a dozen of the best surf-riders, in the sheer joy of living, mount their boards and speed in. These boards are rather unwieldy things to manage. They are some 2 inches in thickness, but vary, and are about as long as a man and maybe $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet to 2 feet wide. I have heard them described as of the shape of a coffin-lid, which is not exactly cheerful! One can never become *blasé* on the sands of Waikiki. In the days of the ancient Hawaiian kings, surf-boarding was the royal pastime, and great tracts of land would change hands as the chiefs bet upon their favourites. The great King Kamehameha in his youth was never beaten at this magnificent sport.

Almost the first drive that the tourist takes is to the Pali, which is some six miles distant from Honolulu. You leave via Nunanu Avenue, which is lined by a riotous array of palms, flowering shrubs and verdure of every kind. Passing up the valley to the awe-inspiring Pali, you remark the beautiful homes cradled in the most gorgeous sub-tropical gardens, whilst upon every side one's eyes feast on the kaleidoscopic panorama which Nature unfolds. Deep purple glades vie with sunlit meadows as one continually mounts towards the 1,200 feet Pali, over a road as smooth as a barn floor. The palisades become wilder and grander as you look down to the precipices below, and to the lofty mountains above (Mount Kaala, 4,030 feet, is the highest peak). Inspiration comes to you, and mentally you acknowledge that Nature surpasses here, as always. The shape of the Pali suggests that a granite peak has been cast on the top of a mountain. I get out of the car, the wind blows a gale and sweeps through the ravines and out to sea. You advance, and look down 1,200 feet below into an abyss of tangled trees and shrubbery. You shudder as you recall history's pages, how in the year 1795 the mighty King Kamehameha I conquered the island of Oahu and all the islands, and marched the vanquished warriors in thousands over the Pali. They dropped to their deaths away down below

there, amidst the wild tangle of greenery. Here, then, lies the graveyard into which these brave Oahuans hurled themselves. A short distance away, carved on a stone monument, is a tribute to Kamehameha I, the conqueror of Oahu and King Kalanikupile. A mountain stronghold indeed! To the left extends the Koola Range, whose bastioned heights, some 3,000 to 4,000 feet, dominate the whole island, interspersed by deep rich green valleys, filled with sunshine and shadow. Once seen, this vista of nature and the Pacific heights, with the blue sea in the distance, is ever remembered.

Coming back, I stopped at the Moanalua Gardens, a paradise of flowers. Imagine a hedge over 3,000 feet long covered with night-blooming sirius. When in full flower, thousands motor here at night to see this phenomenon in all its beauty. The purple passion-flower covers trees and walls, a fountain drips music in the distance, and soft zephyrs fan the perfumed air of this terrestrial fairyland. Upon returning to Honolulu, I visited the statue—in King Street—of King Kamehameha I, who founded the Hawaiian Dynasty. The statue is in bronze, of more than life size, and cost 10,000 dollars. It was erected in 1878, a hundred years after the discovery of these islands by Captain Cook. At the base of the statue are four tablets in relief, the first representing Kamehameha's meeting with Captain Cook, the second depicts a review of war canoes off Kohala, the third, Kamehameha warding off five hostile spears which were thrown at him, whilst the fourth illustrates men, women and children resting in contentment on the highways, after Kamehameha had established peace throughout the Hawaiian Islands. This statue was designed by J. R. Gould, of Boston. The original, cast in Florence, Italy, was lost in transit off the Falkland Islands in a hurricane, but was afterwards recovered and placed on the Island of Hawaii at Kohala, where Kamehameha was born in November 1737. The statue in King Street, facing the old palace of the kings and queens of Hawaii, now known as the Judiciary Building, represents Kamehameha, apparelled in his wonderful



STATUE OF KING KAMEHAMEHA I.



ANCIENT HAWAIIAN RIDING COSTUME.

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ceremonial robe of golden feathers with feather helmet, girded with the malo, a spear in his left hand, the right hand extended towards the Halls of Legislature, where the law-makers, successors to the monarchy of Hawaii, are now concerned with the administration of the law for the present generation. This noble statue is illuminated at night.

To delve into the history of the Sandwich (or Hawaiian) Islands as they are now known, we must go back to the days of Captain James Cook, who discovered them in 1778. There is a legend that in or about the year 1557 some survivors of a Spanish ship, which was wrecked on its way from Mexico to the Philippines, landed on Southern Hawaii.

The Hawaiians are a fine, stalwart race; they were never cannibals, and have always been proud of their lineage. They are good-natured, extremely musical, and in most cases are born orators; the present race is highly intelligent and educated. Their alphabet is rather interesting, consisting as it does of only twelve letters, viz. *a, e, i, o, u, h, k, l, m, n, p, w*. As their voices are melodious, it is a pleasure to hear them talk. In the days of Captain Cook, the very first white man they had beheld, the Hawaiians were primitive and barbaric pagans. It thus came to Captain Cook to be the first to enlighten the world as to their customs. He had then twice circumnavigated the globe, and was on his third journey. On February 9, 1776, he received his commission to discover a north-west passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and on January 18, 1778, he sighted the island of Oahu. Cook named the group the Sandwich Islands in honour of his patron and friend, the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Hundreds of canoes crowded with natives circled around the *Resolution* and its sister boat the *Discovery*. They were delighted to see the white men, and offered gifts of fish, bananas, coconuts, taro, pigs—in fact, all the produce the island offered. These tall, brownish men did not know how to do sufficient honour to the adventurous captain. For some time they had been expecting a Messiah, and they really believed that

this white man, re-incarnated, had come to them as their long looked for god—Lonomakua, or Lono. Everything they had these credulous natives brought as offerings, whilst on their part Cook and his officers made the kanakas presents of iron and steel, which they needed badly but had never hitherto seen, flint and lava taking the place of knives and axes. They insisted upon Captain Cook's acceptance of many of their priceless royal feather cloaks, "ahunlas," which had taken generations to prepare. Millions of birds had furnished plumage for these magnificent ceremonial cloaks, which were only worn by chiefs. The ahunla of Kamehameha I, by the way, occupied nine generations in its fashioning. The Hawaiian kings employed hundreds of bird-snarers, as only a few feathers from each bird could be used for their special purpose.

Having obtained all the water and supplies he needed, Captain Cook sailed away, to the great grief of the Hawaiians.

However, in January 17, 1779, he returned to these friendly islands. The natives were pleased to see their "lono," as they still believed him to be a god. Captain Cook, needing fuel for his ships, some of his men took the railing around their sacred temple, or "Heiau." The natives permitted this act in their simplicity, believing that they must not thwart the wishes of Lono. Eventually the men carried off, not only the temple rail, but twelve of the wooden idols! Then a fracas arose between the natives and the men. Whilst fighting was in progress Captain Cook attempted to quell the disturbance. They assailed him, and Cook fired. Then Chief Kanaiua, a huge man, struck Cook with his sword. Cook struggled and fell groaning. When the natives heard his cries of agony, they exclaimed, "He is a human—he groans—he is not a god!" Whereupon they all fell upon him; he was killed by the dagger which he had brought to the island and had previously given to them. The knife passed through his body, and he fell face downward and expired. Then the chiefs cut up his body and divided his bones, some being placed in the sacred temples. It is said

that a few hours later, some children playing on the beach found the remains of liver and heart, and imagining it to be dog-meat, a cherished dish in those days, actually ate the heart of the greatest navigator the world has ever known, one who had sailed the virgin seas and charted them. The charts laid down by Captain Cook are followed to this day by those who traverse the Southern Seas. A monument in the form of an obelisk is erected on the beach at Kealakekua on Hawaii, and marks the spot where brave Captain Cook fell, a glorious Englishman who knew no fear.

During the seven years that followed, no ships arrived in these waters; then on May 24, 1786, came the *King George* and the *Queen Charlotte*, commanded by Captains Portlock and Dixon, both of whom had been present at the death of Captain Cook. They remained only a short time, taking on fresh water, vegetables and fruit. That famous explorer, La Perouse, was the next visitor. Soon after, Captain Vancouver arrived, his influence and manners endearing him extraordinarily to the natives. He would not sell firearms, but bought garden seed, orange-trees and grape vines, and instructed the natives into British methods of cultivation. Vancouver and Kamehameha became good friends. The Captain's influence with the King was beneficial, for among other things, he imparted to him sound advice as to civilized methods of administration. Kamehameha testified that Vancouver's character was tender, true, upright, and just, and that he was a great sailor. Vancouver sailed away, but returned on January 9, 1794, with several British ships. Kamehameha tendered his friend a great festival, and all the British received wonderful hospitality. Peace reigned, and Vancouver's carpenters laid the keel of the first ship ever built in Hawaiian waters, the *Britannia*. Previously, Vancouver had described some of their canoes; they were 60 feet long, wonderfully carved and fashioned out of a single pine-tree hollowed out.

Captain Vancouver, after an affectionate farewell to Kamehameha, left these islands for the last time, sailing

for England on March 13, 1794. He died in 1798. In 1794 Lieutenant Paget went ashore and hoisted the British flag on Hawaii, taking possession of the islands in the name of King George. A great shout of joy went up from the natives, who exclaimed: "Kanakas, no *Beritane*. We are men of Britain." However, the so-called cession came to naught. England was too busy at home to pay any attention to the acquisition of a few islands in the Pacific, so that the act was never ratified by the home Government. In 1816 the Russians paid an unfriendly visit. Then in 1820 the missionaries came and established schools and churches, laying the foundations of the present civilization. Sandal-wood traders on whaling ships stopped for supplies, trade and civilization marched forward hand in hand.

King Kamehameha conquered the islands, and made himself their ruler; they call him "the Napoleon of the Pacific." He laid down this simple yet majestic law: "Protect your people; love thy neighbour as thyself." The following list represents the rulers of Hawaii from 1782-1893:—

HAWAIIAN MONARCHY—1782-1893.

	Born.	Reign.
Kamehameha I . . .	1737	1782-1819
Kamehameha II . . .	1797	1819-1824
Kamehameha III . . .	1813	1833-1854
Kamehameha IV . . .	1834	1854-1863
Kamehameha V . . .	1830	1863-1872
Lunalilo	1835	1873-1874
Kalakaua	1836	1874-1891
Lilinokalani ¹	1838	1891-1893

Never had there been a more wonderful, stately funeral than that accorded to Hawaii's last queen, who passed away when in her eightieth year. The sad rites were conducted in every particular as if she still held the sceptre in her hands. She was worshipped by her loyal Hawaiian

¹ Deposed January 17, 1893, died November 11, 1917.



COCONUT PALMS, HONOLULU.



THE NIGHT-BLOOMING SIRIUS.

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subjects. Her body lay in state in the great throne room ; countless wreaths, leis, the huge feather kahilis (some 20 feet high, and only used for royal personages) lent stately grace to the scene, whilst thousands knelt to pay their respects to the remains of their ruler. It was the most royally imposing funeral ever witnessed in the islands.

I have read with great satisfaction that means are to be found to preserve the legends, music and folk-lore of these worthy chiefs and their descendants. In years to come, future generations will appreciate and bless those who have thus safeguarded the treasures of Hawaiian history. It seems to me that Honolulu has a rosy future ; it only needs further judicious publicity, and then millions of tourists will flock to this land of sunshine, where the climate is perfect—not too hot nor too cold—to this “Paradise of the Pacific,” with its multitude of attractions.

The Alexander Young Hotel is a fine hostel, with a roof garden. The Hawaiian Hotel, embowered amid lovely palms and set in a garden is, I have heard, more comfortable. These are lower in tariff than the Moana Hotel. On Waikiki beach, in addition to the Moana, are the Seaside, Roselawn Annex, Pierpoint and Halekulani Hotels. The Pleasanton, nestling in a bower of verdure, does not, I am told, belie its name : 2.50 dollars or 3 dollars a day, European plan, might be charged. There are numerous boarding-houses, where the terms range from 12 dollars a week upwards. Fruit and vegetables are very cheap ; a visit to the markets, and certainly to the Chinese vegetable and fish market, should certainly have a part in one's itinerary.

A charming day excursion is a motor trip of 56 miles to the Haleiua Hotel, past miles of green, waving sugarcane and hundreds of acres of pineapples. The scenery, backed by the purple mountains and tangles of flowering trees, is delightful. The hotel is cool and roomy. You take your luncheon on the veranda, watching the incoming breakers. Then afterward, if you care to embark in one of the glass-bottomed boats, you can float over marvellous

coral marine gardens. Great branches of vari-coloured coral may be yours for the gathering. On the way back, it is also interesting to look over the Schofield Barracks. The Oahu Railway makes a circuit of the entire island, where, from the open carriages, you obtain wonderful views of mountain and sea. There are 27 miles of electric street-car lines in Honolulu, and automobiles cost about 4 dollars per hour. I have never seen a more beautiful country club in any part of the world; it is charmingly located in a verdant valley. The 18-hole golf links are situated here, as well as good tennis courts and baseball ground. It is fashionable to drive out to the clubhouse and give dinners or luncheons on the broad lanai, the entire ceiling of which is draped with baby ivy with its tiny leaves.

There are immense forts and garrison posts which protect the island of Oahu and the adjacent islands. The United States maintains here an arm of 40,000 officers and men. This island has occasionally been likened to the Malta of the Pacific. I motored through gorgeous scenery to Pearl Harbour, an enormous model naval station, as large as a big town. I saw row after row of submarines, vast dry docks, radio masts, huge cranes, torpedo destroyers, and eagle boats. The American Government have spent 20,000,000 dollars in perfecting Pearl Harbour.

Honolulu is well endowed with schools and colleges. The University of Hawaii was completed in 1908, and is devoted to sciences, arts, and agriculture. The Oahu College was founded in 1841. It is a high-class preparatory school, where an advanced curriculum prepares scholars for direct admission into American universities. Of clubs there is a great variety to choose from: The Pacific, the English, Elks, Commercial and University Clubs, amongst others. Churches here are representative of almost every faith. The Young Men's Christian Association building was erected at a cost of 250,000 dollars, and has a membership of 1,700.

The territory of Hawaii has always been self-supporting.

The average annual United States Customs Revenue at Honolulu totals some 1,200,000 dollars, the Post Office 300,000 dollars, and the Internal Revenue approximately 11,000,000 dollars.

The chief export is sugar, pineapples come second—tinned pineapples average some 12,000,000 dollars a year profit—other products are sisal, rice, coffee, and tobacco. Honolulu is a good customer of the United States, importing millions of dollars' worth of merchandise every year. The Marconi Company has erected on the Island of Oahu two of the largest wireless stations in the world.

Days filled with interest may be spent at the splendid Bishop Museum, which was founded in 1889 by Charles Reed Bishop in memory of his wife, the Princess Panahi, a descendant of Kamehameha the Great. Bernice Panahi was the great-granddaughter of Kalaniopuu, the Moi of Hawaii at the time of Cook's visit. She married Mr. Bishop when very young, and throughout her life was devoted to her people, and excelled in good works of every kind. At her death she left her entire fortune to be devoted to the building of schools for the children of Oahu. Five years later Mr. Bishop founded the Bernice P. Bishop Museum of Polynesian Ethnology and Natural History. The Kahili Room of the museum is a centre of the greatest attraction.

CHAPTER II

MOLOKAI—THE LEPER ISLAND

Hope for the lepers—Arrival—Chaulmoogra oil cure—Charlie Chaplin the lepers' hero—Brother Joseph Dutton—Father Damien—Life in the settlement—Menu extraordinary—The great volcano of Kilauea—"Madame Pele," Goddess of Fire.

A PIECE of rare good fortune gave me the unique opportunity to inspect, with the legislators of the Hawaiian Territory, U.S.A., the Leper Settlement at Molokai. Only once in two years do the Senators and Representatives of the Government pay a visit to the martyred lepers, to inquire as to their condition, listen to their complaints, if they have any, and assist the sufferers. A delegation of fifty legislators embarked on the s.s. *Mikahala* leaving Honolulu at 11 p.m.

The only women of the party were the Rev. Mother Superior, a nun, and myself. It was a moonlight night, the sea calm ; as we steamed past Waikiki beach, the lights on the shore twinkled like jewels. From the mountain of Diamond Head a light threw its radiance several miles until it reached another promontory, the Punch Bowl, upon which had been erected a large cross, because on Easter Sunday at sunrise some 7,000 worshippers will attend the Easter service.

Sitting on the deck as we rounded the point of Diamond Head and entered the open sea, my mind was saddened by the thought of how many hopeless souls with the curse of leprosy upon them had bid a fond farewell to those dear to them ; fathers and mothers separated, maids and lovers, families and children torn asunder, sentenced by this terrible illness to a living tomb—the leper island. People tell me, who witnessed these partings in the old

days, that it was a sight which wrung the heart-strings. What must it have felt like, when you were lengthening the distance between all that was dear to you, and a desolate separation were to be your fate, a terrible disease your life's portion—until your last breath was drawn, and mercifully released by the great God. Nothing could be worse: you knew that you were a leper, an unclean person, and no one wanted to touch your hand—an exile indeed. How many have sailed over these waters, with such sad thoughts to accompany them! But now, a miraculous discovery has been made by Dr. Arthur L. Dean, President of the University of Hawaii, who, co-operating with Government physicians, ascertained the formula for preparing the chaulmoogra oil, basis of the successful curative agent the method of treatment which I will describe later.

At a very early hour, before the light of dawn, I saw a formidable bastion of rock, some 3,000 feet high with precipitous sides which appeared to forbid a landing, and it stretched for many miles. Then with increasing light we dropped anchor. On one side was the austere mountain which forms a prison wall arranged by Nature, on the other I saw small, low houses studded about. In many cases they were painted dark-red with green roofs. This was the village of Kalaupapa, Molokai. On the bank a crowd had assembled, and their leper band was playing to us in welcome.

The celebrated Hawaiian band which the legislators had brought over to entertain the lepers, replied, and the beautiful soft music of "Aloha" floated over the breakers in greeting to the afflicted people. There is no landing pier, so we take to small boats. At times, when the sea is rough, it is impossible to land. Upon stepping ashore, one remarks the unsightly, in some cases hideous disease on the faces and hands of the stricken people.

Obviously they are pleased that the great men of the territory have come to pay them a visit. They smile and wave hands, but over here a leper never attempts to shake hands with you, for even they have a certain etiquette.

They like to talk, but do not come up close to you. My first real surprise at Kalaupapa was, that in walking down the road to the house of Dr. Goodhue, we had to stand aside in order to let some motors pass. I laughed and said to one of the senators, "A Bond Street motor rush." It seems that several of the lepers have cars, and if you can credit the fact, they actually have a taxi service at Molokai.

The foliage on this island of 261 square miles is just as beautiful as at Honolulu—Nature's garden: palms, banana-trees, the exquisitely perfumed ylang-ylang, huge bushes of scarlet hibiscus and showers of bougainvillea vie with each other. We pass small houses of three or four rooms each, the doors are open, and as we glance in, all looks clean and well kept, the inmates, those who are able, stand in their luxuriant gardens to welcome us. We arrive at the comfortable home of Dr. W. J. Goodhue, the Government physician, who jokingly told us that he came here to stay two years, and had remained eighteen. We seated ourselves on the veranda or lanai—and a unique privilege it was to listen to Dr. Dean, whose great brain has evolved a cure for leprosy.

Since the days of Lazarus this affliction has been known, and through the centuries not a hint of an antidote, until this quiet, shy man, with the face of a thinker, and a most unassuming manner, discovered by arduous researches the remedy wherewith to dispel the curse. I spoke to him of the blessings he had conferred upon all lepers, but he would take no credit upon himself, and said, "It is my co-operators who deserve any praise."

Dr. Goodhue stated that, in his opinion, with two years' treatment with chaulmoogra oil, 65 per cent. of the chronic cases of leprosy can be absolutely cured, and in ten years all should be well again. He predicted that Kalaupapa would become abolished as a leper settlement.

At present there are 512 lepers on the island, and 90 clean people, whilst 175 lepers are now taking regular chaulmoogra oil treatment, but the supply of oil has been difficult to obtain. With tears in their eyes, the lepers



LEPUE SETTLEMENT AT KAI AWAO, NOLUKA

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plead to be given the oil, some have it injected in their arms, and they flock immediately at the signal to get into line. Others take the oil in capsules three times a day. The delegates of the Government have promised that they shall have as much of this healing agent as they require.

At the Kalihi Hospital, Honolulu, 145 leprosy patients have been paroled from that Institution without a single one showing a recurrence of the disease. The doctors are confident that positive cures are proved with the use of this oil, and the formerly afflicted resume their normal health. "The only bad features," added one of the senators, "is that the restored invalids cannot grow new parts." Nature is not equal to the job of repairing the damages wrought by leprosy. I ventured to speak of the wonderfully natural hands, fingers, and limbs which England and France have turned out for our men crippled by the war. These almost perfect members might be a great help to discharged lepers. Dr. Goodhue admitted the truth of this suggestion, and went on to remark that leprosy is not hereditary. For example, out of a batch of twenty-four children of leper parents, not one has developed the disease. Leprosy is infectious by inoculation—a slight cut—touch—close association, and there are cases where people have lived for years with lepers and never been afflicted.

A judge at Molokai has a leper wife with whom he lives—yet *he* remains without a blemish. It is a mystery why some people are liable to the disease and others not. The doctors claim that tuberculosis is much more contagious than leprosy, and much more dangerous to humanity. As a matter of fact, ten times as many people are suffering and dying of tuberculosis, yet they are at large. The use of chaulmoogra oil goes back to antiquity; for years it was used internally in the crude state, but it is obnoxious to the stomach, even when taken in capsules. For those who cannot retain the oil, the injections are resorted to, to achieve the same effect. The Dean specific, says Dr. Goodhue, in addition to other advantages, has been of untold benefit in cases of chronic eye trouble—and the

sight of the patients so afflicted is improving steadily. The seeds of the real chaulmoogra-tree (*Taraktogenos Kurzii*) are found in Burma, and many have been sent to the Hawaiian Islands.

More than a thousand tree seedlings have been planted on the islands, and are growing vigorously, giving every indication that they will flourish in this climate. The Board of Forestry and Agriculture are now selecting the most favourable locations, with the idea of planting permanent forests which will yield sufficient oil for all uses. On the leper island in the Fiji group they have also obtained wonderful cures by the use of this healing oil. It should be explained it was the Chinese who brought the plague into these beautiful islands.

The Hawaiian band began to play, and we wandered over to the bandstand to listen to some jazz music. How strange to hear it at Molokai! A large crowd had collected, it was a gala day for the lepers, and would form their principal topic of conversation for some months. They were dressed in their Sunday best, both men and women, the latter in stylishly made white cotton gowns with white shoes; many wore large picture hats with lace brims, others apparently neglected fashion, and arrayed themselves in loose mother-hubbards. Everyone tried to do honour to the legislators, who had taken the trouble to visit them.

Amongst the representatives of the Hawaiians were men whose fortunes had been made in sugar, coffee, pine-apples and other exports of the islands. I stood for some time looking at this unique scene: out yonder was the turquoise sea, the breakers trimmed with white foam; the translucent blue of the sky held soft cumulous clouds such as one sees on a June day in England.

The bandsmen, in immaculate white, played standing in a circle, around which were ranged the unfortunate lepers. The legislators moved about on the outskirts of the crowd, inquiring if they were comfortable, did they require anything, had they any complaints to make? By the general opinion, they found that on the whole there

were exceedingly few wants or complaints. One leper appeared to be anxious about his divorce—he did not know if he were free or not, and asked one of the Senators to ascertain. They agreed there was need of bath-houses on the beach; this was promised, and every other wish in reason.

The lepers are so happy in this ideal spot that they do not like the prospect of leaving it. Here, without work, they are looked after, well housed and well fed. In many cases, after being in retirement for years, their wants supplied, they dread going out to battle with the world again. Maybe all their friends and relations are dead, they have nowhere to go, they are as children in the presence of strangers, shy and frightened. Although cured of leprosy yet the scars of the disease will show for many years, and people will hesitate to employ them. It is indeed a serious question what to do with a cured leper.

From my post I looked down upon the white Catholic Church with its two crosses, and farther on to the burial ground by the sea. There are no restrictions concerning the lepers' religion. In front of me is a large dark-red building, their auditorium where every Thursday night, they rejoice in the picture show. I asked an official, "Who is their favourite?" He replied, "Oh, they are very keen on Charlie Chaplin and Bill Hart—they also like cowboy plays." All kinds of gatherings take place in this auditorium. Circles for sewing, music, base-ball and various entertainments. They even indulge in horse-racing.

A leper passes by, and I ask him how long he has been here. To my surprise he answers, "About forty years." I looked at him dismayed; he is not disfigured in the face—only his hands and knuckles are lumpy, and have white excrescences. He added, "I love this place and never want to leave it." At this moment I am called. A motor-lorry, reminding me of the war, is ready for an inspection of the island. Some twenty of us climb in. On every side of this flat leper settlement, except the portion which faces the sea, the silent rampart of solid stone forbids

exit from the stricken district. The views are quite delightful as we bump along in the springless lorry. We pass pretty little farms, everyone waves to us, and we wave back, or shout "Aloha." These people have vegetables, chickens, pigs, cows, and horses.

The house of the well-known Ambrose Hutchinson is pointed out—he is a leper, who has lived there for over forty years. We now enter most picturesque scenery—great boulders of lava rock which look not unlike the Giants' Causeway are everlastingly thrashed by the sea. Standing like sentinels in this bay, at the foot of the mountains, are huge rocks of 600 feet or more; the view is wild and stormy. The legend concerning one of the biggest rocks is, that the Goddess Pele, at one time in her wrath, removed this enormous rock from another island, and planted it here. Certainly the scene is weirdly picturesque. A shower of rain follows, although the sun is shining, a frequent combination on the islands—they call it "Liquid Sunshine."

We now leave the lorry to visit Brother Joseph Dutton, who took over the Church of Father Damien, a holy man who has given the greater part of his life to the lepers, he having lived at this tiny place, Kalawao, for thirty-eight years. It is said that Brother Dutton came here after the Civil War. Betrothed to a beautiful girl, who wedded another, this good man vowed to devote his life to helping the afflicted, and relinquished the social world for the spiritual. I had a talk with this upright, pious man, and he showed me the small house in which he lives, and related stories of the past. I asked him to write his name in the little note-book I carried, holding out to him my fountain-pen. He looked at it curiously, and remarked, "I have never used one of these before." He wrote: "May God bless us all—Joseph Dutton, Holy Saturday, 1922," in a beautiful old-fashioned penmanship, but as neat as if printed.

Across the road is a small Catholic Church, and in the churchyard, under a large black cross, sleeps Father Damien, who died in harness, having contracted leprosy



BROTHER JOSEPH DUTTON AND LEPER PUPILS.



BROTHER DUTTON'S HOME AT KALAWAO.

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while performing his saint-like duties. Can man do more? His memory is revered on the Island of Molokai. We visited the Baldwin Home for boy lepers, also the Bishop Home for girl lepers. Again we mounted the lorry, this time through a short cut; on the way back through Kalaupapa, the wheels got stuck in the mire; fortunately we had heavy chains—and with pushing and pulling we were ultimately released. We passed another cemetery in which was a white marble cross erected to the memory of Sister Marianna, who for thirty-five years worked with the lepers, but did not contract the disease. Words are inadequate to describe the noble, unselfish nuns—they are angels on earth. Theirs are sweet, holy faces, yet they look upon such vile, unhealthy misery, but their smile of patience and encouragement cheers many suffering souls, as they pass through the closed door.

At one of the hospitals for girls, as I bade the Sister of Mercy good-bye, her hand in mine, she said, "Pray for me." I looked up, startled, into her beautiful spiritual face, and whispered, "Sister, I am not worthy to pray for *you*." She pressed my hand, and replied, "Let us pray for each other." I passed on, a lump in my throat, and tears in my eyes.

My next visit was to a building where the inmates were very near the end. Really, it would be a mercy to chloroform them, and end their sufferings. But one must not destroy that vital spark. Everything in these wards is clean, and all that is possible is done for the sufferers. We next visited the children's building, the large room was full of babies; it seems to me that they never should have been born, although it may be they may have a chance in life. One baby was only two weeks old. As I looked at him his black eyes opened, and gazed wistfully at me. By his side in the next cot was a baby of two months. On the other side of the room were ranged many clean white cots, and sprawling upon these were many babies ranging from one year to two, laughing and enjoying life. Several healthy Japanese girls were their nurses.

A large glass window partitions the room off on one side, and once a day the mother may come and look at her baby. The moment a leper mother brings a baby into the world she is not allowed to touch it ; the baby is taken and cared for by clean people. Many of these little mites were bright and pretty. Our next visit was paid to girl lepers whose ages varied from twelve to twenty ; here the sisters, or nuns, do wonderful work. Many of the young girls are not as yet disfigured ; they are most anxious to have their three capsules of oil a day, or the injection once a week. They play music, sing, sew, and do other work. Their hair was neatly dressed, some in braids tied with ribbon, their cotton gowns made in the fashion : for these, afflicted in their youth, great hope lies on their horizon by the miraculous discovery of the chaulmoogra oil. In a few years, without doubt, these girls will be cured and sent into the world again. They played on the ukuleles and sang for us. One of the Senators, a writer and composer of several Hawaiian songs, sang with the girls, and they were very happy and proud of this great event in their lives. After a few more inspections, the delegates asking all manner of questions and probing into everything connected with their welfare, we again adjourned to the hospitable home of Dr. Goodhue. Already I had enjoyed an excellent breakfast of ham and eggs, hot biscuits, and good coffee which is grown on the islands. Mrs. Goodhue had made me very welcome. As we were discussing what we had seen, sitting out on the cool lanai, a good-looking girl hung orange leis (wreaths) around our necks as is the Hawaiian custom. Then we were bidden to partake of a real luau (feast). We passed into a small garden which had been transformed into a sort of hall by means of huge palm branches intersected by scarlet hibiscus blooms. Chains of braided ferns were festooned over the long tables. Instead of tablecloths of linen, our tables were covered with the glossy ti-leaves and flowers. Around our plates were ranged quantities of eatables—most of which were wrapped in ti-leaves resembling small packets. Poi, one of the favourite foods—a thick sort of porridge—was placed in

bowls before each person. I ate mine with a spoon but many Hawaiians have a way of twisting poi on the forefinger and eating it in that manner. It was a true luau, with everything baked under the ground, upon red-hot stones. A luau is a costly affair, and requires much time and labour—forty-eight hours at least : pigs are always served. After the poi, you undo your ti-leaf packet and find fish, nicely cooked. Then you attack a delicious stew of chicken and the green tops of the taro, which resembles our spinach. Now comes the *pièce-de-résistance*—in a big mound of ti-leaves you dig down and find hot steaming pig. Then there are many small extra dishes, such as dried devil-fish, or octopus, a condiment tasty and nutty, squares of thick custard made with the milk and the meat of the coconut, and as dessert, pineapples, oranges, and bananas. For beverage we have grape-juice and ginger-ale. I now append the menu which a Hawaiian friend has given me—the real luau :

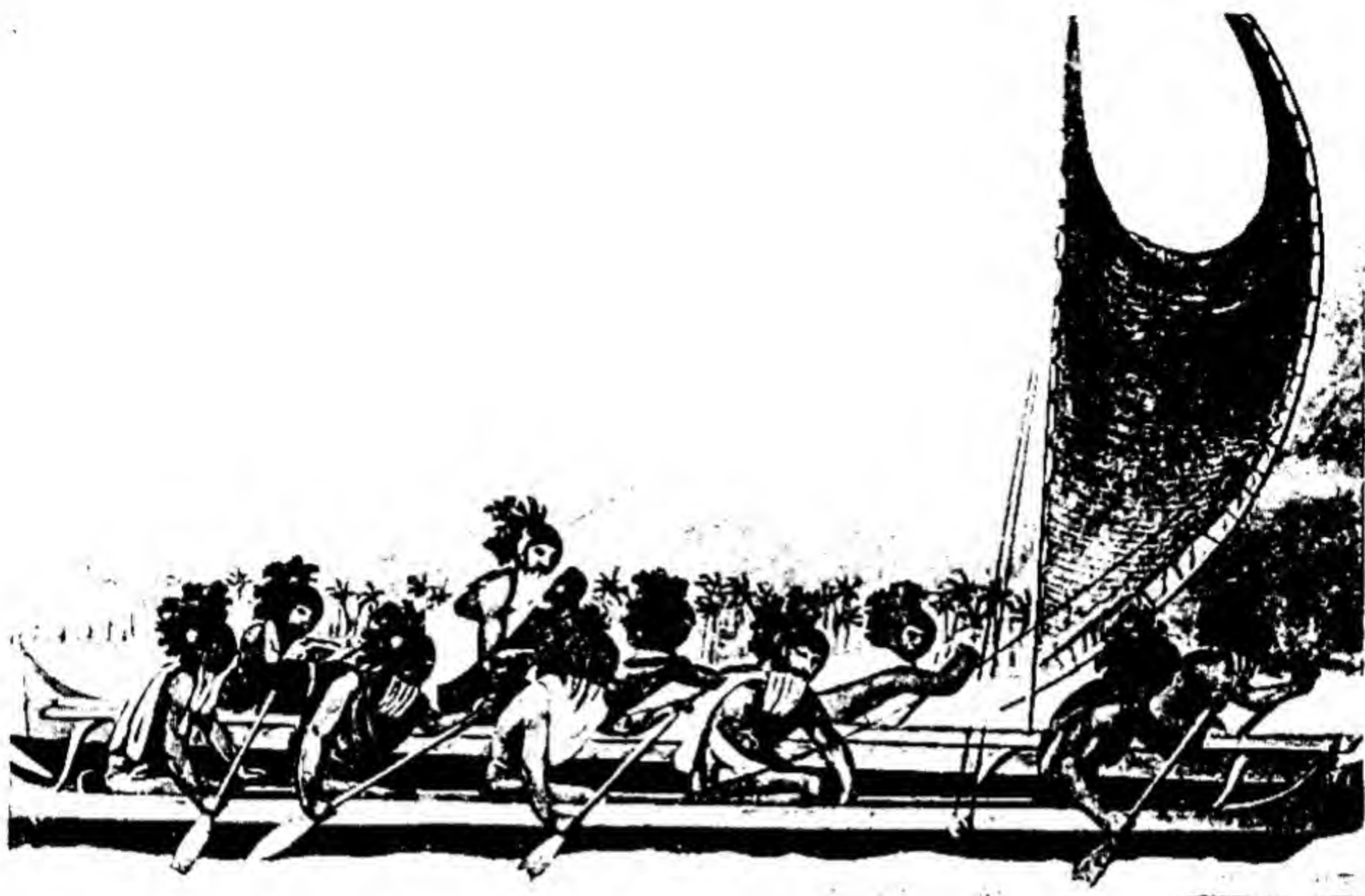
Poi-kalua-ed pig, laulau containing salmon, beef, pork, and taro tops—fish in ti-leaves, chicken with luau and coconut milk, baked squid, ophir or Hawaiian oysters, kukui-nut condiment—ake or pickled scalded liver, pia or casava starch-kulolo composed of taro, coconut and sweet potatoes—fresh-water shrimps—dried shrimps and raw mullet.

“*Some luau,*” agreed all these representative Hawaiians. No mere words could describe this green palm-embowered hall, the leafed table decorations, the mass of food, these big legislators well-dressed and wearing, like a necklace, the orange leis of their country. As I looked along the lines of faces, it seemed to me to be the most picturesque feast I had ever attended, although I have dined in strange places all over the world. After the feast they all sang the sweet dulcet native songs—legends of love and war—of feast and famine. They were jolly and gay as school-boys, kindness was written on every feature—and they had come over to assist the lepers. All my life I shall remember this scene.

After a rest the next move was to the auditorium, where

some three or four hundred lepers had assembled, and the band made merry from the platform. Every leper who could move, came, and some were wheeled in chairs. The leper audience occupied one side of the building, while the legislators and my humble self were seated at the other end. Some very good music was rendered by the lepers, and one blind girl, dressed in white, with a big hat, sat—her eyes closed by the disease—and sang her own compositions, accompanied in the choruses by the others. The songs were quite beautiful, but it was extremely sad. The chairman then introduced the various senators and representatives. Their speeches in the Hawaiian language were soft and melodious. The gist of their discourses were an assurance of their sympathy, and an encouragement to continue the oil treatment which promised a return to health. They assured the afflicted that everything they required should be given them, and they looked upon it as a sacred duty to help them in every way. It was a pleasing sight to see these stalwart, bronzed Hawaiians—the picture of health; to listen to their eloquence, to hear them cracking jokes which made the lepers laugh and evoked hearty applause. The lepers feel and look like different people since the rainbow of hope has entered their hearts, since they know they can be cured.

At this moment a call was announced for Dr. Dean the Samaritan—who had made the cure possible, but he was not in the building, and had to be sent for. When he made his appearance and spoke a few words to them, the cheers of the lepers resounded through the vast hall and continued for several moments. “He is our hero,” they cried. Dr. Dean actually blushed and quickly retired. He is a worker, and most unpretentious. Then arose Senator the Hon. Charles Chillingworth, President of the Senate. He made a proposal which not only met with the approval of the lepers, but of the legislators as well. His righteous plan is to help the lepers after they had been pronounced cured, and suggested that free homesteads should be given to them by utilizing Government lands on the Island of Molokai. He thought it was not fair to turn



ANCIENT HAWAIIAN CANOES.



PAGAN WARRIORS.

To face page 41.

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these scarred people adrift after being there for years, to sink or swim. The lepers themselves had been very much worried as to what would become of them when released ; in captivity, they were sure of food and housing. They cheered Senator Chillingworth for his suggestion, as by this arrangement their fears as to the future had been allayed.

The Government lands on Molokai Island, on the other side of the mountain or Pali, have rich soil which could easily be converted into paying farms for the ex-lepers, and this proposition, Senator Chillingworth with the approval of all the delegates, will put before the Governor for his sanction.

This "red-letter day" in the lives of the lepers came to an end with the singing of "Aloha"—adieu, until we meet again.

That night, sitting on deck, when the ship again rounded Diamond Head, I thanked God that I was not a leper—and I also thanked God that a cure had been discovered at last for these poor unfortunates.

THE GREAT VOLCANO OF KILAUEA

The great volcano of Kilauea, or Pele (Goddess of Fire), was erupting, so rumour said, more ferociously than for thirty years past. It had overflowed its vast cup-like crater, had run down, a vivid tornado of fire, and destroyed the road. Pele, it seems, was in a vile mood and boiling over, so I resolved to take the steamer next morning to Hilo, Hawaii, then on to Kilauea and witness this wonder of Nature.

Embarking on the *Mauna Kea* at 10 a.m. I found the sea rough. We stopped to land passengers at Maui, and the next morning found us at Hilo, a town second only in size and importance to Honolulu. A huge break-water, which cost the Government 3,000,000 dollars to construct, is nearly completed, an improvement which will give to Hilo the greatest and most modern harbour in the territory. Hilo looks very beautiful from the sea,

situated on a crescent-shaped bay with fine white coral sand beach, and palms fringing its shore. On the slopes of the higher lands at the rear, the intense green of the sugarcane plantations attracts the eye, and farther beyond, like eternal sentinels, are the snow-clad summits of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. The former is the highest mountain peak in the Pacific, 13,825 feet, and is never without its snow mantle. Mauna Loa is 13,675 feet in elevation, and at long intervals belches forth lava. Mauna Loa has a rest house at the 10,000 feet level. Both mountains have a trail which can be negotiated on horse-back. Hilo has a population of over 10,000 and is advancing rapidly in commercial importance. A week might easily be spent at Hilo, where there are several hotels on a somewhat smaller scale than at Honolulu, and numerous places of interest worthy of a visit, notably the Rainbow Falls. This island of Hawaii is known to possess over 600 waterfalls. A mile or so away are the Boiling Pots, resembling water boiling in a series of huge cauldrons. The Kaumana Caves with lofty caverns and marvellous lava stalactites are worth seeing. The Green Lake, occupying the crater of a worn-out volcano, looks like a cup of jade, and enchantingly depicts the reflection of the graceful palms which border its edge. All these places of attraction are to be found in a most prodigal setting of tropical foliage.

In the garden of the Public Library at Hilo stands one of the very interesting relics of Polynesia, and famous in Hawaiian legendary history. It is a gigantic stone weighing many tons, and known as the Naha Stone. Legend claims that centuries ago the Naha was a test of true royalty. Strange, barbaric ceremonies were enacted beside this huge platform of rock by the High Priestesses and their ilk. Whoever might turn and overthrow the Naha Stone was destined to reign as king over the islands. It is claimed that Kamehameha I, as a young man, passed successfully through this ordeal, although, as a result of this Herculean task, blood rushed from his eyes and finger-tips. The High Chiefs and the greatest warriors

had assembled to witness this feat, and when Kamehameha, with superhuman strength, actually overturned the sacred stone, the prophecy was fulfilled and his fate to be the Great Ruler was sealed definitely.

Motor-cars were taking passengers twice a day up to Volcano House to witness the latest eruption of Kilauea. I took my ticket, and seated myself in a comfortable car for the journey of thirty miles from Hilo. On each side of the road are pretty homes, and magnificent flowers bloom in the rich red lava soil. The air is tropically warm and perfumed with the sweet odour of tuberose, jessamine, stephanotis and frangipani. The lovely kukui-trees lend attractiveness to the scene, the eucalyptus and banana-trees are in flower, the latter heavy with golden bunches, glossy-leaved mangoes—all give us beauty and shade as we rush by, while filmy clouds meander leisurely over a cobalt sky. The small towns, bounded by waving sugarcane, appear to be populated by the Japanese, who laugh and wave to us as we pass. There must be thousands of Japs in these villages. As we mount higher, fumes of sulphur are certainly apparent. We now enter the fern-tree district. Nothing could be more beautiful than the spectacle of trees forty and fifty feet high, with giant-spreading graceful green fronds uncurling in the hot sunshine—wonderful foliage indeed! Great banks of white wild roses form a pleasing background, and numerous waterfalls are passed, arched by prismatic-tinted rainbows. The snow mountain draws nearer, yet on we glide, winding in and out of tropical forests, and our eyes are delighted, as great panoramic vistas are opened up for our gratification. Soon the sulphur odour becomes yet stronger, and lovely vegetation is left behind. Smoke and steam issue from cracks in the rocks. The entire land has changed its aspect. Scorched earth and lava take the place of flowers; ugly, distorted clumps of tree-trunks are seen, and even the rocks are seamed with burnt-out fires. We have reached an elevation of 4,000 feet and are approaching the volcano of Kilauea. The whole place is steaming, the rocks creviced with lemon-coloured sulphur. Finally

the car pulls up at Volcano House, a two-storied "frame" hotel with veranda. The older part of this structure was built in 1872. That one should ever dare risk capital and life in taking up residence on the edge of a continually erupting volcano, speaks eloquently of faith and courage. Tree ferns and century plants decorate the front garden—the accommodation is not at all bad when it is considered that food-stuffs must be brought from distant parts. It is wise to warn visitors to telegraph in advance for a room strictly to oneself, as the place, being small, in the event of a rush of tourists, you may find a visitor thrust in to share your apartment. People should arrange to stay here at least a week, as there are many wonderful excursions, the like of which can never be seen in any other part of the globe. Many people get frightened, and rush back after one glance at "Pele," which is absurd. The first morning I was there, at 5 a.m. I awoke to find my bed visibly swaying very slowly to and fro. It was an uncanny sensation, I admit, but already rumour had reached me that earthquakes here were frequent occurrences. Outside in the corridor women were screaming in fright. After a few moments the swaying ceased. I turned over, punched a comfortable place in my pillow, and philosophically reflected, "If this place hasn't collapsed since 1872, I don't see why it should to-day." Calmness again reigned, and I slept peacefully.

Upon arriving at Volcano House, you immediately rush to the edge of the road and crater, to look down on a molten stone-coloured mass of slowly moving dark, hissing lava. The waves of sluggish lava, instead of being white-wreathed by foam, are white-edged with smoke. All about, a million fires are steaming. Wherever you look, smoke is emitting from the earth. What an inferno! At any moment the entire island may be blown up and disappear into the sea, like the lost continent of Atlantis. Acres of sulphur are in process of formation. It is the most weird, Dante-like scene I have ever witnessed. Twice have I been up to Vesuvius, but this Kilauea is the most fearsome wonder imaginable.



KILAUTA, "HOUSE OF EVERLASTING FIRE"

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I am travelling entirely alone, and take a car to be as near the crater as possible. As "Madame Pele" in her wrath had overflowed and destroyed a mile of roadway, I was forced to make a longer *détour* than usual over the soft, cracked, cooled-off lava, although, through each crevice you could see the red-hot lava steaming. It was a grim, terrifying spectacle. After considerable effort I climbed to the pit ridge, and there a wonder of wonders met my astounded vision. Picture a lake four miles in diameter whirled by a savage tornado into seething waves hundreds of feet high, waves bent upon destruction. Now, instead of terrific waves of water let your imagination picture fire! A hurricane of fire, hissing and lashing the mountains of burnt black lava rock. The fumes and heat were almost unbearable as I crouched down on a rock, the air shimmering with heat. Great battalions of flames 100 feet high would rise from the pit of "Halemaumau"—the House of Everlasting Fire—and seemingly march toward me. Then in a few minutes the flames would break up, by the agency of some volcanic whirlwind, into thousands of the most magnificent fountains of fire, fantastically beautiful, the sprays of flame reaching far into the heavens. These fountains, in their turn, would be broken and subside, but the flames would emerge again in forms still more extraordinary. Other great columns of fire would form and send incandescent rockets into the air. Then Pele would burst forth in fury, throw out gigantic blocks of lava—which must weigh tons—hundreds of feet, to rain down destruction upon anything which happened to be in their path. All the time loud and appalling roars like thunder-claps were emitted from the pit, followed by a convulsive trembling of the earth around me. These tornadoes would re-appear with great belchings of smoke and flame soaring skyward with terrific bellowings. Then the pit would become dark. Immediately around the edges of the lake, bright red flames would re-kindle, bursting into veritable breakers of flame to attack and destroy an island of lava rock. Niagaras of flame formed afterward, running in bright

streams of liquid fire. The awesome grandeur of Kilauea is indescribable, a raging sea of white-hot waves. For hours I sat there, lost in wonder at the appalling splendour of the spectacle. Spellbound, time was forgotten, my eyes, focused on this phenomenon, were fascinated. Yet, on my part, there was no fear. That raging lake might have been a very hell, but nothing alive could ever reach it. One breath of that flame and life would be extinct.

They say that the temperature of this volcanic heat ranges as high as 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. I found on my clothes a queer, hair-like substance intercepted with tiny bullet-like particles, lapilli, "little stones," the scientists call them. Locally this fine stuff is known as "Pele's hair" and "Pele's tears." My face was scorched by the heat, and the sulphur gave one a sense of cranial compression. With an effort I arose to leave, reluctantly. I overheard an American exclaim: "Well, I wouldn't have missed this sight for 10,000 dollars." I wandered down the old dead lava path, feeling about as important as a tiny red ant amidst this astounding wonder of the Great Almighty.

That night at dinner, some of the members of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association were discussing the possibility of converting the power of Kilauea into usefulness by harnessing it to develop electricity. They claimed that this intense heat, now being wasted, is a vast territorial asset which, at a cost of some 25,000 dollars, could be made available and converted into electric power and conducted to all parts of the island in quantities sufficient to operate all the machinery and to light every town and village on the island. They asserted that this fierce tornado of fire, which was phenomenal, was due to a sudden equinoctial crisis. The flood of liquid lava which poured southward had a velocity which one of the members estimated to have reached forty miles an hour. These mystifying volcanic tornadoes, it is claimed, are purely atmospheric, caused by the vast onrush of heated gases and air from the pit of Halemaumau. After dinner a party was organized, and we went to see "Madame Pele,"

Goddess of Fire, by night—a sight truly more gorgeous and appalling than by day. From the hotel the great glare and flame lit up the sky, which gained in splendour as we neared the volcano. Here, the surface of the burning lake was continually thrown into the sky by towers of flame rising more than 50 feet.

Before retiring we sat chatting beside a log fire in the hotel. The elevation makes the evenings cool. An occasional tremor of the earth gave us no fear. The great goddess had shown me too much to make me panicky over trifles. Several times a year, according to old Hawaiian custom, the natives congregate on the rim of the crater. Bottles of brandy, leis, and all kinds of offerings are thrown into the crater to appease the wrath of Pele, while they chant to her their folk-songs handed down to them by their ancestors.

Pele never lost her fascination for me. I could sit there for days, admiring her various moods.

A week at least is essential at Volcano House. There is another hotel, the Crater House, a little farther down the mountain-side, because there are so many excursions to do, such as the Fern Forest, the sulphur banks, "Pele's Reception Room," a deep cave which you enter by a ladder. It is the fashion to leave a card on the Fire Goddess—a huge heap testifies to the number of her callers. Pele's Bath-room is another cavern, one of many other places of interest. In all my life I shall never forget Pele nor her fiery habitation.

Months are too short a time to stay in beautiful Hawaiian territory. The United States have a treasure which it is to be hoped they appreciate. Maui should be visited, as well as her colossal dead volcano, Haleakala—House of the Sun. Its summit rises 10,032 feet above the sea. The extent of its crater is 19 square miles, or 12,160 acres! Those who love fishing will find a mecca in the Hawaiian waters, where barracuda, ulua, black bass, tuna, swordfish, will fall to their prowess. These waters, in fact, are known as the "Angler's Paradise."

All too soon comes a day when I must sail away. Many

dear, kind Hawaiians come to say "Aloha Oe." I have so many flower leis on my shoulders I can barely stand, while my hat refuses to stay in its proper place, so heavy is it with wreaths of natural flowers. On the wharf the band plays "Aloha Oe." Thousands of gay paper serpentines are torn asunder as the *Sonoma* pushes out, headed for American Samoa. Nothing would please me more than to follow our Royal Ambassador's, the Prince of Wales, example and pay a second visit to this Eden of the Pacific.

CHAPTER III

SYDNEY

Arrival in Sydney—Celebrations—Public buildings—Beauty spots—
The Lever organization—"Bars of sunshine."

ARRIVAL IN SYDNEY.

THE great Australian continent, 670 square miles larger than the United States, lies before my eyes. Land of the Southern Cross, with its vast riches and possibilities, it is destined to be the coming country of the world. Just as great cities form a chain across Canada, so in the next few years will Australia, with its enormous, undeveloped, fertile lands and boundless productiveness, afford homes to armies of settlers.

Imagine! Australia, such is her immensity, could place every country in Europe as a border around her coast, and even then the entire centre of the continent would remain untenanted! It is white working people that she needs in unlimited numbers to make homes in her midst and farm her virgin soil. As Sir Joseph Carruthers expresses it: "One million farms for a million people." I have known many cases where a family came out to Australia with practically nothing, took up farming, worked hard, and in five years possessed a nice home, a car, and other refinements of civilization, whilst their children were being educated in the best schools. Anyone will prosper in Australia if they will work.

Sydney, named after Viscount Sydney, a Secretary of State for the Colonies, has without doubt the finest harbour in the world. Nothing in nature's grandest archi-

tectural achievements could surpass the great bastions of rock which form an impressive gateway into the harbour. Of the North Head and the South Head, the former is the more picturesque; the distance across is three-quarters of a mile. Now appears a series of coves, bays and beaches. Manly, the favourite bathing resort of the Sydneyites, is pointed out, also St. Patrick College and the imposing residence of the Cardinal. On either side high lands slope down to the waters.

We pause at Watson's Bay, which, by the way, is sheltered from the winds, for here the pilot and health officers come aboard. Then we proceed slowly past Rose Bay, Chowder Bay, Taylor's Bay, Double Bay, Garden Island, Darling Point, Rushcutter's Bay, Mosman Bay, and numerous points of interest. We see on either side magnificent homes with terraced gardens. Bright with flowers, these gardens slope down to the water's edge. Steamboats, launches, sailing craft of every description, from the huge Australian warships to the lightest skiff, are to be seen all around.

The arrival of an ocean liner is always a matter of interest for the local people. We bring new blood and, dearer than anything else, the mails. To describe the hundreds of miles of beach and waterways of Sydney Harbour would fill a volume—and seeing that this book deals in the main with the South Seas, the temptation must be resisted.

Let it at once be said, that it is a thousand pities that Britons of the moneyed class who travel do not come here for pleasure. For in this southern capital of New South Wales you can enjoy practically everything that London can offer. And what an advantage it would be for the Hub of the Empire did it possess Sydney Harbour! The average width of the harbour is about a mile across, and from Sydney Cove to the Heads is four miles. There is deep water in all the bays and coves, ships of all sizes anchoring with perfect safety.

I entered Sydney with feelings of sadness, for I knew not a soul there, whilst my fellow-voyagers were rejoicing

at the prospect of meeting their loved ones again. However, my feelings of loneliness were soon to pass, for, armed with bundles of letters of introduction, I made the acquaintance of warm-hearted, hospitable Australians, and, as in London, my invitations were more numerous than I could accept. I spoke on travel and Empire in many of the women's clubs and assemblies.

Sydney was to be my base for two years, for this wonderful port is the key to the islands of the South Seas, my long-looked-for objective. How good the Heads looked to me on my return from some of my voyages from places where climate and hotels left much to be desired! Sydney spelt luxury and comfort. There was a touch of coincidence in my first appearance in public—at Kurnell, in celebration of the hundred and fifty-first anniversary of the landing of Captain James Cook, R.N., at Botany Bay. Here he anchored in the *Endeavour* on April 28, 1770. In celebration of the anniversary, the large pier, the Monument and the Trustees Cottage were gaily decorated with bunting, greenery, and trophies. On the exact spot where the *Endeavour* dropped anchor H.M.S. *Sydney* rested and dressed ship, and in honour of the occasion all ships in harbour were also beflagged.

To one possessed of a fertile imagination, it was wonderful to peer down the corridor of history and picture this landing of Cook's one hundred and fifty-one years ago. Then, a vast waste of land, a few natives, shyly curious, watching from behind bushes the movements of the first white men they had ever beheld. To-day, all is prosperous—a few miles away is Sydney, a city of nearly a million inhabitants—a splendid monument to that brave Commander.

His Excellency Sir Walter Davidson, K.C.M.G. (the Governor), in his oration chose as the keynote of his address, "Seize the opportunity." It was this which had made Britain great. The Sydney band played, there was a guard of honour of bluejackets and a detachment of Senior Cadets. The addresses ended, the Governor unfurled the flag, and the warship *Sydney*

fired a salute. At the close of the ceremony we adjourned to the House of the Trustees, where an absorbing collection of relics relating to this valiant explorer was inspected. An extract from Captain Cook's journal :

During our stay in this Harbour I caused the English colours to be displayed ashore every day, and an inscription to be cut upon one of the trees near the watering-place, setting forth the ship's name, date, etc.

Anyone visiting Sydney should certainly go to Kurnell.

Under the Empire Settlement Act of 1922, H.M. Government will contribute £3,000,000 annually for fifteen years towards the immigration schemes of the Empire. Of the £400,000 passage money contributed in the current year Australia will have her share. One might well ask, "Why should this contribution be necessary?" Because agricultural lands to the extent of millions of acres are lying idle, the potential wealth of which is beyond computation.

In order to advance the best interests of Australia, agricultural workers must be assisted to essay this long voyage, and Government land agents allot them as many acres as is considered expedient. The population of Australia is at present 5,000,000, with, as already noted, nearly 1,000,000 in Sydney, 800,000 in Melbourne, and some 50,000 in Perth, Western Australia. Remembering that in the United States of America there are 125 million souls, there seems no reason why Australia, with her scores of millions of dormant acres, should not support a like number of citizens.

But there is no desire for a Japanese immigration—the Japs would be only too glad to come in their thousands. So far as climate is concerned, there is ample variety—from the tropical lands of Northern Australia to the snowclad Alpine districts of Kosciusko; from the deserts of the interior to the fine vineyards of South Australia and giant forests of bush and blue-gum-trees. It is, indeed, a continent of infinite variety, suited to every taste and requirement.

Sydney is typical of most great capitals. There are, for example, its town hall, post office, Houses of Parliament, university, public library, museum, National Art Gallery, Mitchell Library, St. Mary's Church, and St. Andrew's Cathedral. These places vie with their counterparts all over the world. So far as commercial buildings are concerned, I can truly say that in all my experience of the largest cities of the globe, I have never yet come across so imposing an institution as the Commonwealth Bank of Australia. The magnificent building was opened on August 22, 1916, by H.E. the Governor-General Sir Munro Ferguson, P.C., G.C.M.G., with a golden key presented by Sir Denison S. K. Miller, Governor of the Bank.

This structure of steel, granite, and concrete is ten stories in height. The architecture is typical of the oldest type of classical Grecian Doric. The entire stonework was cut and worked in the builders' yards at Alexandria, which is a few miles outside Sydney. The façade and beautiful columns are of highly polished trachyte of a cool grey colour, extremely handsome and imposing. Each of the high trachyte piers is adorned with a shield, six of which are carved with the coat of arms of the six States of Australia.

This trachyte stone was obtained from the Gib Mountain, about eighty miles distant from Sydney.

Through the courtesy of Sir Denison Miller I was invited to "morning tea," a custom peculiarly Australian. Afterwards, I made a careful inspection of this wonderful building, from the tenth story to the vaults. On the top floor is a large restaurant, which prepares some five hundred luncheons for directors and staff. Everything is cooked by electricity, and not only is there a complete refrigerating chamber, but every appliance is the latest of its kind, the entire section being a model of hygienic perfection. On the various floors, suites are reserved for the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, Sir Denison Miller, and members of the Government. The safe deposit vault was erected by Chubbs. Its

massive steel door weighs ten tons, the bolts of the door are secured with a quadruple time lock, which prevents the opening of the door even by the duly authorized custodians until the pre-arranged time for opening. In addition to this lock, special combination locks are fitted, each capable of one million changes. Sydneyites have good reason for affirming that they have the finest harbour and bank in the world.

When I used to walk down Martin Place, George Street, and Pitt Street, I felt proud to be British, for I realized to the full what my countrymen had done in building this fine city twelve thousand miles away from the Old Country. They had brought out their home ideas, their traditions, their laws. Commercial and home life they had constructed on lines laid down by their forefathers. I felt a proud kinship and fraternity with these people who were bent on their respective tasks as they hurried through the streets of the capital of New South Wales. Here were fine shops indeed—Farmer's reminding me of Woollands, Davy Jones, Mark Foy's, Anthony Hordern's, and others, where the most fastidious woman could meet her every requirement. For jewellery, there is Stewart Dawson, with shops all over the Australian continent and New Zealand, and Hardy, with fine shops at Sydney and Melbourne.

In the evening there is a plethora of theatres and cinemas to choose from, skating rinks, dance cafés, and amusements in great variety. The Wentworth Café, run in conjunction with the Wentworth Hotel and under the capable management of Mrs. H. Maclurcan, is as beautiful as any of the celebrated Parisian cafés. Its ballroom is perfect, and is said to be the largest in Australia. At night, with the garden illuminated with vari-coloured lights and with its masses of flowers, it is Fairyland indeed. There are dozens of hotels to choose from, according to taste and the depth of one's pocket. The Australia, where I made my headquarters when not at the Wentworth, I found excellent, with every comfort and luxury. The management are continually

remodelling and bringing rooms and suites up to date, with bathrooms adjacent and on the best American plan. A large ballroom is in process of construction.

Other first-class hotels are the Carlton, Usher's Metropolitan, Grand, Petty's, and the Sydney. There are many *pensions*, restaurants and boarding establishments, and racing every day of the year. The drives and excursions around Sydney are charming, such as motor trips to Bondi Beach, Coogee, and Manly, to the Heads, and through the various parks, the Botanical Gardens, and the great National Parks. There are a thousand acres of park land under the control of the Government in Sydney. If you prefer it, a journey by water is both easy and delightful. Large spick-and-span steamboats are continually leaving Circular Quay for Manly, Mosman's Bay, Milsom's Point, and places of interest. Another delightful day can be spent by motor launch in visiting the coves and bays, involving some three hundred miles of water travel. To picnic on board is most enjoyable.

Sydney has spent a deal of money on its Zoological Gardens, perfecting the flowers and shrubberies, adding to a fine collection of birds and animals. The situation of the Gardens, a hill 340 feet high, imparts added picturesqueness to this wonderland at Taronga Park.

In traversing the capital, one is again and again impressed with the energy, persistence, and capacity shown by Britons in opening up this Southern Continent—and I have not attempted to describe Sydney. You realize the vast industries as you pass the immense wool warehouses, buildings devoted to wheat; the cloth manufactories; thousands of carcasses of frozen beef and mutton; the jam factories; boot and shoe and leather factories; cases upon cases of wine to be exported; fruit, and miscellaneous cargoes illimitable. The tobacco factory is an enormous concern, employing many hundreds of people. Then there is the gigantic Lever Brothers plant at Balmain, which represents a capital of four to five million pounds sterling.

My advice to all who have not visited Sydney, and who

are in a position to do so, is to come and see for themselves, and I am certain they will be as proud as I was at these outward signs of British energy and initiative.

As copra, the dried meat of the coconut, forms the chief export of all the South Sea Islands, I propose introducing you to the various uses of this product in the manufacture of soap, oil, glycerine, margarine, oil-cake, pomades, and the hundred and one adjuncts of civilization.

A VISIT TO THE LEVER PLANTATIONS.

What would life be without soap? To-day I was privileged to visit the Lever Brothers soap works at Balmain, Sydney. Now, a soap and fat establishment inevitably suggests evil, or at least unpleasant odours. Not so at Balmain. Copra in bulk is, speaking from the olfactory point of view, quite unobjectionable.

After wandering through many departments of this immense manufactory, I eventually found myself passing through corridors rich with perfume—waves of ylang-ylang, tuberose, carnation, frangipani, violet, in fact every perfume known assailed the senses.

It is a generally acknowledged fact that the best soap has coconut oil as its base. In passing, it may be mentioned that out here and amongst the Islands people explain that there is no “a” in coconut. In the South Sea Islands some 25,000 acres of coconut palms wave gracefully in the tropical breezes, yielding a rich harvest for the mighty concern of which Lord Leverhulme is the head.

The uses of coconut oil are practically endless: it lends added charm to the toilet of the woman of fashion, and after many fascinating processes the soap, daintily perfumed and reposing in artistic containers, finds its way to all parts of the globe. There are other members of the soap family who trace their origin to the coconut palm: Lux, its flakes as light as snow; Lifebuoy, the terror of microbes; Sunlight, ministering angel to

millions of householders ; and we must not forget Monkey Brand, whose fame is international.

The processes associated with the manufacture of all these I witnessed to-day, from the crude state to the finished article ready for export. This establishment covers some ten acres ; and the firm owns its own wharves. The steamers, loaded with copra by natives of the South Sea Islands, draw up to Bald Rock Wharf and discharge tons of cargo. Waiting trucks, filled with copra and loaded without human aid, move automatically to the desired spot, then return to be refilled. More than 1,200 Islanders are responsible for the collection and the shipping of the copra, while over 800 men find employment at Balmain. The natives know exactly when the coconut is ripe and when the flesh has become hard, ripe and thick. When matured, the nuts loosen and fall to the ground. They are gathered into heaps, after which the native, with the stroke of an axe, cleverly splits open the coconut, and proceeds, with the aid of a special knife, to separate the "meat" from the shell. These pieces are exposed to the sun, where evaporation takes place. The drying process is sometimes effected by the use of ovens, but care must be taken that the copra is not over-cooked. When this process is completed, the substance is put into bags and shipped to Sydney. Through a door of a mighty building, I was shown masses of copra. Here it was piled mountain high. A thousand tons stood ready to supply the insatiable chutes—to feed the revolving shovels which flung the copra into grinding machines, chewing it up into particles and throwing it out like coarse grain. Now, the essence of its destiny is to be ground out by huge hydraulic presses, until the presses drip with oil. Then the contents of these enormous oil vats are distributed either to the soapery or are prepared for exportation. Outside, I saw tanks containing as much as two hundred tons of the limpid liquid.

We now visit the boiling-room, where great vats, each with a capacity of forty-five tons, are filled with coconut

and oils, tallow, salt, and other ingredients which form the basis of the familiar Sunlight soap. Some of these vats—or, rather, pans—were boiling and seething, their contents suggesting volcanoes in miniature. Then we watched the mixture being strained and pumped into smaller pans fitted with a stirring apparatus. Now it passes through a process akin to churning, when the perfume and colouring matter are introduced. We next meet the mixture in mammoth frames—or iron moulds—which hold three-quarters of a ton. Into these frames the semi-liquid mixture is placed to cool and harden.

When firm, the sides of the frame are let down, exposing a huge block of tempting soap. Now a machine cuts it up into horizontal slabs, whilst an electrically operated machine cuts it vertically, the block thus being reduced to a series of perfect bars. These are stacked on wooden racks to dry and mature, and when perfect, pass automatically along a chute to be stamped. Numerous girls pack the tablets ready for use.

It was particularly fascinating to watch the coloured toilet soaps coming through a press, in a form suggestive of layers of *crêpe*, so thinly is it pressed. Mauve, pink, green, and white appeared to be the predominating colours. It was delightful to watch, and one longed to handle the pretty substance. The wizard machinery which saves manual labour, and some of the immense engines, would gladden the heart of an engineer. The laboratory is a veritable wonderland, where able chemists are ever perfecting the science which makes for the success of an industry, the vital character of which none will question.

We next tasted the olonut and copra, a combination of coconut and other oils. This is carefully refined and churned until it resembles cream. Then, when solid, it is wrapped into 1 lb. pats, complete with recipes for using. Olonut is used in great quantities for culinary purposes, and, being purely vegetable, is much more wholesome than the butter which it replaces. In this apartment, with its white-clad workers, everything is spotless.

Throughout this gigantic establishment cleanliness,

airiness, and general regard for the wellbeing of the employees was most evident. We had a glimpse of the vast printing room, carpenters' and joiners' shop, engineers' and draughtsmen's offices. We tarried long in the perfume department, where a fortune in rare perfumes is housed. Next came the glycerine refineries, with their various grades of this highly useful product. Here is the cooperage, where casks and barrels for the export of oil are fashioned.

Great stocks of wood are drying in the open air, and tons of coal stand ready for use. The Sunlight Oil Cake, made of pure ingredients, has proved a boon to all kinds of animals. Packed here in bags of 1 cwt., they are sent all over the world.

A spacious dining hall for the girls was shown to us, with its platform, grand piano, and ample room for dancing. The men's mess-room was in another part of the building. After spending a most interesting afternoon, and learning exactly how many processes go to the making of our soap, we pass through the principal office, and take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meek, the controller, whose guests we have been. One realizes to the full that the comfort of one and all has been studied.

As we pass out to the veranda on our homeward way, we pause to read the names on the Honour Roll, a permanent testimony of thanks in bronze, which the Premier recently unveiled. Crossing the green lawn, interspersed with flower-beds, we realized that not only had we enjoyed the afternoon, but had gained in addition some valuable information about one of the greatest industries of the Australian Commonwealth.

CHAPTER IV

EN ROUTE TO NEW GUINEA

Life on board the *Morinda*—A perilous passage—Historic Papua—Port Moresby—Rona Lodge and Mrs. Wright—Native version of the Creation—Hanuabada—A marriage palaver.

LIFE on board the *Morinda* is quiet and restful. There is only a small passenger list; most of the people are officials of the Government of New Guinea, a few traders, some pearl fishers, and hopeful prospectors, both for oil and minerals.

Nothing could be more perfect than the weather—blue skies with just enough clouds to give effect to the picture, a mirror-like sea with scarcely a ripple, and, as far as the ship's motion is concerned, not a pitch or a roll, as on we glide along the picturesque scenery of North Queensland.

Mountains clothed in a misty blue, ethereal in the distance, with white sand patches and stretches, give one the impression of a mirage, resembling distant oriental settings, as if we were passing vast cities along the coast; whereas the truth is that one could not conceive a more desolate land—no human soul can be found for miles and miles.

Maybe the mirage is a prediction of towns which will be built along this beautiful stretch for future generations. Let us hope so.

On the ocean side we pass innumerable islands absolutely uninhabited. On a few, a lonely lighthouse marks the water trail. Most of these islands take on fantastic shapes, such as lions, elephants, fortresses, and so forth.

There is very little life, even as far as birds are concerned. Wild goats can be seen occasionally through one's glasses; they appear to reign alone.

Whitsunday Passage we went through just as the sun rose and turned the islands into fairy-like lands. Every one of these countless islands bears some English name, and many are the stories told of shipwreck and sacrifice.

When the hurricanes rage, these islands take their toll. From February to the end of April, mariners fear these blasting upheavals of the sea, the fury of which cannot be described.

Captain Hillman, of the *Morinda*, passed through a trying ordeal of this kind recently. So furious was the hurricane that it swept the seas and took everything with it. He was tied to the brass telegraph-stand on the bridge; not a soul could venture on deck. In the saloon women wept, children cried, and a clergyman prayed for all. The violence of the hurricane swept the ship, although she dragged two anchors, and every means was used to stop her. Yet, led by the hurricane, she made straight for the rocks—nothing could be done, only wait for the final crash. But fate changed her mind, the winds abated, and in a short time Captain Hillman again controlled his ship and saved the lives of those on board. A handsome illuminated address of thanks and appreciation bears evidence of the despairing passengers' gratitude. This, framed, hangs in the Captain's stateroom. He tells me that he never passes that point without shuddering, as again he goes over in his mind the awful potentialities of that stormy morning.

However, this voyage at the end of May, seemingly without a turbulent wave, would lead one to doubt the very existence of hurricanes. Occasionally calling at the different towns of North Queensland breaks the monotony. In the evening, after dinner, a sing-song usually takes place in the upper companion-way. Every song from ancient to modern is run through, or in parts strummed out on the piano, a banjo or jew's harp. In

the heavens the stars are much more brilliant in the tropical skies; the Milky Way and Southern Cross give forth their beauty, as lazily we sit and admire. By day, we might be sailing on the Lake of Como; the mountains, colour, and blue waters recall Italy amazingly.

Captain Cook was the first to survey and sail these seas and Torres Strait in 1770.

PAPUA—PORT MORESBY.

From the deck of the steamer, towards 11 p.m., the dark mountains of the coast range of Papua, that vast and practically unexplored land, loomed into a starry sky, white with the lustre of the Milky Way and brilliant with the Southern Cross high up in the arc of night.

An occasional light along the bay and upon the hills made a better showing of Port Moresby than the impressions which the day disclosed. It seemed strange to gaze into that darkness and imagine the queer natives, their cannibalism, the mountains of 13,000 feet, upon which so few had ever gazed, where the white man's face—in many portions of the immense territory—had never been seen.

Here was I from London, thousands of miles away, writing a book, endeavouring to study the country and its ways. Then the idea came to me: suppose a cannibal native chief were sent to study and write of the various peoples of London, their customs, laws, religions, hundreds of different dialects, churches, the whims and creeds of millions of people. It surely would be interesting to read of us, and how we appeared to the cannibal chief. Doubtless he would consider us foolish in the extreme.

Port Moresby is the chief town of the Papua territory, consisting of 90,000 square miles, in the south-eastern part of the largest island in the Pacific, New Guinea.

One does not speak of Australia as an island. It is a continent surrounded by water. The Dutch own the northern portion of New Guinea, and the north-eastern

part formerly belonged to Germany, but since the war Australia has a mandate over the territory. Papua is administered by the Commonwealth Government of Australia through a Lieutenant-Governor, with an executive council composed of six officers of the territory to advise and assist him, all being under the Governor-General of the Commonwealth. The various sections are controlled by resident magistrates and assistants, with armed native constabulary, who are doing excellent work and proving their efficiency.

Amongst the lieutenant-governors and administrators of the territory of Papua are—at present, elected in 1907—His Excellency the Honourable John Plunkett Murray, G.C.M.G., C.B., commonly called His Excellency Judge Murray.

Other men who have made history in Papua are: Major-General Sir Peter Scratchley, 1885; Hon. John Douglass, 1886; His Excellency Sir William MacGregor, K.C.M.G., C.B., 1888 to 1898; the Honourable George Ruthven Le Hunt, C.M.G., 1899 to 1903; His Honour Christopher Stansfeld Robinson, 1904; and the Honourable Francis Rickman Barton, C.M.G., 1904 to 1907.

New Guinea was visited first by the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century, after which the Spanish, Dutch, English and French navigators paused to have a look at the huge island. The discovery of New Guinea resulted owing to the rivalry of the Portuguese and Spaniards, who were endeavouring to find the Moluccas or Spice Islands. The Portuguese commander, Antonio de Abren, made a voyage in 1511, and it is claimed that he was the first European to sail along the shores of New Guinea. The first Spaniard to visit the island was Alvaro de Sauvedra, a relative of the great Cortes. He arrived in 1528, and christened it the Golden Island. The Dutch, in a ship commanded by William Jansz, coming from Java, visited the west coast in 1606.

For a time it remained a veritable no-man's-land, until in 1793 the British East India Company annexed it. This occupation, however, did not last long. The Dutch settled on the western parts in 1828. In 1883 the Premier

of Queensland, Sir Thomas McIlwraith, sent Mr. Chester to run up the Union Jack at Port Moresby, named after the famous admiral.

The British Government would not allow this annexation, but the wily Germans, hungry for colonies, seized the north-eastern portion and the Bismarck Archipelago.

Then Britain awoke to the situation, and sent Commodore Erskine to plant our flag on the southern part of the island. This was successfully accomplished on November 6, 1884, after which a boundary agreement was concluded with Holland and Germany. The native name of Papua was retained by the British. Now the flag of Australia is flown.

Probably New Guinea is the most primitive land in the world, the least explored, as enormous tracks between the Fly River and the Purari have never beheld a white face. Even in districts where the white have intruded, they are yet objects of great curiosity. The natives who gather round, gaze with ardent wonder; stroke a white hand if permitted, and inquire tentatively if one's feet are also white! It is probably the last land to be brought under the influence of civilization. Geographically speaking, the territory of Papua is larger than England, Scotland and Wales, and has 3,660 miles of coast-line.

A high range of mountains, the Owen Stanley, runs up the centre of Papua, with heights varying to 13,250 feet. Mount Albert Edward is said to be the loftiest, with Mount Victoria a near rival, 13,121 feet; and countless summits have a range of over 10,000 feet. It is a most difficult country to explore, as these high summits, when scaled, only lead one to another peak; it is like a sea of mountain tops which never ends. Travel along these precipitous heights is most dangerous.

Explorers tell me that in some parts one dares not look down, but proceeds clinging to the edges, crawling up, the carriers following; and after an all-day climb they have covered very little distance. In fact, they can throw a stone down into the village they had left previously.

Then the vast swamps, moss and dangerous roots

make New Guinea, with its disadvantages of cannibals and other primitive wild tribes, a country so difficult to traverse that explorers look askance. Thus a territory which possesses marvellous riches is still left to its primitive condition, although very year some progress is made in reclaiming land and civilizing natives.

Port Moresby is well situated between two hills, with a good harbour. The coast hills were brown and dry at this time of the year—June—and only scrub sort of bush decorated the landscape.

As one proceeds along the badly kept main streets, one is struck with the ugliness of this port, where about three hundred white people live. The houses, built upon piles, are mostly of corrugated iron, with no attempt to make them beautiful. The verandahs upon which the family life is lived are a happy feature. As a rule they surround both sides of the house, thereby shade can always be obtained; the south-east trade winds which blow all summer minimizing the heat.

Burns Philp & Co. have a shop here, the largest building in Port Moresby, and containing a good assortment of things likely to be useful in the country.

There are two hotels, small structures, kept by Mr. Ryan, who also owns the ice machine, some motor-cars and the picture show. It is said that people have to be friendly with Ryan, or they get no ice! There is one newspaper, the *Papuan Courier*, edited by Mr. Wilkins, and published once a week at the cost of sixpence.

A good hospital dominates one of the hills, and there is a hospital for natives on the beach. There is also a church and a school. Port Moresby lacks shade. It might be thought that they could plant palms, but the reason is, so I have been told, the restriction of water in this belt, although further back in the country there is an ample rainfall. From December to May is their rainy season at Port Moresby. They conserve the water in tanks, but sometimes it is so scarce that it has to be rationed. The Government have built a reservoir on the heights, which is plainly visible.

After seeing Samaria and Rabaul, one cannot but contrast the superior beauty and enterprise of these prosperous places with the apparent lethargy of Port Moresby. The officials excuse themselves upon these facts. They would like to spend money and keep the port in better condition, but there is no available money for the project since the war. Commerce is at a standstill. This has caused some dissatisfaction between the commercial element and the officials. Papua produced, in 1920, 4,000 tons of copra, whereas Rabaul exported 25,000 tons.

The only road is 20 miles long and in very bad condition, which would in a short time rattle any machine to pieces. I motored out to Rona Falls from Moresby over this vile road. The New Guinea Copper Mining Company are supposed to keep it in repair. The Astrolabe copper fields cover an area of 1,000 square miles, although the present workings are confined to some 30 square miles, and indicate permanent and rich ore bodies. There is plenty of timber in this vicinity, and efficient water can be obtained for the smelting plant from the Rona Falls, on the Laloki River.

The scenery was delightful. Then we passed many interesting native villages. One remarked that many of the natives were suffering from sepoona, a horrible disease said to be from ringworm. It has the effect of making the skin look as if covered with tiny scales, and is contagious. White people are also susceptible to this, but luckily with Europeans it is easily cured. The Government have imported and planted a sort of candleplant tree, which bears pretty red and yellow blossoms and is an antidote for sepoona.

There are many poisonous snakes about here. The natives, however, do not seem to fear them, but will catch them by the tail and dash them against the trees until they are dead. Then in many cases they cook them, and eat the roasted delicacy.

We stopped at Rona Lodge, which is presided over by genial Mrs. Wright, who might have just stepped out of a page in Dickens. She is original, a born

humorist, and can relate the most wonderful stories of pioneer life. Mrs. Wright was born in London, she assured me, and within sound of Bow Bells. It must have been delightful to have stayed at her bungalow, where, with her good nature, one's wants would have been amply catered for. Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, the well-known writer, whom I met on several occasions, stayed at Rona Lodge. Rona is an ideal spot for a rest.

Just beyond the 2,000-foot elevation the climate is cool and bracing, at Sogery, where there is a mission station and many rubber plantations.

It was interesting to motor through miles of sisal-hemp, which at a distance reminds one of pineapples growing: the same stiff, spiky leaves, of a dark-green fibre some 3 to 5 feet in length, and famous for the manufacture of twine and cordage. Papua exported 336 tons of hemp in 1920.

The Government claim that practically every variety of tropical produce can be grown at New Guinea. Tobacco does very well, also cocoa, cotton, vanilla, cayenne pepper, cocaine, cascara, tapioca, wild sago—all cultivated with successful results.

Through the kindness of the Hon. H. W. Champion, I was allowed to visit the native gaol at Port Moresby. It is a short distance from the town, well placed, and overlooking the bay and mountains. For one studying anthropology, their curiosity can be well gratified. Lined up for inspection were 75 prisoners; there are 118 in all, but some of these were out road-mending. I asked what were their crimes, and was told murder and desertion. It seemed to me remarkable to include desertion, as I know that women have no rights or position amongst natives, but it was soon explained as simply desertion from labour contracts.

As we passed along this line of cannibals and murderers, every eye was fixed upon me. Being tall and well covered with flesh, had I met any of these natives in the wilds, most likely I should have been despatched quickly to the soup pot! Now, happily, they could only feast on me with their eyes. Never have I seen

such degraded, criminal, distorted faces. Some men were short, and others big, muscular-looking savages, light and dark complexioned, their hair standing out like a bush around their heads, or cut as fancy decreed.

"What has this tall, light-skinned man done?" I questioned the sergeant. "These three," said he, pointing to two others standing together, "they killed a white man, and would have eaten him, only they were interfered with." "What has this one done?" The sergeant replied: "Oh, he killed his wife and then ate her; he has a life-long sentence." He pointed to another fellow, and said: "He killed his little sister, a native of Koiari. To be a man, to become of age, it is their custom that they must take a life. When questioned why he killed his small sister, he explained that it was easier to kill her, as she could not resist." So said the "brave."

Murder amongst natives is apparently considered as nothing! They do not value life. They believe that the dead go to some happy hunting-ground, where there are plenty of yams and taro, plenty kai-kai (food). After hearing about crimes until my brain reeled, we went to see their evening repast spread out in another building. On a clean, large plate was heaped a mixture of corned beef, taro, sago, rice and coconut—quite tempting it looked—and a big nickel spoon to eat it with. Surely the food is much better than they are accustomed to in native surroundings. There is a bath which they are obliged to use, and they sleep on mats on the floor, as is their habit.

Everything was clean, and for a native to go to gaol must be, to his mind, like taking up his residence at a Carlton-Ritz Hotel.

Some of the native expressions are indeed weird. For example the word "feller" and "along" are most frequently used. Midnight they call "big feller night"; sun, "big feller belong to Jesus Christ"; rainbow, "eye of God." Man wanting hot water for shaving, native says, "Along cut plenty grass belong big long feller." All girls are called "Marys."

The following story gives their idea of the creation:



A NEW GUINEA NATIVE DANCE.



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Him feller, you feller, me feller, altogether we all feller belong to him big feller God. Him big feller put first feller in garden—plenty taro, yams, coconut, plenty kai-kai (food). This feller he walk along garden all time—he sorry too much—him God look along him, he sorry too much. Bym bym this feller he sleep—God he steal him one feller rib, belong him. God make one feller Mary. When him feller wake up, he look along this feller tree, belong apple—he see Mary, he fright too much—Mary he talk, “You lika me? you kai-kai this feller apple,” him feller he too much fright along this feller God. Mary say, “Me lika you, you kai-kai him apple—Mary feller kai-kai apple. These two fellers go along bush, bym bym—me feller—you feller—we all fellers come.”

Such is the bizarre conception of the Creation in the native mind.

HANUABADA.

The Papuans belong to the Negroid family of the human race. Historians claim that New Guinea has been the home of migratory races, amongst which has been Negritoes, Papuans, Pre-Dravidians, and Proto-Polynesians and Melanesians. In many cases the wrecks of their canoes have drifted them to different islands, where they were obliged to remain. These New Guinea and Melanesian natives are very dark of complexion, with woolly hair standing out like a bush around the head, of medium height, narrow-headed, and with large, arched noses.

I went to the native village of Hanuabada; the name means “big village.” Passing the mission, with its clean white buildings, its beautiful garden of tropical flowers and great masses of bougainvillea, I stopped to admire the view through swaying palms loaded with bunches of coconuts. Every now and then a nut tumbled to the ground. It would seem that if a coconut fell and happened to hit you on the head, it might kill you from that height, but I have never heard of anyone slain in that manner.

The sapphire sea below, fringed by a perfectly white coral beach, scarlet hibiscus, and fragrant frangipani growing wild added beauty to the scene.

The temperature was just right—not too hot. Native children, naked like bronzed cupids, laughed and eyed me wonderingly. “Sinuabada,” some of them remarked in greeting. Good-looking savages swung by, walking as if a king’s blood ran in their veins. With their straight backs, bracelets of fibre bound tightly around the upper part of the arm, beads around their neck, a scarlet and yellow rami (skirt) to their knees, black and daring they looked, fierce and warlike.

Some women passed, ugly and dirty, with heavy loads on their backs, merely beasts of burden without the slightest attraction, and bowed down by nets of taro and yams and a big log surmounting the load. A woman after marriage becomes just a slave, rises at dawn, does the work, prepares the food, and is ever labouring for her lord and master.

Another group, laughing and gay, comes into view. They are young ladies of sixteen; one of them is quite pretty, the only native I have seen here who had any claims to this distinction. She was tattooed all over her body, her face, close to the eyes, and down to her waist. They tell me that unless a girl is attractive they do not bother to tattoo her. She wore a triple rami of red fibre skirts which descended from her waist to just above the knees. It was voluminous, and stuck out like that of a veritable ballet dancer, her feet and legs naked. Her hair was a round bush of jet black, into which she had stuck on one side hibiscus of yellow, and on the other the pale cream of the frangipani blossom. She was all airs and graces, swished her skirts and her tattooed bosoms, and smiled archly while I photographed her.

Many others followed, with the swinging skirts, but they had ugly features. At last I was walking down the village thoroughfare. On one side, and facing the sea, were groups of native houses, built high upon irregular piles, with wood of every dimension, but no

uniformity. High on the piles were perched the thatched houses with pointed roofs; the staircase leading up to them a ladder of crude and irregular steps, which must have required considerable ingenuity to climb, unless one were a monkey. But in these houses not only the whole family live, but the dogs and the precious pig, dear to every native heart. They must carry the pig up in their arms; the dogs no doubt can jump the rickety ladder.

I looked into some of the houses, which were destitute of any furniture, except a few boxes, tins, cooking-pots and sleeping-mats, but they have the beautiful sea breeze blowing into their dubu (houses).

Babies sprawled in large numbers across the road amidst the sunlight and shade of the palm grove. Old men were sitting plaiting green palm thatch for repairing roofs. Women were making new grass skirts and spreading them out to be sun-dried. Others were cooking the mid-day mess of taro, yams and coconut. Pigs strolled, grunting, and dogs slept in the sunshine. Youths rested on the coral sands, some with bushy heads and a flower stuck behind the ear, their bodies a mass of tattooing. An old woman, wrinkled with hundreds of lines, carried on her back a net full of brushwood and in her hands a long fish; she plodded along cheerily.

In this village, within the shade of the coconuts washed by the blue waters, they live, attending to their wants and household cares, primitive, yet a village of six hundred souls, filled with likes and dislikes, their wants few, with their beliefs, their codes thousands of years behind our times. Yet, who shall say which are the happier?

A friend of mine, a young bride, who has been away from the haunts of women folk for over a year, was telling me about the natives of the Mekeo district. She, with her husband, had a copra plantation there, and was alone with natives every day, as her husband had to be away on the plantation. She became interested in the private life of the natives and their marriage customs. With hundreds of tribes, naturally they all have different customs. In this part, when a boy decides he wants

a girl, he paints his face with red and yellow pigment, which he obtains from different clays in the mountains; his chin, for some peculiar reason, he daubs with black. When he goes courting, he does not wear a rami, only the strips of beaten fibre back and front and around his waist, with two long tails hanging to the ground. Then he polishes his naked body by rubbing it with coconut oil until it glistens. At dawn the women and girls go to their garden, a short way from the village, where the taro and yams grow—women do all the labour. The would-be lover having adorned himself, and wearing a wonderful head-dress of waving feathers, consisting of half a dozen birds of paradise, wends his way to the taro patch, looks at his particular “fancy” for some time in silence.

After a while he advances until about ten yards away from the girl, and then cracks his fingers. She pauses in her work, and looks up at him. She appears frightened and timid, glancing shyly, and walks a little further away. He follows her, continuing to snap his fingers. Now if the girl dislikes him, she will run as fast as she can back to her village, crying, “Apala mo,” meaning, “He is no good; I don’t want him. Kikinni.” A great panic is caused when this girl, screaming, rushes into her father’s dubu. Then all the unmarried girls of that village hurry out of their dubus and beat the fellow with big sticks, ridiculing him unmercifully. He has a bad time.

If, on the contrary, the girl favours her suitor, she looks at him and smiles. They come closer together, they talk, and then wander away to the bush together, where they remain all day. Afterwards they go back to the village and have a palaver with her father. The parent will object and inquire, “Have you any riches—paint, beads, mats, pigs, shells?” The fellow will announce how much he has, whereupon the girl’s father will say, “It’s not enough. Can you not give more? Will your relatives give something? I want many pigs, I want big arm shells, and leg shells to dance in—mats and ramies. You must bring more presents.” The lover either says he will give more or that he can’t.



FAMILY IN RESIDENCE, HANUABADA.

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The next development of the marriage is that both families sit for days outside their dubu, the girl's father continually demanding more presents from the boy and his relatives—they impoverish him as much as possible. The girl, usually dirty, ugly, with close-clipped hair, sits opposite the boy's parents. Sometimes this bargaining goes on for a week or two until they have got the last mite that the boy and his relatives can scrape together. The presents are heaped on the mat in view of both families and all the villagers.

When nothing more can possibly be obtained, the bride's father gives the feast. Many pigs are slaughtered, and roasted in their stone ovens—a pile of stones made red-hot, then banana or ti leaves laid in, also piggie, with mounds of taro, yams, breadfruit. This is covered with more leaves, and the whole lot baked. Natives love their own pigs, and a native woman will actually cast off her own baby to starve while she nurses from her breast an infant pig!

A specially good eatable for these wedding feasts is wild sugar-cane and the heart of the young palm trees. Rice, sweet potatoes, and sago are eaten in large quantities. With the feast ready, the party begins; they eat gluttonously until they can hold no more. All the guests are dressed in their best; the males wear their gorgeous head-dresses of paradise plumes and cassowary feathers. Now dancing begins and lasts all night. The older people like better to sit down and chew the betel-nut and lime, which they believe invigorates them. Sometimes these wedding ceremonies last for days until the guests have eaten everything.

The bride and groom eat nothing—they retire to a room where no one can see them and remain there all day and all night, whilst the others make merry dancing, feasting and singing. When the bride and groom finally emerge, the marriage has been consummated, and they are very hungry. But according to savage etiquette, they must only have the scraps of the feast.

Another custom is that just before the feast is ready the bride runs to her father's house, pushes down the

mats securing them, and closes up the house. Then the bridegroom, with the boys of the village, rush the house, break down the mat walls and fight to get the girl; but the bridegroom is the one who catches her and leads her out in view of all, just before the feast begins.

After the marriage the girl belongs to her husband's family, must work for them even should she become a widow. She ever remains as their bondage woman. In remote cases her brother-in-law may remarry her—widows are rather looked down upon. In many districts they must wear a net over their faces and crawl upon the ground.

If a wife is unfaithful, she is beaten almost to death. When I was in Africa, in some places on the West Coast, the punishment for unfaithful wives was to tie their hands behind their backs, then drive them into the jungle with both breasts cut off. In that hot country, with millions of flies and creeping insects, it was not long before those breasts were poulticed by voracious insects. If the woman survived, by night the leopards finished her remains. The girl in this part of Papua is proud of her virtue, and will fight to keep her rami on. It is considered a dreadful disgrace if she allows anyone to remove her rami, and she is told to go to the bush and be an outcast.

My friend of Mekeo was young and very blonde, her natives were as much interested in her whiteness as she was in their blackness. She rode with her husband, and wore riding breeches and high leather boots. The boys would eye her with great suspicion, then they talked together and said, "Sinuabada—girl, only half a man."

One day she was sitting on the mat outside with her boys near by, and they wanted to see her feet. She was amused, and having nothing whatever to do, removed her shoes and stockings. The natives came round to see her wonderful white feet. One of them put her toes in his mouth, and she shrieked, "Don't you eat them!" With their cannibalistic propensities, they might easily have had a desire to sample her flesh.

CHAPTER V

FEATURES OF NEW GUINEA

Products of New Guinea—Head-hunters and man-eaters—New Guinea tribes—Wild tales of natives—Boundary posts—An explorer's trials—Primitive peace-making—The kuku-kukus.

PRODUCTS OF NEW GUINEA.

PEARLS from the Trobriand Islands and Daru show a decrease in quantity, but an increase in value in 1920—17,686 carats as compared with 28,367 carats, and £25,577 as compared with £21,550. The industry of the cultured pearl is fascinating. In this case, the Japanese open the oyster and insert a tiny bead, or particle, which acts as a parasite in the oyster, causing it an irritation. To allay this irritation, the oyster keeps on covering this tiny matter by issuing a mucus, or film, which covers it over in layers, and in some three years a beautiful pearl is found where the parasite has been placed.

The purely natural pearl absorbs its own parasite, which embeds itself into the flesh of the oyster, the same process of allaying the irritation taking place.

Mr. James Clark, known as the Pearl King of Brisbane, has in his possession one large pearl as big as a small egg, which he values at £10,000, a fit ornament to deck a queen's crown.

The entire revenue of Papua, without the subsidy of the Commonwealth, amounted to £80,000, as compared with £60,984 of the previous year, an increase of 30 per cent. The imports amounted to £422,741, as compared with £258,112, an increase of over 60 per cent., and the exports to £270,481, as against £176,247, an increase of over 50 per cent.

One of the rare finds in the minerals is osmiridium. The amount exported is 88·5 oz., to the value of £2,930. The high price of osmiridium is due to the stoppage of supplies from the Ural Mountains in Russia. Several prospectors are now looking for this precious metal. From the Gira goldfields it is estimated that 100 oz. have been obtained; this metal was bringing from £30 to £40 an ounce in Samarai.

The alluvial miner in Papua finds osmiridium with his gold in small silver grains. It was first noticed in the concentrated gold washings in the dish, and in some cases the miner, not familiar with the metal and not knowing its value, picked out the grains and slugs of osmiridium and threw them away. The metal is used for tipping gold nibs in fountain pens, and for hardening surgical needles, compass, and watch pivots; it is also used as a substitute for platinum and for hardening platinum goods. Before the war, some 200,000 pens were annually produced from various centres all over the world, and the quantity of osmiridium has not been sufficient to cope with the demands. Therefore it becomes, at the present price, a valuable asset to the miner who finds this in the pan with his gold.

Mr. Joe Sloane, a noted miner, who has been many years in Papua, showed me a bag of small gold nuggets, and also a bag of osmiridium pieces. They look exactly like bits of tinfoil rolled together, bright silvery. Mr. Sloane was lucky, for he obtained about £33 an ounce for his osmiridium.

The gold comes principally from Woodlark Island, Misima, Louesiade, Marua, Yodda, Keveri, Gira, Lapekaman, the total gold return for 1920 being £211,757. Copra was exported, 4,080 tons, to the value of £124,035. Hemp sisal, 336 tons, reached £12,284. Rubber, 242 tons, equalling £41,542; total, £177,861 for New Guinea. There is copper to be found on the Astrolabe mineral field, about 20 miles from Port Moresby. Here some 300 boys (natives) were employed, but owing to the drop in copper, there was talk of closing down the mines.

It is predicted that New Guinea will be a land of great mineral riches. The vast territory of practically impenetrable swamps, inaccessible mountains and dangerous tribes makes it a difficult country for prospectors. Then, again, labour is a proposition to be considered. In the British colonies, unlike the German, there is no forced labour. If the native refuses to work there is not much to be done, especially if he argues that it is a tropical country; his wants are supplied by Nature, then why work? Their wives keep them in food, and that is all they require.

Oil. One of the most important discoveries occurred about two years ago, when petroleum gas was found on each side of the Vailala River in the Gulf division. The geologist's reports were favourable. For a long time the natives of the Vailala River knew of the petroleum gas vents, but they regarded the land as haunted by evil spirits, and were superstitious and reticent about it.

The extent of country over which gas vents and oil indications have been discovered is something like 58 miles east and west, by a depth of 17 miles, or upwards of a thousand square miles. It is claimed by geologists who have visited Burmah that these fields may be a continuation of a great oil belt which connects Borneo and Burmah. The oil industry is at present in its infancy; the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Limited, have great hope for the development of the oil fields indicated.

To our European taste the export of *bêche-de-mer* appears extraordinary. *Bêche-de-mer*, or trepang, is a sea-slug found along the coast of Papua. It is dried, smoked and sent to China, where it is made into a glutinous soup, and considered a great delicacy by the Chinese. £1,355 worth of *bêche-de-mer* was shipped to China recently. Tortoiseshell to the value of £665 was exported, as well as £259 worth of fragrant sandalwood.

There is a good bit of fever in the country, mosquitoes are troublesome, but if you feel irritation it is better not to scratch, no matter what provocation you have, as the

least embrasure is most difficult to heal, almost impossible until you seek a colder clime. I have seen children, men and natives covered with these horrible non-healing ulcers, a speciality of Papua.

Hook-worm and yaws the natives have, but travelling in the country with care and cleanliness one may even escape the fever. Though Port Moresby is considered perfectly healthy, in the bush there is much fever. There are many birds in New Guinea, hundreds of lovely birds of paradise, which are exported through Dutch New Guinea, but forbidden by the Australian law. People tell me that it is a wonderful sight to see these beautiful birds assembled on the branches of trees, which they call dancing trees. The birds meet and go through all the forms of dancing resembling a quadrille. The natives are very fond of wearing the plumes of the cassowary, as well as the paradise plumes.

NATIVES, SAVAGE AND OTHERWISE.

The ways of the natives in the Goaribari district are horrible. They will eat their own children, rats, snakes, anything; and less than twenty miles from Port Moresby cannibalism is openly practised. At Russel Island, near by, some time ago a Chinese boat was wrecked. There were 168 Chinamen on board; they ate some of them and kept the rest, fattening them up. Finally, the whole unfortunate band was devoured.

I heard this story: A manager of a big plantation used to stand by to watch that the natives worked instead of loafing. He had a glass eye, which he showed to the natives. They, never having seen anything of the kind, thought it marvellous. The manager conceived a plan; instead of being kept at his post all those weary hours, he called up some of his natives, and taking out the eye he put it on a tree stump, and said, "Now I go away, but this eye—all the same as me—I see if you work or not—he see all." The men went back to the fields, the eye on the stump watching. This plan was an excellent

idea, thought the manager. For several days everything went on admirably. One day, however, he returned and heard the men singing, not working. He sidled up to the tree stump and found that a meat tin had been put over the all-seeing eye! "He no see through this," was the edict of the wily native.

They have various ways of showing mourning. Some put white powdered clay over their heads, others smear white paint along the forehead and cheek, others wear the black plumes of the cassowary, a bird resembling the emu.

The large territory between the Fly River and Purari is practically in its primitive state; great tracks of land are filled with dangerous natives. Some of their villages have as many as 6,000 people, and they are ever making war upon each other. Head-hunters, ceremonial rights, sorcerers, and every weird barbaric custom holds sway. It would be a most desirable thing if the Government could send a fully equipped expedition of, say, 500 men right through Papua, and discover what is in the country and break up these heathenish rules.

The puri-puri, the sorcerers, hold great power over the superstitious natives. They live in villages by themselves, away back in the bush, and usually wear a snake coiled up in their hair. They seem to have great influence over snakes, and use them to accomplish murder for them. If the sorcerer says to a boy "You go die," he absolutely takes no more interest in life, but lays down and dies.

NEW GUINEA TRIBES.

A woman cuts off one of the joints of her fingers each time a relative dies; some are minus all their fingers, gone for this reason. They also howl and cut their faces and bodies with shells until they are a mass of dripping blood. When their people are dead, they like to bury them only slightly under their huts, or hang them up high in a tree, and with the moisture which emerges from the putrefied corpse, they rub themselves with great

glee, because they think that it makes them like their so-called loved one.

The authorities have great trouble with the tribes on this account, as it spreads disease amongst them.

The sorcerers have all-powerful influence over the natives, and once, to thwart the sorcerer's tricks and to make an impression upon the natives, a magistrate thought he would perform a greater miracle. He addressed a big crowd of natives—he had false teeth—and he would show them his mouth and teeth smiling. Then suddenly turning his back, and hastily, by sleight of hand, he removed his hand and exhibited to the natives an empty grinning jaw. This proved to be an all-inspiring miracle performed by the white man, even surpassing the weird efforts of the devil sorcerers.

When they eat a man, as most of them do, they prefer a black, as they say “they have more taste than the white man.” A savage kills his enemy and eats him, thereby absorbing his soul, which being imprisoned within him, accompanies him to the other world, and is always a slave to him. They dry his skull in the sun, and often wear it slung around their neck. Some carry as many as four of these terrifying objects hanging from their waists.

Talking with a magistrate who has penetrated as far inland as any one up to date, he says, “On one of my expeditions inland I came across a village which had recently been at war with a neighbouring tribe, and the chief had in his house more than thirty native corpses which had succumbed in battle. These had been cooked and already cut up into joints, and lay piled up waiting for the feast. Just imagine a roasted arm or leg, nicely done to a turn.” When these natives capture a white or black man it is often their pleasant way to cut off the feet and hands of their victim living, then tie the legs and arms with native rope on to a big stout pole, at the same time a fire is lit below the sufferer, and he is slowly roasted in the same way as they do their pigs in order to keep the blood inside, except that a human

is styled "long pig." Meantime the chief and his men sit around smoking contentedly, awaiting the time when their victim is sufficiently cooked. If it be a white man's misfortune to be captured by these savage beasts, he should immediately blow out his brains rather than suffer such devilish torture.

People at home say, "Oh, cannibalism used to take place, but it has all died out nowadays." This is not true, as only in August 1920 a Mr. Bell and his chum Mr. Dresler, Englishmen, went through Papua and also were in Dutch Guinea, where it is allowed to catch and take the paradise feathers. In British Guinea it is not allowed; one may be fined £100 and imprisoned as well. These two men were so brave as to risk their lives in order that some vain woman might outdo and flaunt her paradise-plumed hat before a poorer sister. As they were returning through British territory, they were attacked by cannibals, killed and eaten. Afterwards, when no news of their whereabouts could be obtained, a punitive expedition was sent along their proposed route, with the result that they found Bell's diary and the jawbone of both men, with teeth attached; the teeth were filled with gold. They then traced the dentist, Dr. Lee, who affirmed that the teeth of both these unlucky men had been filled, and what he saw was his own work. It is a story almost too sad to relate. Mr. Bell's mother and sister live near Sydney, and Mrs. Bell said, "I know that my boy has been killed, as he promised to let me know how he was." He had been noted for always keeping his word. Alas! his horrible death, which his mother cannot be reconciled to. "If he had only died in the war he would have been a consolation to me," she said.

Another Commissioner described how he was travelling up country and came to a village, where, outside on mats, sat a score of natives actually eating baked humans, and dipping the bones into boiled wild sago.

In 1901 the Rev. J. Chalmers and the Rev. Oliver Tomkins, both missionaries, members of the London

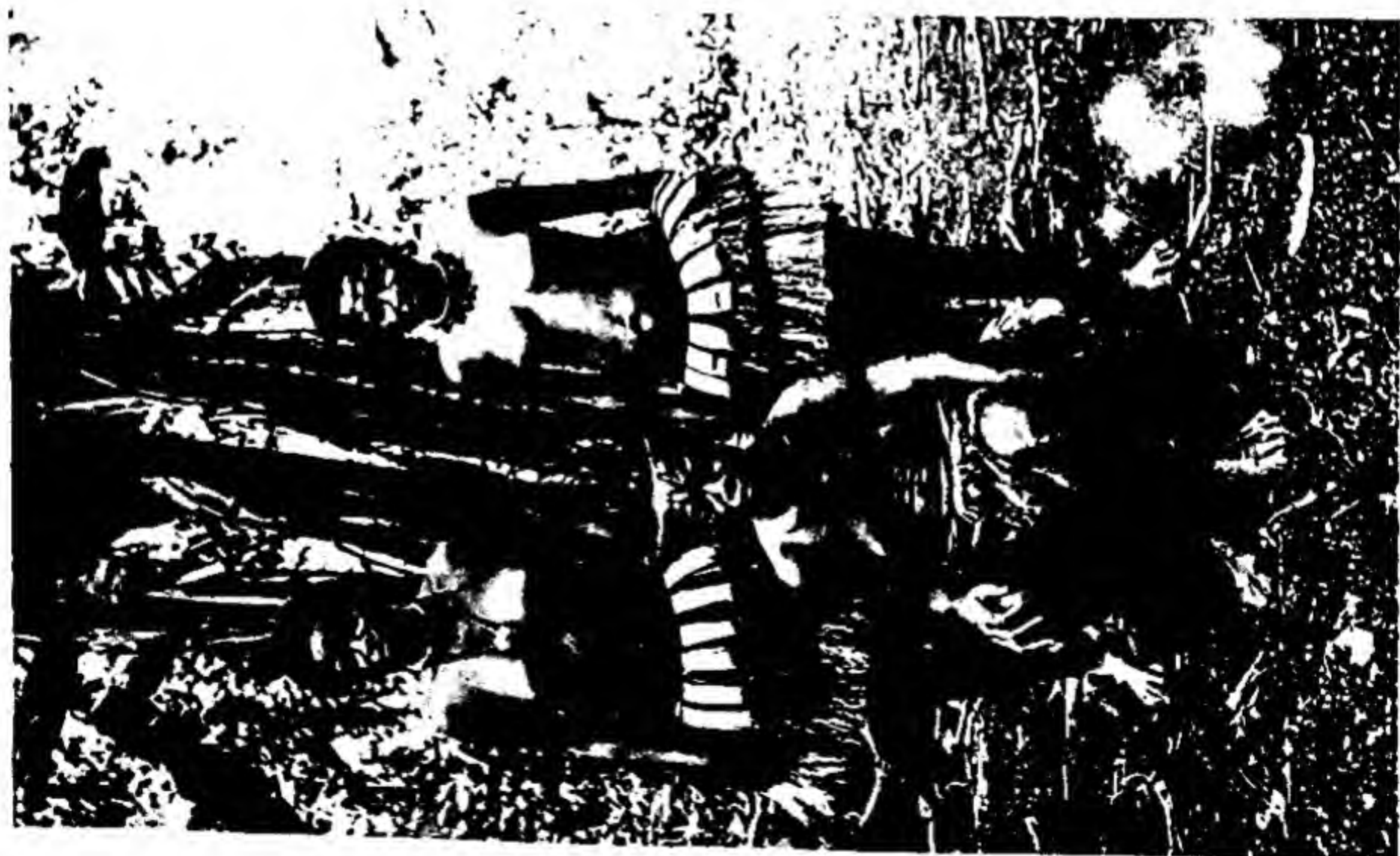
Missionary Society, resolved to visit the Western Division. The Goaribari natives were hostile. When the party, consisting of the Rev. Chalmers, the Rev. Tomkins, a native chief of Kiwai, and ten Kiwai boys, arrived on the schooner *Niue*, they took to the small boat and prepared to land. It was very brave of them, but nevertheless foolhardy, because the tribes were known to be a bad lot, and the country had not yet come under Government control. When landing, the natives appeared friendly enough and enticed them all into the chief's house. Then they clubbed every one of them to death and the bodies were eaten. Such was the massacre of the innocents. The cannibals broke up and looted everything in the small boat. The few people left on board the schooner waited for a long time, but were powerless to help, and eventually sailed back to Daru, whence they had sailed on their fatal mission, and reported the tragedy.

There was a great outcry about this butchery, and the natives were fought and punished. The skull of the Rev. Oliver Tomkins was found, and Captain Hillman, who is the well-known skipper of the *Morinda*, the ship which brought me to New Guinea, brought the head back, and it was given Christian burial at Daru. Strangely enough, the Rev. Tomkins had a short time before sat for a set of false teeth to be made. Alas, he was never to need them. The teeth in time arrived at their destination at Daru, and one of the proofs that the head recovered was that of the Rev. Tomkins was that this set of teeth fitted the jaw exactly.

Women of different tribes will eat their own babies. It is thought nothing of by these pagans. Morality is conspicuous by its absence. In some tribes, girls are initiated into womanhood by their uncle, as a rule at the age of puberty. It must not be supposed that all tribes of New Guinea can be put into this black list. Many of the natives are horrified at the thought of eating human flesh, and are gentle, docile, and law-abiding people. Thousands are trustworthy, and converted from paganism to Christianity.



GERMAN AND ENGLISH BOUNDARY POSTS.



PAPUA NATIVES.

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BOUNDARY POSTS.

When the boundary line was set up between German New Guinea and British New Guinea, it happened that several native British villages found themselves just over the line and under German administration; the same thing happened to some German native villages.

There was friction between them, and quarrelling was constantly taking place. Nature, in the guise of the spring tides, was relentless in washing away territory, until they could scarcely define which was which, so far as the border line was concerned. Then, a British native policeman, acting on his own responsibility, and to avoid the continual disputes, withdrew the barrier stakes and put—as he thought—the British native village in our territory, but annexed a few handfuls, one might say, of German land. However, his movements in arranging the boundary posts had been observed by the German native police. They appeared upon the scene and asked the British party what he was doing. He replied, “I am British—my masters are good—yours are bad.” This infuriated the German native policeman, who replied in scathing terms, but the British native’s vocabulary was more stinging and lengthy, so forceful in fact, that the Germans reported the attitude of the British natives to the German Government.

A few days after war was declared. The British native was much excited over his controversy and importance, and egotistical as is the native mind, believed that he alone was the cause of the great war. It would seem that each leaf of the bush whispered to the other that war was declared, and about five hundred of the British natives in a few days assembled, their war shell conches had been sounded, and the natives in full fighting equipment, war paint, spears, feathers, and shields appeared, ready to go anywhere and fight for Britain.

The tribes who are not bent upon eating you are child-like in faith and good nature. At a missionary station, a teacher was trying to explain to a particularly dense

native the meaning of hell. He stared stolidly at her, while she endeavoured to put fear into his rhino cranium. She said, "In hell, they keep you chained to a post; you are weary, can't break away; you are hungry, hands offer you the most luscious sugar-cane. You are delighted, and stretch out your hands for it—it's put close to your face, then snatched away, and you stand a long time hungry and sleepy; no one pays any attention to you, it becomes almost insupportable, you feel empty and horribly thirsty, your strength seems failing you. Just as you seem about to drop other hands hold the most beautifully cooked yams, soft and succulent. You are famished, you grab for them, but the sinister hand withdraws what was offered before you are able to touch it. You again relax and suffer. Again your expectancy is at fever height, your throat resembles a red-hot furnace; you observe, coming towards you, but still a long way off, great, deep calabashes full of water—you resolve that you will leave no chance of another removal before your eyes, but will grasp this refreshing water, whatever obstacles are put in your way. Finally it comes to you—a wonderful bowl of swaying water; you grasp it, and in your violent thirst drain it—and you have drunk kerosene or petrol." That is a new description of hell.

Beach-combers, blackbirders, derelicts, adventurers of every colour, crime, and nature have exploited the South Sea Islands. One of these gentry (no name mentioned) was having a drink at a bar in Port Moresby. He noticed that a native continually regarded him with fixed eyes. Pausing with a glass to his lips, he exclaimed, "What the hell is that fellow looking at me like that for?" They explained who he was, and informed him that several years ago he had killed that boy's father. Whereupon the drunken one remarked, "Isn't he a vindictive sort of a cow. Fancy his remembering a little thing like that all these years!"

I was in Papua when the Boyce Expedition arrived from their tour of exploration across Papua to the ex-German boundary. This was organized by Colonel Boyce,

a celebrated newspaper proprietor of Chicago. They had been for thirty-one days on the patrol, and had penetrated the country further, by a week's march, than any other expedition. Mr. Humphries, magistrate, had accompanied the party, and they had a hundred and twenty carriers. They suffered greatly along the trail, clinging to the mountains at such heights that they dared not look down. Every day it rained in these mountains, and at the elevation of 10,000 feet it was extremely cold. They had employed coastal carriers, who had never felt cold weather and who were afraid of the stern, formidable mountains. At night when they camped and built their fires, the natives would howl a song something like this—"The way is hard." Over and over again they repeated this wail. Twice the expedition was threatened to be ambushed. They looked thin but fit. The leaders on their return said they were glad they went. It was a wonderful experience, but they would never repeat the journey. I wanted to go on this expedition, but they said that no woman could possibly endure what they went through.

Lieutenant E. W. Pearson Chinnery, F.R.G.S., and late of the Australian Flying Corps, it is affirmed, knows as much of the New Guinea wilds as any man. At the age of twenty-two he was a magistrate up country. A year or so ago he read a most interesting paper on New Guinea before the Royal Geographical Society in London. He is a keen anthropologist and deep scholar. It was my good fortune that he and Mrs. Chinnery travelled on the same steamer as myself. He told me of his last big patrol, which cost him many months of illness and almost life itself. He had climbed to the height of 10,000 feet, going through villages where it was questionable whether he would get through alive or be killed and eaten. Then a greater catastrophe befell him. He slipped and splintered the leg bone and had to return, under great pain. He bathed and nursed the injured leg as much as he could under the trying circumstances, but feared septic poisoning. Finally, the pain became so great he could

not stand, and fever also attacked him. The carriers bound him to a long tree pole, and in this torturing manner of jolting his afflicted body, they brought him down.

Now, a native fears a village where he is not known, therefore the carriers would only take Lieutenant Chinnery to the outskirts of the village, send word that a wounded white man was to be carried, then the natives of that village would take him to the next. By these crude methods of conveyance, after days of suffering, Lieutenant Chinnery arrived at a hospital in civilization once more, and it took several months to recuperate from this trying adventure. He told me of some of the rites and initiation into manhood of various tribes he had encountered. In the villages there is a large long ceremonial house, which in building must be blessed by their deities. Therefore, a body must be slain in order to sprinkle blood to propitiate their gods. Even canoes that are being built must have this ceremony of blood sprinkling. When a boy arrives at the age of fifteen, he leaves his female relations' house and takes up his abode in the ceremonial house. Now comes the next important rôle for his initiation into manhood. He must go out and kill a man, an enemy from a neighbouring tribe whom they have been at war with, if possible. After he has accomplished this act and brought the head of his victim back, a great ovation and feast is arranged for this new recruit to manhood. He is seated on a throne of spears, with the full-fledged men folk wearing their head-dresses or gugus of dozens of beautiful paradise plumes. They gather round and make speeches in their lingo, the conch shells are blown—these can be heard several miles away—and a man is proclaimed throughout the jungles, mountains, and swamps. After which feasting and dancing follows. These tribes fight with bows and arrows. The latter are carved and barbed, and terrible stories are told of pulling a barbed arrow from the living flesh. These people dry and preserve the bones of their dead, and wear strings of their relatives' bones around their neck and body.

In their cannibal feast the chiefs choose the hands and feet of the corpse, because they believe that every part strengthens where they most need strength; one needs strong hands and feet most vitally, they say.

Between the Fly River and the Purari most of these bizarre, uncivilized rites, and customs take place. "Agiba" is the shrine of the soul. The head-hunter claims that the gods must have the head of an enemy; they are hungry for sacrifice. Then the hunter will lay in ambush until he fights and kills his man, whereupon he cuts up the body, brings it to the village "Agiba." The body is eaten in order to possess the soul of the man, and the head is dried in the sun before the "Agiba." The sacrifice is supposed to propitiate that god for the time being, until another sacrifice is desired.

In the district of the Lower Fly, the Aregi people were visited recently by a patrol officer, who wanted to make peace with them. He addressed the natives through an interpreter, and tried to explain that the policy of the Government was to help and not to destroy. He handed a bow to the Aregi chief, who broke it with his foot. At this moment a great cry of "Hu, hu!" broke the tense silence. The officer tactfully fired a shot from his rifle, then handed the empty cartridge-case to the chief as a token of friendship and trust. Then the people, reassured, presented the native police accompanying the patrol officer with sago, sago worms (of which they are very fond), pig, and fish. The patrol officer gave each man a peace gift of tobacco. By this simple procedure is peace established between these wild peoples, and the thin wedge of Government aid and civilization inserted.

In this part, when a person dies, his soul goes to Adiri, some place in their imagination to the north-west. The dead body is placed on sago leaves in a small house erected for that purpose in the swamp. His belongings are put beside him in the hut and a good supply of sago in case the ghost gets hungry. The puri-puri, or sorcerers, wield an enormous effect over the minds of the natives;

they dread the puri-puri man who commands death. The superstitions of these people are almost unbelievable.

Natives have very little idea of the passing of time, so that there is difficulty in taking the census ; it is simply a matter of guesswork. They remind me of my visit to a native cemetery at Lagos, Nigeria, where almost every native appeared to die at the age of ninety-eight. Why this favourite number I could not understand.

Another queer custom in vogue here is, that one Christian name will suffice for an entire family ; for instance, three boys and a girl were each called " Kila," without reference to sex. When questioned about this the father explained that the children had nicknames, so that the real name did not matter. One family had twelve sons all bearing the same Christian name.

In some tribes the women have very few children ; they eat a species of frond of a certain fern, which prevents childbirth. They are very secret about this, and will not give their confidence to white people.

An amusing story is told by the tax-collector. It occurred in the village of Alagune. These people are hardy fishermen who trade fish for vegetables with the Kerepuna people. After collecting taxes from the Kerepuna village, the people of Alagune came out to meet the Government man, and indignantly inquired *why* he was not coming to collect *their* tax. " What wrong have we done, that we should be ignored by the Government ? Come, we have money, we will show it to you. The idea of those Kerepuna people paying taxes and *we not* ! We are just as proud as they." It will be expected that in the future the fishermen of Alagune will not be slighted !

The Kuku-kukus, a very savage people, with a true reputation for blood-thirstiness, are beginning to come slightly under Government control. They come down to the coast station to trade bows and arrows and birds of paradise with the natives of Kerema Bay. Formerly no native tribes would have anything to do with the Kuka-kukas ; they were all terrified of these man-eaters.

The Lieutenant-Governor, His Excellency Judge Murray,

in his report in 1920, says head-hunting must be stopped. The people of Namau were head-hunters as well as cannibals (the two do not always go together). Their "ravi" or big men's houses were festooned with innumerable skulls, and the removal of these skulls was necessary to the eventual suppression of head-hunting. Not all the skulls were the skulls of enemies; many were of friends and relations, but all had to go, so that in putting down a crime we were also suppressing a quite unobjectionable funeral. Fortunately, no harm appears to have resulted, and at any rate head-hunting must be suppressed.

Thus Papua—primitive, barbaric, weird—a land scarcely touched, metaphorically speaking, by the hand of civilization, remains practically the same as centuries ago.

Good-bye, land of barbarians, cannibals, sorcerers, and natives of gruesome rites; hug your treasures, as you have, since the birth of the world; keep your secret with Mother Nature. But one day civilization will attack and conquer you—and then will be disclosed your immense riches, a veritable Pandora's box filled with treasures.

CHAPTER VI

NEW GUINEA OR PAPUA

Yule Island—The eternal baby—Education—Samarai Island—Tropical gardens—The love blossom—Rabaul—The passing of Germany—Justice for the natives—Kabakaul's first victim—A novel marriage.

YULE ISLAND.

A PRETTY little island, just off the coast of New Guinea, five miles long by three wide, it is well shaded from the tropical heat by tall palms, mango- and gum-trees. Yule Island was called after Lieutenant Yule, who surveyed from the head of the Gulf of Papua to Yule Island and Redscar Bay in 1846 on s.s. *Bramble*.

One hundred boys and girls are being converted from paganism to Christianity by the Sacred Heart Mission. Thirty-six years ago they established this mission, from which twenty others have sprung up in New Guinea, in the mountain districts, and along the coast. They originally came from Kensington near Sydney. It is always interesting to land and see new groups of natives. Each has different fashions, especially in the matter of hairdressing; many of these had tried a bleach of lime which makes the hair slightly red or blondish. All, however, wear the native fibre bracelets twisted tightly on the arm, some have their ankles also decorated. Into the bracelets they stick a flower, or fern, and also wear flowers in their up-standing wool. Clothes are superficial, in fact if a native wears clothes or any covering on his body, he usually succumbs to pneumonia or tuberculosis sets in. They perspire, their clothing becomes damp,

therefore they are susceptible to colds. Natives are much more healthy in their nakedness. They are loading copra. It is a very hot day, they have only a loin-cloth on, therefore one can observe the varied styles of tattooing, which is quite marvellous and must cause them to suffer greatly while it is being done.

I walked up close to a woman who had her entire face tattooed vertically, some of the lines being within a half-inch of her eyes. This striped woman held a tiny black baby. Into one ear was stuck a long bead earring (some have half a dozen dangling from one ear). I spoke and asked her how old her baby was. She grinned, but could speak no English. I was nearly the cause of a strike, as I took a photograph, and they all deserted the copra and came to look at me, until admonished by the priest. Then they returned to their work, wading out into the shallow stream, carrying heavy bags of copra of 150 lb. to 200 lb. each bag. These they dashed into the row-boats.

The sea is the colour of sapphire, and the land foliage green with that brilliant sheen of the tropics; the very leaves appeared to tremble with the noonday heat. It was a pull up the hill to the mission, which looked cool under the palm-trees, every window wide open.

The children immediately appear, gazing at one with questioning eyes. "Good morning, Sinuabada," they salute you. They are very happy looking, smiling. Some are playing with skipping-ropes, others reading, all are interested in my visit. White women are rare. The only boat they know is the *Morinda*; they think all ships are like the *Morinda*, and the only passengers they have ever seen come from that ship, which once a month pauses in the bay for a brief period.

Captain Hillman, who is greatly beloved by the different children, brought his daughter along for a trip. Everything young or small is christened "piccaninny" by them, so the Captain's daughter was called "the *Morinda* Piccaninny."

The buildings of the mission are on piles, well, but

simply built; the desire to get as much air as possible being the main object. I entered the convent and met Sister Marcella, who was in charge. What beautiful faces the nuns have—benevolence and sweetness are reflected in their expressions. I was introduced to some twenty of these angelic women, who have given their lives to do this splendid work. Sister Marcella took me to the school house, which was spotlessly clean, all the work being done by the sisters. The girls and boys were enjoying a holiday on account of the birthday anniversary of King George.

The sister said that these youngsters from a savage land are very fond of the King. Here is a picture of His Majesty, cut out of a magazine, framed, and much appreciated by them. The National Anthem is always sung, and one and all will be turned out loyal Britishers.

I was shown some copy books, and was very surprised when they told me that the neat, clear handwriting was the work of a boy of thirteen, who three years ago was a savage pagan, who would have thought it quite an ordinary thing to have eaten his grandmother after her death.

A little girl, "Luna," also wrote well. She had been found on the trail by one of the fathers, an infant cast-away and covered by millions of red ants. Now she is a fine-looking child. There are many mixtures of tribes; the Malays have intermarried, a blend which produces children with a keener brain power.

Outstanding amongst the work accomplished by these self-sacrificing women is the establishment of a native sisterhood. Already fifteen of the black girls have taken the veil. These native nuns are sent on visits to the stations in the interior and on the mountains. They circulate amongst their families and native villages, teaching them cleanliness and the Catholic religion. The sisters, in describing their march to their mountain stations, said: "They count the journey by hours, not miles; they walk four hours then rest, and another four hours constitutes a day. They speak of the beauty of the 13,000-foot mountains, and of the innumerable cascades at every turn,

but admit that it is very hard walking. "One thing the native will almost sell his soul for is a spoonful of salt," explained Sister Marcella. "They will give you bushels of yams and taro for a little salt to eat with their vegetables. They have sweets from fruits and wild sugar-cane, but no salt, and an empty meat tin is also a priceless possession. I nearly caused a tribal war," laughed the nun, "by throwing away a large tin; they actually fought for it, hundreds in a pile together."

There is a great deal of fever along the coast, and when I passed through their dining-room I remarked upon the tables—a large glass jar filled with powdered quinine, which they are obliged to take each day.

We entered the church, simple, clean with wide-opened windows, and a beautiful altar profusely decorated with white lilies and pink oleander blossom. This was the work of one particular sister.

A pretty garden was cared for by a nun who was seventy-seven, and had spent thirty-one years of her life on Yule Island. After another chat with the sisters and partaking of cool lime-water I left, delighted to have had the honour of meeting these good Sisters of the Sacred Heart—whose work will never die.

SAMARAI ISLAND.

Samarai is a small island of 50 acres, situated on the extreme end of south-eastern Papua, New Guinea. It might be styled the "Charing Cross" of hundreds of islands, as more actual business is transacted here than at Port Moresby the capital.

From the Trobriands, renowned for the great pearl fisheries, D'Entrecasteaux-Louisiades and other groups, all their wants are supplied from Samarai. The vast plantations of rubber, copra, and the gold export of Woodlark and Misima Islands all find vent for outcome and income through this beautiful island port, chosen on account of its fine harbour, where ships can dock about 20 feet from the land—no such facility could be found on the mainland.

It is weird to watch the natives coming from remote islands, their canoes filled with naked fine, wild-looking creatures—in some cases tattooed from head to foot—coming to do their shopping. Everyone has bracelets around the top of his arms, and some around the ankle as well. All wear ear-rings, half a dozen in each ear, thereby causing the lobe of the ear to disclose a hole as large as a five-shilling piece. Men and women cut the lobe of the left ear, and place therein a small piece of wood, the hole gradually increasing the aperture. They also perform this same operation on their nose, and often wear a bone, coral, or tortoiseshell struck through the nostril, giving a very barbaric effect. Their hair stands straight out, a veritable natural busby. They chant a weird melody, more like a howl, as they bend to the oar. Then, like kings in the majesty of their mien, they strut ashore.

At the store they do not buy immediately, not at all, but spend the whole day in wondering, looking at things, picking them up, putting them down in meditation. The gayest ramis (loin-cloth), beads, ornamental shell, tobacco, and foodstuffs are their principal delight. What a rich field for anthropologists, these thousands of tribes and every one different, as good God made us all, not even a finger-print alike.

After staying at Port Moresby, which no one could call beautiful, this charming little island of Samarai was indeed a pleasure. It is surrounded by the wooded mountains of the mainland, and islands, many of which consist of only one mountain, but decorated with palms along the edge and sides, with higher up a sort of tropical scrub growth forever green. These, reflected in the deep clear water beside the white coral shores, form a beautiful picture. Samarai itself with its good harbourage has only a sort of hill; it could not be classed as a mountain. Along the shores of this miniature island a splendid walk has been constructed; it only takes about twenty minutes to circumnavigate the entire place. At various points where the view is exceedingly pretty, seats have been erected. The white inhabitants only number about one hundred,



A TYPICAL NATIVE VILLAGE.



IN THEIR LITTLE CANOE, SAMARAI.

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with perhaps double that number of natives, as the authorities will not permit them to overrun the limited number.

There are two small hotels, which charge about fifteen shillings a day, all found. Tinned products form the staple foods, but some sheep are kept on the island, so fresh mutton is obtainable occasionally. There is a native hospital, well placed, looking out to sea, and a large red gaol. The convicts in the early morning do the cleaning of the streets, there being no sewers, and all refuse is taken by them and dumped out at sea.

As yet there is no electric light and no ice-making machine. The latter is practically a necessity, yet the people only have ice when a steamer calls about once in three weeks. Besides the walk around the island there are two streets running parallel, one for the shops and the other residential. Only at Panama have I seen the crotons unsurpassed. Here they are superb, and wander alongside the streets in hedges of wonderful colours—twenty and thirty feet high, scarlet, green, golden, pink, brown, and dark purple. Then, as if to make a medley of colour, some crotons appear clothed in a conglomeration of colours. The hibiscus is a rival and grows splendidly, and the lovely white Japanese rose, bougainvillea—which to my mind is too blatant, and about which the natives are superstitious—abounds, oleanders, fragrant frangipani, and hosts of other flowers fill every garden.

The people at Samarai apparently take a pride in their homes and gardens; no one, for instance, could fail to admire Mrs. Bunting's lovely garden of tropical flowers. All travellers hang over her gate to feast their eyes upon this garden, due alone to her careful tending.

Their houses are built in sensible style—bungalows, on piles, with very deep verandas, as they practically live on the latter and simply use their inside rooms to dress and sleep in. There is sometimes a scarcity of water, but not often, the rainfall being abundant; they catch the rain-water from their roofs and store it in tanks.

The native police, or armed constabulary, wear uniforms

of dark blue and red, with wide red belt. I visited the school for white children—a large cool room with windows wide open to catch whatever breeze came their way. The school is pleasantly situated near or under a huge banyan-tree, which dominates the street.

They are building a public library as a memorial to the fallen soldiers, a very practical idea; it is to cost £2,000, and will be erected by public subscription. The Combley Ambulance was given to the town by the miners of the islands, in grateful memory of the fine work done by Nurse Ellen Combley. The inscription: "The Combley Ambulance. Erected by public subscription as a tribute to the sterling work of Nurse Ellen Combley of the Anglican Mission, who died at Dogura, Papua, May 18, 1911. By her good work she left footprints on the sands of time."

The hospital on the top of the hill commands a good view, as does also the residence of Mr. Higginson, the chief magistrate. All the houses are built with due attention to the demands of the hot climate.

Burns Philp & Co., Whitten Bros., and the New Guinea Company are the biggest traders here.

The only monument in Samarai is erected to Governor Robinson, who committed suicide because of malicious and unjust gossip. His administration, which was censured, was fortunately vindicated afterwards. The inscription on the grey granite memorial reads:—"Christopher Robinson, upright judge and honest man, died June 20, 1904, aged 32 years. His aim was to make New Guinea a good country for white men. This stone was set here by the men of New Guinea in recognition of the services of a man who was as well-meaning as he was unfortunate, and as kindly as he was courageous. Life is mostly froth and bubble, two things stand like stone, comfort in another's trouble, courage in your own."

Justice has a way, generally speaking, of not being left out of the reckoning.

The two streets are most picturesque, especially at sundown, when people come out for a stroll. White people and their children; and striding along happy and proud

are the natives, some wearing their hair full of the hibiscus blossoms, others with hair clipped like immense busbies. A tall native passes, he wears a plume sticking straight up out of his woolly head. This to denote that he has killed a man, and earned his title of manhood according to the customs and religious rites of his tribe. More men wander by with short close-clipped heads and wearing wreaths of tiny white flowers, such as a young bride might bedeck herself with. It looks strange, the dainty wreaths stuck at a most rakish angle on their black heads. A native girl swings along, her ballet skirts composed of three or even six grass petticoats which stick out like a huge hoop skirt just above the knees; the fashion in Samarai is, the more skirts the *plus chic*.

My companion during this walk was a pretty pale blonde Australian girl of seventeen years, just returned from school. She says: "Mrs. Cameron, they say that when the women put the hibiscus in their hair, they are after a boy." I turned to look at this beautiful fair girl and smiled. Mentally I thought, isn't it the same the world over—when a woman puts flowers in her hair, metaphorically speaking, is it not to attract some boy or man? One must never leave human nature out of our philosophy.

Continuing our walk, a native woman also dressed up led a little child by the hand; apparently her husband was a native policeman, as she turned into the house where they lived. We watched her undressing her baby on the veranda, his wearing apparel consisted of a white cotton band.

Life for months in Samarai must be monotonous. They have good tennis courts; cricket, a picture show once a week with a few card parties comprise the entertainment list. I went across to Qwato, where upon a low mountain is established one of the oldest missions of the London Society, a delightful situation with a lovely view overlooking the beautiful China Straits and bay. They have in their care some 250 natives. Among the boys a very good team of cricketers has been trained; they competed creditably with the Samaraians at the recently held sports on Empire Day.

I was shown beautiful work done by the native girls—towels with nice drawn work, tablecloths resembling Teneriffe fashion, and doilies. They also make mats, baskets, and fans of the palm, finely braided.

The mission was beautifully furnished; we had tea served by native girls clad in white, and purchased several pieces of their work.

Around on the adjacent islands and mainland are several large rubber and copra plantations. One at Gili Gili comprises 8,000 acres, 5,000 of which are under cultivation; Mr. Wright is the owner.

Cascara is also grown about here. Samarai is certainly a beautiful little island almost fantastic in its charm. It was with regret that I was only able to pass three days among its hospitable people.

It was peculiar attending the picture show in company with all the white inhabitants. The hall is small and crude; some steamer chairs formed the best-class seats; overhead broad punkahs, as in India, supplied a breeze. Children roamed at large in front of the chairs, and made all kinds of critical remarks about Norma Talmadge in "Poppy." It reminded me of the Fort Gibbon Hall in the Arctic Circle, when I traversed that region in 1919, only that the small fry were Eskimos instead of Samaraians. Quite a contrast in climate, from the Arctic to Papua, only a few miles comparatively speaking from the Equator.

Everyone remembers Max Müller, the noted German ace, who brought down thirty-nine aeroplanes during the Great War. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Zimmer, Mr. George Zimmer, Chevalier Legion of Honour, Distinguished Service Cross of the Australian Flying Corps. He was the celebrated ace who crashed Max Müller. He is at present a resident of Samarai in the capacity of Second Administrator. So are our great outposts of Empire guarded appropriately by those who fought for us.

RABAUL.

It is pleasant sailing into the protected harbour of Rabaul—it used to be German New Guinea—past Cape

Gazelle. On either side, the brilliant green foliage of the tropics clothe hill and mountain to their very summits. Coconut palms lean over along the edge as if to use the placid sea as a mirror.

Mount Mother, or Lekuruan, correctly speaking, raises her volcanic crater to the height of 3,248 feet. The odour of sulphur is pungent to the nostrils. Although these mountains are quiescent, some of them are yet so hot that it burns one's shoes to walk there. "The Mother and her Daughters" the mountains are called.

Turanguna lies to the south of the Mother, height 1,620 feet. Kombin North 2,247 feet. Towanumbatir 1,768 feet. The so-called Mother is nearly always covered by a soft cloud, called the "cloth," which reminds one of Table Mountain, South Africa, inasmuch that every evening at about five the clouds resting on the mountain form a sort of tablecloth.

About 70 miles farther down the coast the remainder of the mountain family may be seen, Ulawun the Father, higher than Mother, his head rises to 7,540 feet, and his sons, several other mountains, surround him. It would appear that there had been a separation in this particular mountain family—the mother taking the daughters, and the father the sons. I don't know how geologists would regard this circumstance.

As you proceed into the bay, a huge rock of some 1,000 feet and a smaller one greet the eye. These rocks are called the "Beehives," and add to the picturesqueness of the harbour. Some of the oldest residents claim that they remember when these huge rocks were thrown up by a volcanic upheaval. At Rabaul scarcely a day passes without a slight tremor of earthquake, but being accustomed to the shocks nobody troubles much about them.

We are now in Blanche Harbour and pull up at the jetty.

Upon going ashore one finds three wide streets running parallel, crossed by side streets. Along the whole route the Germans have planted flowering acacia-trees, scarlet,

yellow, white, and with the green glossy leaves of the mango-trees they offer lovely shady walks. It is well thought out, as with a temperature varying from 90 to 100 degrees, with dense humidity, a protection from the sun is a necessity. Rabaul was the capital of German New Guinea; it is now under the mandate of Australia, and is known as "The Territory of Papua."

The present Governor is General Evan Wisdom, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D. He is aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of Australia, Lord Forster.

It was owing to the enterprise of the Germans in 1884, when they annexed German New Guinea, that Great Britain took the Papua territory. The German New Guinea Company had been trading on the north-east coast for some time before the German Protectorate was proclaimed, which included the Bismarck Archipelago as well.

The first capital was situated at Friedrich Wilhelms-haven, then changed to Herbertshohe on Blanche Bay in New Britain, and finally Rabaul was made the capital, its good harbour being the attraction. Rabaul was well laid out by the Germans, their houses, large and airy, built upon piles with deep, shady verandas back and front. Plenty of space was left for gardens to encircle their bungalows; these were filled with tropical flowers and gaily coloured crotons.

Good trade was established, copra being the principal export, as well as some rubber. Enormous coconut plantations circle Rabaul, and millions of nuts are turned into copra.

On September 11, 1914, under Admiral Patey, a small force of some twenty-one men were landed at Kabakaul and took the road to Bitapaka. They inquired for the British Consul. The natives replied that they did not know where he was. Then they asked, "Where is the wireless station?" Again they answered, "We don't know." This small party marched along the road trying to find the wireless station. It was thick bush on either side, and presently from the ambush one man was shot. The Germans had trained the natives to shoot, and had also

made trenches along this route, mined them and filled them with broken glass.

Fortunately, one of our men discovered the trench and promptly cut the wires. Dr. Pockley, a young physician, aged twenty-four, knelt to examine the wounds of the fallen man. It was a stretcher case. The doctor took off his arm band with its Red Cross and gave it to one of the stretcher bearers, so that they could carry the wounded man back, and the Red Cross Ambulance would prevent the party from being fired upon. No sooner had the doctor removed the Red Cross band from his arm than a German-trained native shot him dead. Some seven men lost their lives on this road to Bitapaka.

Colonel Holmes, who was afterwards killed in France, was administrator at the time, and Dr. Harber was the German Governor.

The Australian fleet was in the bay and after three days of palaver the Germans surrendered. The British destroyed the telegraph, but they intercepted messages to Admiral Von Spee calling for assistance to the Germans. Our fleet went out to search for Von Spee, but the fleets never came into action. The celebrated s.s. *Wolf*, which captured the *Matuga* and all passengers and crew, also patrolled these waters later.

Dr. Harber was at a seaside resort, Kokopo, at the time the Australian Fleet arrived. He arranged for the surrender, and stipulated that the Germans should go out with full honours of war. The Australians agreed to permit them to carry on their business as formerly. Coco-nuts should be gathered as usual and all business was carried on lawfully until peace was signed. This continued until September 1920.

By the terms of the Peace Treaty, Germany practically gave up all her colonies to the Allied Powers. She has agreed to compensate her colonists, these amounts to be placed to the credit of the German Appropriation Fund. Some Germans say that officially their Government does actually pay their claims. The Germans can remain in ex-German territory if they care to, and are non-interfering,

peaceful people. The Australian mandate will decide if they are desirable or otherwise.

The Germans are bitter and sore, not so much with the Australians as with Germany for making these concessions with the Allied Powers, thereby putting their colonists in an unenviable position. They claim, and justly, that many of them have lived as many as thirty or forty years in the colony, having developed immense coconut plantations from 2 to 5,000 hectares, and that now these are to be taken from them, appraised, they retaining only a slip of paper to present to their Government in the Fatherland for reimbursement.

Every German is allowed a pound a day for living expenses, and every child up to eighteen years of age 10s. a day. It is far better treatment than the Germans would have doled out to the Britishers. Some few Germans are still at Rabaul, or in the neighbourhood, and 400 Australians or British people, including the administrators and civilians.

The Rabaul Hotel, and two Chinese hostelries, known as Ah Chees, cater for the public. A modern hotel is very much needed at present. A good number, 2,000, of Chinese and Japanese live here. Some are in the motor industry, and the Japanese own the one and only picture palace, which belies the latter description. These Asiatics increase their families so rapidly that they already have quite a strong position at Rabaul. Wages here have also risen with astounding rapidity. Where, before the war, you could obtain a Chinese cook for three or four pounds a month, now you must allow seven to nine pounds for the same work. So with carpenters, who won't work for less than twelve pounds a month, and native engineers for ten.

There is quite a large Chinatown, where they live in two-storied buildings with verandahs. I went into a Chinese school where each child looked very happy, and all were singing blithely. A Chinaman will copy exactly any garment you give him, and invariably turn it out satisfactorily. It was remarkable to see no churches at Rabaul. The Catholics and Methodists, however, hold

services in different halls and missions, and the children attend the mission schools, of which there are several in the neighbourhood.

Some of the biggest firms here are Burns Philp & Co., the shipping and trading firm so well-known in all the islands here, Nelson & Robinson, W. R. Carpenter, the New Guinea Trading Company, Hermshien & Co., and the Hamburgische Yudsee Company, or Hamburg South Sea Company.

A beautiful motor run is out to Kokopo over a very good road built by the Germans. When I was travelling through the African German colonies in 1913, I was much impressed by the condition of their roads, also by the cleanliness of their streets and parks. I was told the reason for this state of things. A native's hut, house, or whatever he lives in, was never private to him, as it is in all British colonies. At any time of day or night an official could enter, and if he found any rubbish the native was fined 20 marks. Naturally, this was a sum impossible for a native to find, therefore he had to work out his time, and consequently the condition of the good roads was made possible by convict, unpaid labour. Obviously the same method had been carried out in New Guinea.

The Germans did not carry their roads through the country, and, in fact, did very little towards opening up the vast hinterlands which consist of lofty mountains, with wild tribes, many of whom are confirmed cannibals. Kokopo is a delightful seaside resort with a pretty hotel.

Surrounding the hotel are many cottages which were rented and catered for by the hotel. It is a charming place, nestling amid graceful palms and gorgeous tropical flowers, and was the favourite home of the Governor, who was residing there when the Australians arrived.

Another pretty place is the Toma mountain establishment, where there is an hotel. At the summit of the mountain is a fine sanatorium, now taken over by the Government. The views are entrancing, a purple mountain

set in the midst of verdure, paw, paw trees, custard apples, bananas, bread-fruit, oranges, mandarins—everything grows like magic in this rich lava-like soil.

The drive of some 39 miles up to Toma is one of the most beautiful I have ever taken in any tropical country. You follow the coral beach for miles, enjoying the sight of the sapphire sea through myriads of waving palms, their white stems and huge bunch of leaves on the top resembling a giant bouquet of plumes, whilst just below are the clusters of coco-nuts. Hedges of brilliant crotons, trees of sweet-smelling frangipani, pale cream, shading to yellow blossoms, are delightful to handle and imbibe their perfume. Ferns of every kind embroider the earth, and lianes festoon and drape themselves amongst the trees in all conceivable shapes.

Native huts are passed. I get out and photograph a few. The native does not mind being photographed, indeed he rather likes it, and poses in natural grace. He is up to date and holds out his hand for a tip—"Me feller give money—Sinuabada," he says. Sinuabada in their language means "lady," while Taubada means "Boss"—or white man. Very quaint is their pidgin-English, and yet very like the west coast of Africa. All women they call "Marys." When he goes a-courting, he says, "I go to catch a Mary."

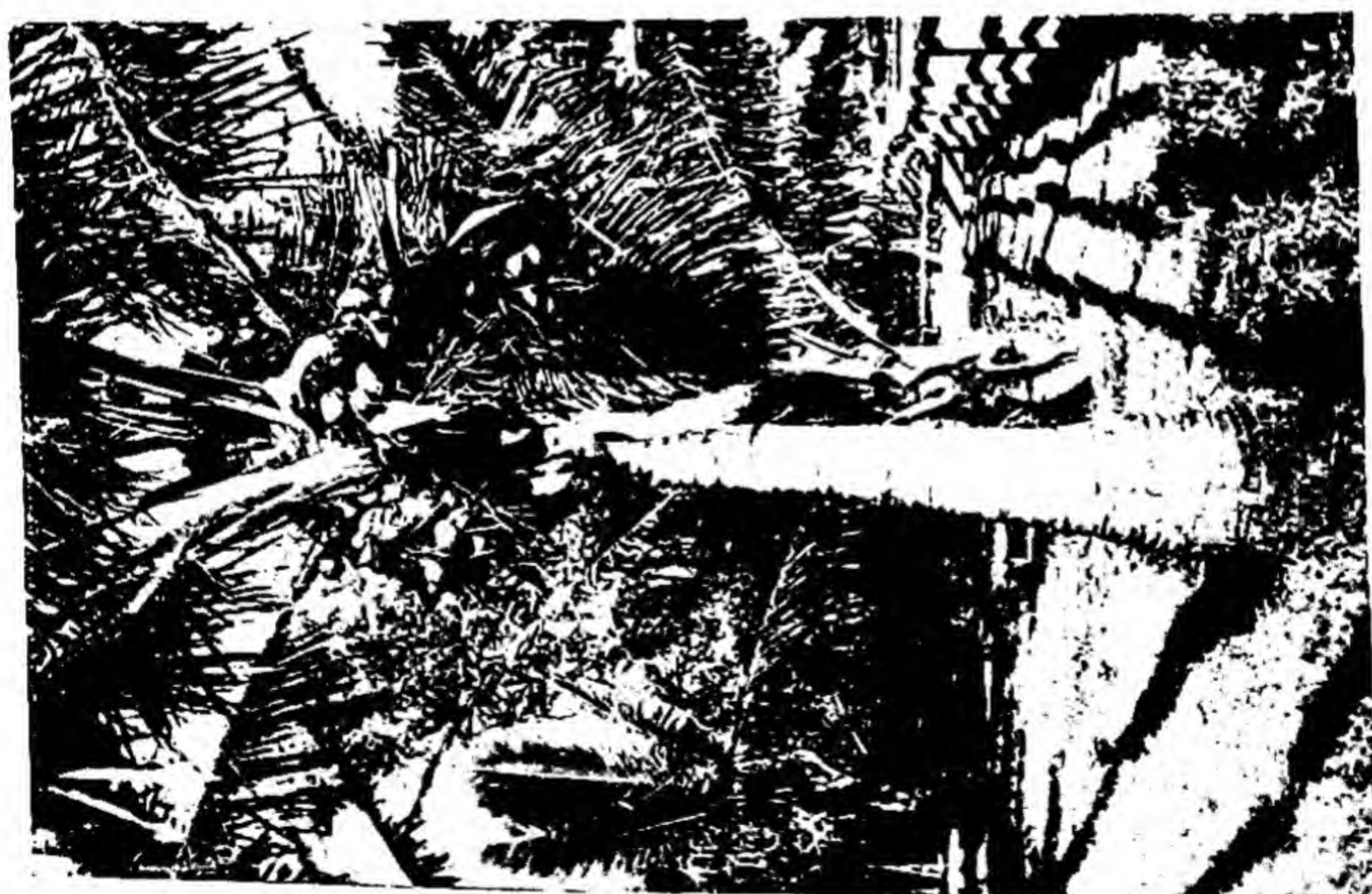
These huts are quite attractive when well made and kept clean—a few sticks and logs, and a thatched roof. Along this shore they often make two small thatched steeples to represent the church towers they have seen at the missions; this comprises their home. The sides are made of finely plaited matting of palms, which are movable, up or down, like a curtain. Some have bamboo sides, and they stain them different colours which makes a picturesque ensemble in the jungle.

Very happy is the native, his pig is his most treasured possession, his wants are few. Nature grants him all his necessities, taro and yams feed him, clothes he has no desire for, a shell bracelet is to him like a string of pearls is to us, even his paint wherewith he charms the Marys



NATIVE SPEARING FISH.

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NEAR IABAU.

he gets from the clay; a stick of tobacco spells comfort to him, his wants are all supplied.

In my opinion, it is much better for the native to work as it is for every one of us, it keeps his mind occupied, and he is physically improved and his interest in life is an advance on the primitive. If he is unemployed his mind drifts to fighting his neighbours or the sorcerer gets him in his power. Women in this part are simply beasts of burden, they rise at dawn and go to the taro and yam beds, do all the work, come back heavily loaded with great pieces of wood and nets full of vegetables.

From the bay they spear the fish or net them. Thus they have an amplitude of fruit, fish, and vegetable—not a bad diet. The women look old, wrinkled and dirty, they sometimes bathe in the bay, but otherwise the bath is unknown to them. As one proceeds alongside the bay, there is almost a continuous row of native villages, cooking pots, naked babies, pigs, a mangy dog, ferocious men and unclean women. All their domestic affairs are performed out of doors. In going up to Toma the air is not so oppressive, and after motoring through miles of glistening coconut palms, you enter the rubber plantation. Here the trees with glossy leaves are planted thickly, forming a dark, shady region, through which even the fierce sun of the tropics fails to penetrate; weird is the appearance of this forest with scars or great gashes upon all the trees.

Motoring these seventy odd miles out and back was indeed delightful.

My next trip was around the harbour by small schooner, and our skipper was Jim Gray—a young returned soldier of great personality and daring. His experiences in Russia and other parts of the world were extremely interesting. We sailed out under the Mother Mountain and watched the natives with their fish traps so ingeniously woven of thin bamboos and anchored by woven cables and rude kellicks.

In some of the nets there was a great haul of fine-looking fish; this mode of fishing was invented by ancient natives of the coast who depended upon the sea's harvest for their living, and is practical proof of their ingenuity. Along-

side of the volcano the sulphur fumes to-day were very strong. There are hot sulphur springs on this island as well as very cold water springs.

Then we went near the "Beehives," the great masses of rock upon which green bush was struggling to live. They looked formidable. One of the native crew had his hair dyed a very bright red and was also much painted. Captain Gray called the boy over for our inspection, he was a droll object with red wool which stood out like a halo from his black head, beads around his neck, arms in the shell bracelets so much prized in this part of the world, a scarlet rami, the rest of him naked and gleaming with perspiration.

Captain Gray talked to him in native style, then explained: "Him feller, get hair fixed, he buck when paid off, he go back to village to catchee a Mary," meaning that the boy contemplated matrimony on his return and was beautifying himself for the occasion.

I thought how delightful it would be to charter a schooner and simply drift from island to island as Captain Gray, who had just returned back from a 1,000 miles of island voyaging, islands of enchantment, "where every prospect pleases."

When he ascertained that I had worked at the free buffet for soldiers and sailors at Victoria Station during the war, Captain Gray insisted upon presenting me with a lot of curios. He had often been served at the buffet, he said, and was grateful to all the women who had done that good work. "Why, maybe you gave me many cups of tea." It was quite possible, one had no time to remember faces when thousands of men were continually passing through, coming from and going to France. Therefore, I was the recipient of carved bowls in which the native pounds lime and betel nut, which makes their teeth and gums hideously red, a long spoon to eat the mixture with, and a rami of fibre dyed red and trimmed with tassels of straw resembling a Scotch sporran. Ebony walking-sticks richly carved, an entire tortoiseshell, hairpins and combs of tortoiseshell, feathers and other oddments.

All these presents reminded me of the text, "Cast your bread upon the waters and it shall be returned to you even after many days."

At Rabaul, the Germans have laid out a beautiful botanical garden, where one encountered every known tropical plant, flower and tree; but I am sorry to admit that unless the Government pay attention to keeping the roads and palms in order the weeds will soon obliterate them. From the gardens I passed on to the cemetery, and paused beside the grave of the young doctor who lost his life while trying to save a comrade.

The epitaph on the small grey cross reads as follows: "In memory of B. C. A. Pockley, aged 24, killed in action Kabakaul, September 11, 1914." A few days after I motored along the road to the wireless station at Bitapaka, and passed the exact spot where the gallant officer fell. It was the place one might expect to be ambushed, dense jungle on either side.

I had the pleasure of visiting several enormous copra plantations in this vicinity, and motoring hundreds of miles through these graceful swaying palms; thousands of stems greet the eye topped by huge bunches of waving fronds, with millions of coconuts clinging to their base. The trees are planted in rows, and begin to yield in five years, with a small harvest, then they mature and bear heavily when eight years old. A full-grown tree should yield sixty nuts a year, and with fifty planted to the acre the harvest should be 3,000 nuts, or half a ton of coconuts. The nuts high up in the trees are allowed to ripen and fall to the ground, or the native can climb the tree and knock them down, which requires more labour and is costly. The usual way is to let them fall of their own accord. The nuts are then gathered into heaps and brought to the drying houses. Some are sun-dried, but they claim in this region that steam-dried copra is the better.

The natives are very expert in splitting the coconuts open, and with a special knife and a dexterous turn of the wrist hundreds of nuts have their flesh torn out, are then cut and put out to dry.

In the steam drying rooms this copra is laid out on large trays, one above the other, steam pipes run between, and soon the copra is dried and placed into canvas bags ready for export.

Copra fluctuates very much in value. Last year they obtained as much as £35 a ton, but this year (at the time I was there), only £16 a ton was realized, and now the Government have put a tax of 25s. a ton on export.

At one of the plantations where they employ about 300 native boys, they agreed to give them a feast, and 69 pigs were slaughtered; there is nothing the native likes so much as pig. Mr. Loudan, the manager, described how they make the stones very hot, line this oven with leaves, and roast the pig, but he said, "They only half cook him, then he is taken out almost raw and the natives make short work of him. One can leave it to imagination—300 natives attacking 69 pigs."

Primitive marriage methods: I was having tea with a friend in her commodious bungalow where they practically live on the wide verandahs. Now she has a precious cook boy—who can set up an excellent dinner for six or eight people—a treasure to possess. This is the scene I witnessed: As I sat there sipping tea in quite the approved English fashion—I only write this to show the contrasts—the treasure of my hostess appears. He is called "Bogie," is slight, wears his hair clipped, and it stands up straight. Into this mass he has stuck three scarlet hibiscus, he wears ear-rings, a bead necklace, shell bracelets encircle the upper part of his arms, his rami—loin-cloth—is vivid scarlet. "Sinuabada," he says, "girl, she come—she come eighty mile—she like me." Naturally we were all attention. My hostess asked him, "Do you like her?" and he looks up at her shyly and answered, "Me not know"—cautious at least. "She Mary along down there," he confided, pointing to the under-part of the bungalow, which is supported on piles. "You fetchee her," said the lady of the house. Bogie departed. My hostess, waving her fan agitatedly, told me, "I really can't lose that boy, and if he wants this girl I had better

take her on, I can find plenty for her to do. Bogie, though, has a bad character with women: his first wife he killed and actually ate her."

By this time my curiosity was much excited, and at that moment Bogie and the girl appeared. She was young, about fourteen, rather good looking, hair standing out in a circle, beads around her throat, a naked, slight, well-formed body with breasts firm and protruding. A fluffy skirt of grass encircled her waist to the knees, ankles braceleted. She paused some three feet from him.

My hostess asked her, "You likee him?" She responded by a nod of the head, shyly, and twirled about. My hostess then said to Bogie: "You want her, that Mary?" He appeared nonchalant, then his mistress affirmed, "You must either like her, or want her to go away." At that, the tardy lover replied, "She stay." "All right," announced his mistress. Whereupon the lovers giggled and both went below. Such is marriage in primitive New Guinea.

In motoring through the country wherever the road is available, one cannot but be impressed by the beauty of everything, the hedges of scarlet and yellow wild peppers or chillies, oleanders, hibiscus in every colour and variety, huge leaves which look as if fairies had sat up all night painting them; and here I found quite black crotons, bearing white flowers slightly tinged with pink. Birds sing, all nature appears to rejoice with blessed life. One can fancy one hears the plants grow in this veritable Garden of Eden.

Rabaul is rich in soil and copra—last year 25,000 tons was exported, whereas Port Moresby sent out a little over 4,000 tons. At an elevation rubber also does well.

Mr. Walter Lucas was at the head of the administration for settling up and adjusting the plantations vacated by the Germans. These are valued at between five and six million pounds. The returned soldiers have been promised plantation land here at easy advantageous rates

Mr. Lucas receives many threatening letters, whilst the Germans do not disguise their hatred of us Britishers.

Whenever I walked in the streets, post office, or encountered them in any way they looked at me sullen and glaring.

A friend of mine called upon a German in a business way. Said the German to him : “ You British drive now and we walk ; before the war we rode and you walked ; but if we had won the war *you* Britishers would not only have walked, but you would have run—behind our cars.” So said the gentle Hun.

CHAPTER VII

FIJI

Arrival at Suva—Legends of Fiji—Hindoos of Fiji—Kava drinking—Climate and exports—Arrival of the missionaries—Some cannibal precautions—Treasures of savages.

LEAVING my Sydney base again, I embark on the s.s. *Makura*, Canadian-Australian Line—Union Steamship Co. of New Zealand. The fare to Fiji by the *Makura*, a fine ship of 10,000 tons, and as steady as a house, costs £25. The ship voyages from Sydney to Auckland, a distance of 1,281 miles.

We stayed on the ship in Auckland for one day and a half. Everyone complained of the cold fierce winds which were blowing; it was about the middle of July, and in their mid-winter.

The harbour of Auckland is very pretty with its surrounding heights, but to my mind it cannot compare with Sydney. Every time I pass out of Sydney the greater is my admiration for its wonderful harbour, and the picturesqueness of the Heads. North Head especially—it looks so old, so respectable, so battered. For centuries it has withstood the whacking of the sea against its ancient bastion rocks, and remains victorious, guarding the entrance to the harbour, both now and for evermore.

From Auckland to Fiji 1,140 miles are covered by the *Makura* in four days; thus from Sydney to Fiji is a voyage of a little more than a week. After a stop at Fiji, the steamer proceeds to Honolulu, then ends the voyage at Vancouver, in about twenty-three days all told. The *Makura* is a fine, comfortable, clean ship, and suggests a big hotel floating across the Pacific.

Upon arriving at Suva a long line of motor-cars, mostly driven by Indians, stood ready. I choose one, and drive along the well-shaded Victoria Parade to the Grand Pacific Hotel, situated on the sea front, with a lovely view of the Pacific Ocean and the coral reefs, where the never-ceasing breakers dash in snowy foam in perpetual fury.

This hotel is some ten minutes' walk from the town, and is situated in pretty grounds with palms, bamboos, hibiscus, crotons, weeping fig and other tropical trees to add beauty to the scene. The hotel, built in Eastern style, is large, accommodating more than seventy guests, is two stories in height, with double verandahs surrounding it. It is therefore possible at all times to find a cool, shady side to rest in.

The rooms are comfortable, and, most blessed of all things in the tropics, there are sufficient bath-rooms, with long, deep porcelain tubs. These are as good as any in American hotels, which is praise enough. The walls are of white tiles, with plate-glass shelves, and an ample supply of hot and cold and of sea water. Everyone who has travelled in the tropics knows what this luxury means.

The Grand Pacific Hotel belongs to the Union Steamship Company ; the food is excellent, and after a month's stay at this hotel, with sight-seeing in Suva, one enjoys a very pleasant sojourn. I may add that the inclusive charge is 18s. 6d. a day.

In an atmosphere of turquoise blue, I lay in a long wicker chair outside my door, and gaze out upon the sea, with all nature drowsing in the heat.

Surely this cannot be Fiji. I must be dreaming. Why, it seems to me only a few years ago that at Sunday-school in London I was told to put my pennies into the collecting box for the missionaries, and the teacher would read to us about the reverend missionaries being clubbed to death by the cannibals, and Fiji was particularly notorious in this respect.

In those ancient days, when the missionaries attempted

to land, the cannibals mounted their canoes and rowed out to their small boats, and threatened to roast and eat them should they venture on shore.

There are people who like the missionaries, and there are others who don't; but at any rate, let it be remembered that it was the missionaries who made these islands safe for the Europeans who afterwards came and opened up the country.

In 1858 only thirty or forty white people lived in the entire Fijian group. It was such a terrible place for outrages and cannibalism that white people were afraid, and gave it a wide berth.

According to Fijian legend, they claim that some three hundred years ago their descendants who were out in canoes were blown from other islands to Fiji and remained there. Natives were frequently caught in storms and blown from one island to another. There has been a great admixture of Tongans with Fijians, which improves the race, making them more brave and intellectual.

In the days before Christianity, Fijians claimed that if strangers drifted to their shores the only thing to do was to eat them: they believed they were sent by the gods. One of their legends was that, when the gods were pleased with the chiefs, they would send hurricane winds to blow strangers to their coast. Therefore the people who were unfortunate enough to be borne by the wind to these cannibal islands were bound to be killed and eaten. The Fijians would keep the canoes and the women folk, but the men must be eaten, otherwise the gods were not appeased.

As I look out to sea over that wide expanse of blue water, a big ship with white sails, a four-master, pierces the horizon, her sails tower into the azure as she crawls along outside the coral reef and makes for Suva.

In such manner those missionaries arrived way back in the days of the early 'eighties. They were brave people, indeed, to face that long sea voyage of thousands of miles, which occupied months of sailing, only at the end to receive a hostile greeting from savages. However,

they persevered, and now in all the Fiji group I don't suppose you could find one cannibal. Yet these big Fijians that you see about you are the descendants of cannibals. It is more than likely that their grandfathers would have eaten our grandfathers had they the chance. It is indeed said that the eating of humans was customary up to 1876.

Now steamers come and go, venturesome tourists flock to Fiji. The white-winged four-master out in the ocean of blue fascinates me. I level my glasses upon her; she has passed through the opening in the reef now, and on she glides. Some say she is a sugar boat; others mention copra. She drops her white sails, and an uninteresting tug goes out to bring her into Suva Harbour.

Weird smells of the East—coffee, copra and curry—drift up to the deep verandah upon which I sit in meditation. The heat is luxurious, especially when I think that only four days ago I was chilled to the bone by the cold winds of Auckland.

The servants in this hotel are mostly Hindoos. One comes along now sweeping up the dust; he wishes me to move my chair, addressing me as "memsahib." These servants recall to my memory India, which I have not visited since the Imperial Durbar at Delhi in 1911.

Suva is a land-protected harbour. I look down upon the main street leading to the town. On the opposite side of the bay rises a mountain range with some of the summits as high as 3,000 feet. These peaks take on curious shapes: one resembles a gigantic thumb—this is called the Giant's Thumb, or more often Joske's Thumb, the Joske family being one of the pioneer families, justly popular at Suva on account of their many charities and good works.

I had the pleasure of meeting them before at Sydney, when we were the guests of the Governor-General, Lord Forster, at Admiralty House.

The town itself is quaint, with a mixed population of Europeans, Indians, Fijians and Chinese. At the large grammar school, next building to the hotel, I remarked

that the notices on the bill-boards are written in four languages—English, Hindustani, Chinese and Fijian.

Close beside the school is a Carnegie Library, which if the authorities do not paint and repair it will soon fall to pieces. I went in and had a chat with the librarian. The books were in a most dilapidated condition, no new volumes having been added for many years. As you walk out of the library, you notice a tall stone of greyish brown mounted on a white foundation. This is one of the historic sacred Fiji stones, about 3 feet high, and pointed.

In the old days of cannibalism, when they caught a victim they used to take him up by one leg and an arm and dash his head against the sacred stone until he was dead, then eat him. The soul of their ancestors they believed entered these stones which made them sacred, so great was their superstition.

Chief Verebalavo told a white man, a noted citizen, that the forequarters of a young girl's arm was the most delicious of viands—"she should be cut from the neck down!"

Suva has many curio shops. The Indians have brought their gold, silver, and brass work, saris and silks which the Hindoo women drape around them in artistic folds, and of every colour. Many of the Indian women wear nose-rings, ear-rings, necklets, and I remarked that one woman had many strings of gold pieces, like gold coins. Doubtless her entire wealth was on her person.

The Indians appear prosperous. I have seen many motor-cars full of Indians, who own them. On Sundays you encounter them motoring on the various drives. They receive good wages, yet are always grumbling and wanting more; at times they strike and won't work. Most of the taxi-drivers are Indians. They have a temple for their worship, and in motoring about the island you see whole villages of Indians leading their lives as in India. They were sent here some forty years ago to relieve the difficult labour problem, and have married, remarried, and their children and grandchildren are of Fijian birth.

The chief export of Viti Levo, on which Suva is situated, is sugar cane, the Indians doing most of the work of cutting the canes. Amongst the curios in the shops one sees beautiful tortoiseshell articles. Turtle-shell to the value of £1,253 was exported in 1921. Many queer-looking cat's-eyes are offered for sale, and very fine mats exquisitely woven and edged with feathers. Shells of great variety, and pearl-shell ornaments, beads and necklaces in hundreds of strings, are sold in the streets and hotels, especially on steamer days.

There are big warehouses full of Manchester goods and other things that meet every practical want of the islanders. The Bon Marché is a shop where one can buy quite elaborate gowns in the latest fashion ; there are also jewellery shops, boot shops, and men's and women's clothing establishments—in fact, almost everything can be purchased at Suva. The Bank of New Zealand and New South Wales cash one's letters of credit.

The principal traders are Joske & Co., Henry Marks, Burns Philp & Co., and Morris Hedstrom, Ltd. The latter firm have their own ships, which carry copra direct from Suva via the Panama Canal to the London docks. Morris Hedstrom, Ltd., has recently floated a company with a capital of over one million pounds sterling.

There are two picture shows, with large seating capacity, and the fashion is to go out in the interlude and sip ice-cream in the adjoining café. There is a racecourse, and large domain, where all kinds of outdoor sport is indulged in. On Saturdays it is most entertaining to watch the young Fijians at play in the recreation grounds opposite the Grand Pacific Hotel. Great was the enthusiasm and loud the cheers at the cricket and football matches.

The girls were as critical as the boys, and roars of applause rent the air. It was a beautiful sight with the sunset glow on these fine stalwart Fijians, broad of shoulder and strong of limb. Had one met them in England, one would never have believed that these superb specimens of young manhood had been born and reared in the tropics.

It was here on the domain that our beloved Prince of Wales, the Great Rajah as the Indians styled him, when on his historic voyage, received all the chiefs of Fiji. He drank the kava, like the sport that he is. A short time ago Dame Nellie Melba landed here from the s.s. *Niagara*. General Po, of France, was also making a tour to Australia on the same steamer; thus the two celebrities were entertained at the identical time. Both had to partake of the kava, the ceremonious native drink of Fiji. Dame Melba had evidently been told about the etiquette of kava drinking, and drained hers in the approved native style: she received an ovation of cheers. Unfortunately, General Po had not been trained; therefore, having tasted his bowl of kava, he made a grimace and threw the remainder on the ground. The Fijians remained silent, but were hurt and disappointed that the General failed to appreciate their national beverage.

It is said that their first native brew, way back in the days of cannibalism, was palm toddy. Then the betel-nut with lime, became the fashion, and later kava. Betel-nut chewing invigorates, intoxicates, yet stupefies like opium—a variety of sensations. The nut is chewed all over the South Sea Islands.

Kava is made from the root of the yagona bush. Sir Maynard Hedstrom, one of the most prominent citizens and of the oldest white family of Fiji, also the first knight of the islands, gave me my initial bowl of kava. He washed out a coconut bowl called “bilo,” then from a large round bowl of dark wood he filled my bowl with this thick, white, milky looking substance. He took another bowl full for himself. I tasted mine and found it horrid stuff, reminding one of strong soap-suds!

“Don’t sip it,” admonished Sir Maynard. “Drink it right down, like I do.”

So I bolted the lot, and as far as I am concerned the South Sea islanders may have the entire amount of kava. I want no more. Kava made *me* neither more gay nor more sad. Sir Maynard showed me a quantity of the root from which it is made, a hard white root resembling

orris, then a bone-mill where the root is ground into powder. This powder they mix with a little water and put into the large wooden bowl, which is called "tanoa." There it stands covered with a piece of clean muslin or leaves, in order to keep the insects out, and is ready for use. Sir Maynard assures me that it is a splendid thirst quencher in the tropically hot weather.

Kava has a history. In the old days, it was only drunk in their temples as a sacrifice to their gods. Only men drank the beverage; young boys would chew the root until it was soft and eject it into the bowl. Later on, when the Tongans came over to Fiji, young unmarried girls used to chew the yagona root and spit it into the receptacle. When the kava was ready, the first bowl full was poured over the sacred stone, or oracle seat. If they drank it in the bush the first bowl was poured on the ground, as a libation or mark of respect to their gods. It was associated with their ancestral worship, and was always partaken before going into battle.

Perhaps it would be as well to leave the Fijian customs for a moment, and dive into the history of the Fiji group, and read how and by whom the islands were discovered.

The islands of the Fiji group, lying between latitude 15° and 22° S. and between longitude 177° W. and 175° E., number some two hundred to two hundred and fifty islands, rocks, and reefs, and about eighty of the islands are inhabited, the others remain in solitude. It is quite an ordinary thing to own an island, and although it sounds very grand it can be arranged without much difficulty.

The total area of the islands is something like 7,434 square miles, which makes the land portion a trifle larger than Wales. The principal islands are Viti Levu, or Great Fiji; this is in the western portion, and measures 96 miles from east to west, and 63 miles from north to south. The area of this island is approximately 4,112 square miles, or about the size of Jamaica.

The island of Vanua Levu is the next largest island, and lies north-easterly. It is 114 miles in length, and some 26 miles in width, or 2,439 square miles.

The harbour of Savusavu is one of the finest of its kind in the Pacific. The Colonial Refining Company, Ltd., is the centre of an important sugar-cane district. The Pacific Lumber Company, of Canada, are felling the timbers of the islands. There are some hundred different varieties of Fijian woods, which are valuable and beautiful, as they take a high polish.

Taviuni Island, on the eastern side of Vanua Levu, is very fertile, and called the "Garden of Fiji."

They have wireless telegraphy, and more European people live in the Fijian group than in most of the South Sea Islands. The chief occupation is the growing of coconuts and bananas, and the raising of cattle.

Kadavu and Ovalau—where Levuka is situated and which was formerly the capital of Fiji—the Yasawa and the Lau group comprise the principal islands, and copra, bananas, and sugar-cane are the principal exports.

Most of the islands are mountainous and volcanic, rising abruptly from the sea to the height of 4,000 to 5,000 feet. Old lava rocks, coral reefs, and dense tropical vegetation, almost to the summits, make the coast-line bold and picturesque.

The climate of the Fijian group is pleasant and remarkably healthy, fever being practically unknown. Unfortunately there are a few mosquitoes, and although near the equator, the cool trade winds from the south-east render the atmosphere delightful. In Suva the hottest months are from December to March—96° F. being the highest registered. July to September are the coolest months, the temperature ranging, the minimum 61° F. There is an ample rainfall; in fact it rains too much, for in Suva the rainfall averages 107 inches per annum. Fiji is within the zone of hurricanes, and great damage has been caused by these phenomena of Nature.

The Fiji Islands were sighted and noted by Abel Janz Tasman, the Dutch navigator, in 1643. On March 5th he named them "Prins Wilhelms Eylanden." He does not appear to have landed. Thus the islands were neglected for more than a century, until Captain Cook

passed this way, and it was not until 1835 that a few people formed a settlement at Levuka, which remained the capital until 1882, when the capital was transferred to Suva.

Unfortunately, Fiji is poor in history, the ancient traditions of the tribes having been handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, because they had no written language before the establishment of the missions. It is therefore difficult to study the origin of the Fijians, with the exception of a few unchronicled sacred stories.

Their houses of palm thatch and temples were not built for endurance. They were not clever like the Egyptians, who built their tombs and temples in mammoth stones and carved their hieroglyphics as deep as six inches into solid rock that withstood the elements for all time. It is supposed that the Fijians hailed from New Guinea. They are very like the Papuans, and there must certainly have been a Malayan element amongst them. There is no trace of Polynesians in the Fijians.

Among other navigators who sighted the islands was Captain Bligh, in 1789, on H.M.S. *Bounty*. It is stated that the first white men were a number of escaped convicts from New South Wales.

In the year 1802 a vessel was wrecked on the Argo Reef and a number of Europeans were rescued from it and remained on the island of Viti Levu. Then, between 1803 and 1808, the first adventurers of the sandal-wood trade touched at the island of Koro, after which European sailors came in whaling ships and traded in sandal-wood and bêche-de-mer.

One might say that law, order, and safety from these cannibal tribes was first established by the missionaries. On October 18, 1835, the Rev. William Cross and the Rev. David Cargill, Methodist missionaries, who had been working in the Friendly Islands, sailed from Vavau (Tonga) and landed at Lakeba, in the Lau group. They were the first missionaries in Fiji.

On September 10, 1858, Mr. W. F. Pritchard, who had

been sent out as British Consul, arrived at Levuka, and took up his duties of office.

Further historical development is stated under the heading of Levuka, the old capital. After many vicissitudes of fortune Fiji became a Crown Colony.

Fiji is rich in good harbours. As each island is surrounded by a barrier reef, it is also a well-watered country. The Rewa River is the largest, and is navigable for over fifty miles, and there are several useful rivers. The group is administered by Government and Executive Council. There is a Legislative Council under the Presidency of the Governor, composed of ten officials, seven elected Europeans, two native members, and one Indian member. As far as is practical, the natives are ruled by the usages of, and respect to, native rites.

The chiefs—Turaga-ni-koro—meet every six months and arrange their local affairs.

Fiji at present is most prosperous; a large amount of capital has been invested in her products, and business is ever increasing. The chief exports of the colony are raw sugar, copra, some rubber, green fruits, especially bananas, trochas shell, turtle shell, *bêche-de-mer* and some cocoa.

The Fijians are very religious. It is said they have read their Bible more than any other race. One reason for this is that it was their only book. The Methodists were the first arrivals; the Roman Catholics came in 1884, and have established schools, churches and orphanages, both at Suva and Levuka. The Church of England was established here in 1870, Holy Trinity Church at Suva being a large, neat building. The Presbyterians are also located here. Therefore there is no excuse to stay away from church on Sunday, as every religious faith is represented.

Across the way from the Grand Pacific Hotel are the beautiful botanical gardens. This is an advantage for the hotel guests, as one can take a book and spend delightful hours amongst the traveller's palms set upon the green sod like a gigantic open fan. This palm is the traveller's friend, because if you tap one of the ribs a supply of clear

water can be obtained. The scarlet hibiscus and crotons in flaming bushes have a clear blue sky for background, the broad, glossy leaves of the bread-fruit tree and the lotus lily, jasmine, golden-hued alamander, purple bougainvillea, the Eucharist lily are indeed beautiful, and the huge dark green of the mango-tree provides grateful shade. The ragged banana trees flap their leaves lazily, mummy apples, or paw-paw trees, give us delightful fruit, rows of rain trees, a kind of acacia, line the parade on the beach, and the entire palm family, sago, royal and queen, appear to have taken up their residence in this luxuriant, peaceful garden.

There are two beautiful motor drives, one along the Waimanu Road, passing the Signal Station, where a magnificent view is obtained, the hills of verdant green, whereon nice homes have been built, their red roofs striking a contrast to the emerald vegetation, and farther in the background the purple mountains form a pleasing picture.

The minah birds make shrill notes from the densely leaved mango-trees, and one also remarks the high tavola tree, the timber of which is used in making the "lalis," or native drums.

At the hotel the "lali" is sounded for meals instead of a gong: it is a novelty to hear its resounding echoes. The "lali" is made of three pieces of wood, looking like a small open boat, or box, upon the sides of which they strike their note. In the ancient days the war "lali" could be heard right up into the mountains, when the chief sent out his summons for the assembling of his men to warfare.

I stayed at the Grand Pacific Hotel for one month, and from my room watched the dawn appear on most mornings. The sunrise in the tropics is glorious, as it is this morning. All is grey and still, then Aurora stretches her fingers through the clouds and tints them with gold and silver gleams. From my bed I wait, morning after morning, watching this miracle of the birth of another day. Outside on my balcony, the huge palm

fronds of emerald wave their banners glistening with dew. One frond is delicate in its greenery; it is also new to earth, having only just opened its tasselled plumes. All is cool in the freshness of dawn. Aurora becomes bolder, conquers the cloud and disperses it, and the great orb of day opens up the blush of the morning in a flood of gold.

From my other window, I look across the bay, along the coral reef, ever white and dazzling, to a range of mountains with jagged, fantastic peaks covered with wreaths of dark purple clouds. A storm is on up there, and is creeping down the mountain sides, canoes rock on the water as the wind freshens. The storm soon exhausts itself, having dutifully given Nature its bath, and now a beautiful rainbow, an arch of prismatic loveliness—pinks, lavenders, lemon, hyacinths and blues—drape the sky with promise of a fine day. Nothing is more superb than the dawn, and all this gorgeous kaleidoscope can be seen by simply opening one's eyes. It looks as if the very angels were painting the sky.

Another drive is out to the Tamavua Road and Rema Road, the trees of the Mauritius acacias affording pleasant shade there. We pass the old botanical gardens, the hospital and gaol. Morning and evening, along the roads you meet a column of convicts, mostly Indians, guarded by native police. These convicts work on the roads and in the public gardens. Very sedate-looking is their guard, usually Hindoo, with large white turban, dressed in khaki with wide red belt.

A charming excursion, which requires a day, is to Nausori, on the Rewa River, twelve miles, where you can visit the establishment of the Colonial Sugar Company's mills. You go up the river by launch and arrange for a motor to meet you, and drive back by another route.

At the Rewa Hotel, Davu Levu, an excellent lucheon can be obtained, especially if you 'phone in advance and let them know how many will be of the party. Mrs. Gaspard will look after you well.

I went to Government House, or I might say the remains

of it, as only a few months ago, during a severe thunderstorm, it was struck by lightning, and in half an hour reduced to ashes. His Excellency, Sir Cecil Rodwell, K.C.M.G., and Lady Rodwell, as well as their children, were in residence at the time, and it is said that they lost a great many valuable personal treasures.

During my stay in Suva the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. T. E. Fell, C.M.G., was Acting-Governor. The grounds surrounding Government House are very beautiful, with a wealth of tropical foliage and flowers. I was shown a most artistic house, "Burre," constructed by the Fijians in native style, which the Fiji people had built on the grounds and presented to their Governor. I had no idea they could build such a really pretty house out of bamboo, fibre, thatch and sinnet, the colour combination—brown, dark red and black—was truly artistic. On the walls were hung tambuas, which were so highly prized by the chiefs.

Walking a little farther on, one comes to the Museum, of which Mr. Coleman Wall was Curator. Here I passed most interesting mornings, for to see the Museum under the direction of Mr. Wall is indeed a treat. Here were large and small Kava bowls (Tanoa), coconut and gourd drinking cups, from which many an old chief had drunk his kava. Some of them, however, preferred the skull of their enemy as a drinking cup. Many of these bowls had sinnet handles, and were used by chiefs and priests, the handles being intended to avoid the fingers of the kava bearer being inserted in the liquor. This was a necessary precaution, as the race were very skilled in the use of poisons. Moreover, also, if a person was under tabu, he was enabled to drink the yagona, or kava, without touching the cup.

A group of cannibal forks interested me very much. Here was "the real thing," used over and over again to eat humans, for in all other feasts they ate with their fingers. These forks were carved in black vesi wood, had three or four long prongs, and the fork would measure 8 to 10 inches. They ate the humans with forks, for if

a person touched a dead body, so great was their superstition, that person would for a long time be tabu, which lonely isolation they did not care for.

Cannibalism was probably founded by the natives from motives of revenge, i.e. to eat one's enemy. The natives here were never short of animal food, but they averred that the human body was the sweetest of all viands. They would rather eat a girl than a man, and preferred the upper part of the arm or leg, only eating the trunk when victims were scarce.

In history, the greatest cannibal record was that of Udreudre, of Rakiraki, said to have consumed 872 bodies. Human food was supposed to be indigestible, and was therefore usually cooked with vegetables.

To be actually looking at these carved cannibal forks and to possess at the same time a vivid imagination—really I felt I must be about to attend one of these horrible, loathsome functions.

The tattooing tools, made of citrus wood, next drew my attention. In Fiji the women were tattooed on their stomachs by the old women, and also at the corners of the mouth.

Castanets, known as "walai," were fastened round the calf of the leg when dancing; they also wore wide amulets of beautiful shell, and a great treasure was the orange shell only worn by mountain chiefs, because to those who lived away up in the mountain districts shells were rare, and there was not much travel in those days.

Cowries, used for money, as in some parts of Africa, are made of ground pieces of shell. This shell money is also used in many parts of New Guinea. One of its favourite uses was in the purchase of wives. The red cowries are esteemed the more valuable. In Samarai the trader wanted £3 10s. for a small piece of red cowrie money—a square of 4 or 6 inches.

Sinnet armour must have been useful. This is flexible and strong, and is also proof against shark's teeth and spear wounds. Spears, javelins and clubs in hundreds hung on the walls, taking a long rest after having been

in active use. Some spears had cruel barbs which tore the flesh, and many clubs were carved and inlaid with mother of pearl, some of them once the property of old Cakobau—his name is pronounced “Thackabo”—the last of the great cannibal kings. It was interesting to see his signature on different grants of land.

Regarding the dress of the women, I saw several styles. Some skirts were dyed black, others red stained with “kura” or mango bark. Young girls used to wear these bark and grass skirts 3 or 4 inches long; married women to the knees; common women only wore a single fringe, ladies of rank indulged in several flounces, each a different colour, a very fashionable skirt or “liku” costing about one pound sterling.

Native pillows must have been most uncomfortable, formed as they were of bent wood or bamboo, raising the head about six inches from the mat upon which the sleeper rested. The Fijian even now is very proud of his upstanding mop of hair. It is said that in the old days it took a whole day to arrange and dress a chief's woolly cranium; therefore he carefully rested it on a wooden pillow bent to fit his head. The combs were crudely made of wood of the fern-tree. The natives use much lime on their heads, as an insecticide, and to bleach it, and also dye their hair red with the stain of the mangrove bark. Their hair is always specially dressed for the mekes, or dances.

Breastplates, ancient and modern, are worn, especially when dancing or fighting. Some were of pearl shell, others wood, inlaid with whales' teeth ivory. Necklaces made of snakes' backbone twined about arm or neck were prime favourites for decoration. The shell coronets the women wore when dancing. Huge wigs of grasses were put on, and masks. Also pieces of stalactites were worn on the breasts of women desiring children.

The greatest mark of distinction, and only allowed to be worn by the chiefs, were whales' teeth necklaces. These were highly prized, and are to this day. They are sawn from the ivory of the whale's teeth into long,

pointed shapes, curved upwards, a necklace being composed of at least twenty-five curling teeth. A chief with this ornament around his neck looks ferocious indeed.

The tambua, or whale's tooth, was the most precious and valuable gift; only chiefs were permitted to wear them slung around their neck suspended by a sinnet rope. The larger the tooth, and the more brown with age, the more choice the specimen. After you had made any one a present of a tambua—a whale's tooth—he could refuse you nothing: even a copra plantation was yours for the asking.

In their houses, canoes and heathen temples the Fijian use no nails; everything is fastened together with sinnet—their weapons, posts and rafters of their houses. When the house or canoe is decorated with white cowrie shells it is a sign that it belongs to a chief. The sinnet is made from the husks of coconuts. It is steeped in pools of water from ten to fourteen days, being kept below the surface by stones. The outer skin is then removed, and the innermost fibres thrown away, they being too short. The balance is beaten out with a short club on a wooden stool, until the fibres separate and become straight and fine like hair; then it is dried and plaited by men. Stronger than any rope, there were immense rolls of this sinnet in the Museum.

I was keenly anxious to know what two tall black wooden figures represented, their faces carved into a most peculiar shape. Their eyes were made of mother-of-pearl, long curves or tribal marks of the same pearl decorated their foreheads and cheeks, imparting a startling, barbaric effect to formidable faces. These figures were placed in ancient days outside shrines and inside temples, where the high priest sat upon a sacred, or oracle, stone. They were sometimes used as canoe heads, for every canoe belonging to a chief had, as a matter of etiquette, to be sprinkled with human blood. Likewise the Fijians always killed a man the first time a mast was lowered on the big double canoes as an ancestral sacrifice.

In the council houses and shrine houses, inside the

“vunaha” or sacred enclosure, they kept the skulls of dead chiefs and warriors. The Fijians never worshipped any image, neither carved of wood nor stone, but these images were intended to represent their dead heroes, and were deemed sacred and treated with the most profound respect. Women were never admitted into the “vunaha.”

Woman's position in Fiji, as already described, was a matter of insignificance. At marriage the bride, who had been bought from her father by the groom, was brought to her future husband's home, he not appearing in any of the public ceremonies. If he died and left her a widow she was strangled, and had to go with him to the other world to work for her master. When they went to sea in the canoes the women were obliged to sit on a narrow seat alongside the outrigger in order to keep the spray from dashing on the men. If she fell into the sea it did not matter!

There were many of these black wood figures, iridescent, with gleaming shell inlaid on their faces. The dried tails of the stingaree were horrid-looking things, long and pointed, some a yard long. They used to flog with these poisonous sticks in the olden times. Many clubs were inlaid with human teeth for decoration; after they had clubbed their man to death they stuck his teeth into their club as a sign of their dauntlessness.

The “pineapple clubs” were favourites—black clubs with a protruding point, which was supposed more easily to pierce the skull. They were named “pineapples” on account of their resemblance to that fruit, and their fashion of carving.

A certificate and letter of thanks from Her Majesty Queen Mary, thanking the Fijian ladies for their help in the war, is framed and hung prominently on the wall amongst all these barbaric curios.

Another relic of royalty was the “lali,” or native drum, used in the dances which the Fijians executed upon the occasion of His Majesty King George's visit to Fiji.

CHAPTER VIII

FIJI (*continued*)

The Temple of Worship—The Firewalkers—Mologai and Bau—The Press of Suva—"Burotu" Fijian Heaven.

IN Fiji the Temple of Worship was always erected on a mound, and towered over a village in honour of the local god; temples to Degai, the great creative spirit, were rare. The temple was the abode of the "bete," or priests, and its ever-smouldering fire coloured the woodwork of the roof a glistening black, while row upon row of skulls could be seen ornamenting the rafters, till sight of them was lost in the deep gloom of the apex.

Their sacrifices were human beings, pigs, and heaps of yams; these were not offered to the gods in the interior of the temple, but outside on the green, close to the stone pillars against which captives were brained. They had a sacred tree upon which the heads of their victims were poised.

In the temple a long piece of native cloth hung down in one corner, concealing the shrine of the spirit, who could be consulted through his priests, and at the doorway were the stone seats from which the self-hypnotized priests gave forth their oracles. It was here, inside the temples, that the sacrificial drinking of kava and special ceremonies took place.

When a youth who had slain his first enemy in war was declared a "koroi," or warrior, he received a new name, and by law of the tabu it was swift and sudden death to leave the building from the time the yagona

root was presented to the spirit until the very last drop of kava had been drunk.

There are three styles of temples, one fashioned with projecting eaves, others had four corner posts reaching from the ground to the roof-tree, walls and roof in one. In the mountain districts the temple was circular, the roof resting on a centre post, and as the roof is not so lofty the usual row of skulls are fastened to the walls a little above the door.

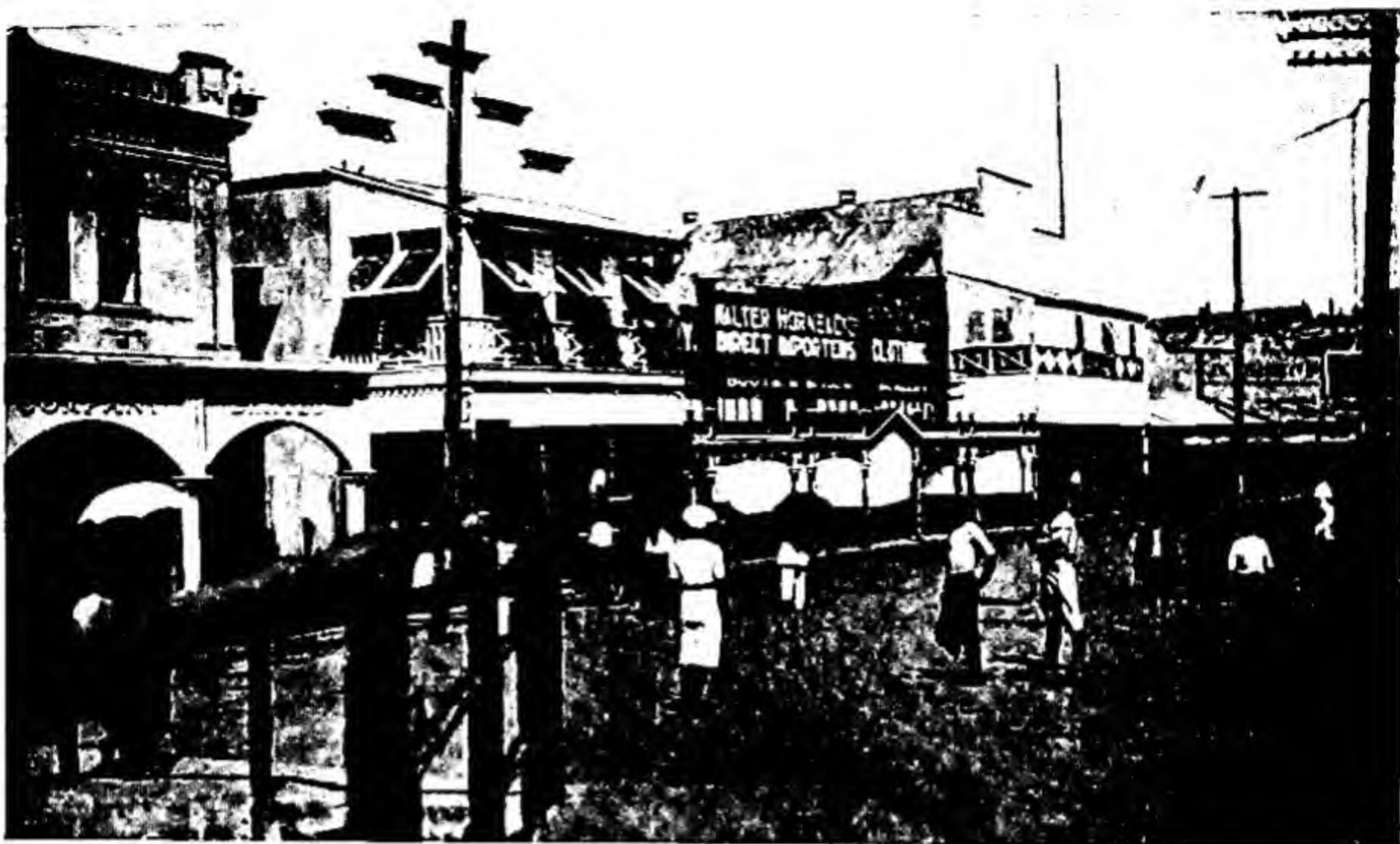
At the "killing stones" outside the temples the victims had their brains dashed out before being offered to the gods, and were then eaten.

Stones appeared to have a prominent part in their various ceremonies. At the festivals to the gods the first harvest of the yam crop was offered to their ancestral spirit, or "vu," which took the form of a snake. To the snake was offered the first cup of kava, simply a piece of snake-charming on the part of the "bete," or priest.

They also worshipped eggs; they were deemed sacred, as possessing potential life, and egg-shaped stones were buried in graves as a symbol of future life. Sometimes the graves of dead kings were covered with these stones.

The Fijians always used a rough stick or staff when travelling. The legend runs that after death the souls of the dead were on their journey to the Island of the Blessed, and in order to accomplish this they were obliged to cross a deep gulf on a single rope. The men used their staffs, balancing themselves; now it was the turn of the strangled widows to cross after their man, but the women never carried or used staffs, therefore invariably they fell in—and were damned. The ladies had very little show in the early days of Fijian history.

The native cloth, masi, or tapa, is made of the malo plant; it is cut close to the ground when it is about ten feet high and one inch in diameter, and the work is all done by women. First the bark is split down its entire length with a shell, then peeled off, and steeped in water for some days, when the outer bark is scraped off with the "vuro," and beaten out with wooden mallets



MAIN STREET, SUVA.



THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, SUVA, FIJI.

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on the boards or tables. As it dries it is damped and beaten again until it is as fine as tissue paper, the object being to obtain the greatest possible width. One layer is then placed on another, and easily beaten into one.

Owing to the viscous nature of the material until the requisite thickness is obtained, the strips are then fastened together with a gum obtained from the fruit of the Tou tree, or with native arrowroot. Pieces of cloth have been made over 100 feet long by 20 feet wide. Finally, the patterns are printed on it with vegetable dyes, the design having been carved on slabs of wood called "kupeti."

The Fijian equivalent to our verb to rub is "masia," and from the fact that the cloth is rubbed with a soft rag on to the stencil, it is also called "masi." According to history, the atap, a Malay word signifying thatch, was a covering for the house, and "tapa" was for the body. In some places a coarse kind of tapa was made by men and used for blankets and mosquito curtains, while the finest was cut into the "sulu," or skirt, which superseded the old "liku."

In New Guinea the skirt is a rami, in American Samoa it is lava-lava, every island having its own particular name. These tapa cloths often have very pretty designs in reds and browns, and are rather curious to take home, practical and useful for tablecloths, curtains, or even rugs. Nature ever provides for her children, and the malo plant has clothed many primitive races.

THE FIREWALKERS.

Looking from Suva, away off in the blue haze, the Island of Bega can be discerned. Here dwell the Firewalkers, the only tribe who possess the secret of walking leisurely over red-hot stones without burning their feet.

They came over and gave an illustration of this wonderful feat when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited Suva.

Sir Maynard Hedstrom told me the legend of the Fire-walkers, as he had heard it from his father. They actually heat a lot of stones, some 20 feet in length, which form an open oven. When the stones are red-hot a member, or members, of this one family will walk over the fiery stones nonchalantly.

Upon arriving in the centre they will put some leaves on the hissing stones and calmly sit down. After a short pause, they will proceed the entire length on the hot stones. Apparently their feet, although made of the same material as our own flesh and blood, do not become scorched or burned, which is a marvel. Scientists have studied this phenomenon, but have arrived at no explanation of the miracle. Faith seems to be the power which compels, yet saves, them.

The legend is as follows: In the ancient days of the Fiji people it was their custom at night to sit around the fire in a circle and tell stories. A good raconteur was prime favourite, and received presents. After a particularly interesting night spent thus, and a feast, "magiti," had been enjoyed, the king of story-tellers had excelled himself. The chief had promised him a unique present for the next evening. Towards sunset the following night this chief went to the banks of a river, where he knew a big snake had its abode. This he thought would be a good present for the story-teller. He peered around and caught the snake by the tail, native fashion. The snake turned and spoke to the chief thus: "What are you going to do with me?"

The chief told him.

The snake protested vehemently, and begged to be left alone, saying: "If you will spare me, I will give you a great fortune, you shall be rich, as I know where treasure is hidden."

The chief replied: "No, I want not, I have gardens full of taro, yams, plenty ka-ka (food), you must come along with me,"

"But," protested the snake, "I will do more for you, if you spare my life, I will make all women love you."

"No, no," answered the chief. "I have four wives already, I don't want any new ones—you stop humbugging."

Yet the serpent hesitated, then turned again to the chief and announced: "I will make you, and your descendants, do something which no one else can ever do. You and yours shall be able to walk over red-hot stones without burning your feet. This act will be a marvel which the whole world will not be able to accomplish. Only let me be free—and you will see."

This wondrous, unheard-of achievement appealed to the chief; he desired to do something which none other could, and he agreed to give the serpent a chance.

The Fijians say that the serpent has kept the faith, and that's the reason why all the descendants of the chief are firewalkers.

MOLOKAI AND BAU.

The Island of Molokai, in the Fiji Group, is a leper settlement—about 400 lepers are there, but they are using the famous Dean specific, fortunately discovered by Dr. Dean, of the Hawaiian University. It is the chaulmoogra oil, which process has cured over three hundred souls on the Island of Molokai, Hawaiian territory.

Many people go to Bau, a small island near the mouth of the Rewa River. It was here that the last great cannibal king, Cakobau, lived, died, and was buried. In the large, clean native village of Bau some six hundred Fijians, who belong to the best native families, still adhere loyally to their chief—Ratu Pope—a grandson of Cakobau, who is a tall, big, fine-looking man, a gentleman of excellent education, speaking English with a perfect accent, a celebrated cricketer, and a most generous host.

You are invited when you visit Bau to accept the great chief's hospitality, and there is quite an amount of prestige at this native court. Ratu Pope married the

daughter of another chieftain, and they have an heir, George, about nine years old.

According to the ancient custom the natives at Bau cringe, stoop, and never raise themselves upright in the presence of their great chief. Ratu Pope will invite you to his house if he likes, or knows, you; his beds are at your disposal. His house is furnished with big upholstered easy chairs and modern furniture. He sent some women to catch fish, which were deliciously cooked, and they served a six-course dinner on nice clean home-woven mats, his wife and sister helping and passing various dishes to the chieftain's guests.

At night everyone attended the service in the large white Methodist church.

After church the natives serenaded us with music and songs until 11.30 p.m. In case the Ratu Pope is away, or you are not known, you are given a clean native hut to sleep in, with delightful mats on the floor; you take your own pillows, and a hamper of food.

Everyone should visit Bau, where the old aristocracy of native Fijians make their home.

One of the biggest copra plantations in the world is at Taviuni. It is owned by the Tarte Brothers, and consists of 4,500 full-bearing coconut trees, as well as over 4,000 head of cattle.

I was privileged to see a wonderful souvenir of the war, which is to be sent to Sir Everard im Thurn, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., in London. It is a token of esteem from the Fijian Returned Soldiers' and Sailors' Association. A beautiful box composed of fifteen different kinds of Fijian wood, the yaka wood being prominent. The box was exquisitely made, and highly polished. On the lid is the coat of arms designed by Lady im Thurn, when she presided at Government House: "Fear God—and honour the King" is their motto. The crest consists of two Fijians with club and spear, a sailing canoe, a dove with olive branch, a bunch of bananas, and other emblems of the country. Inside the box rests a beautiful album; on each page is an artistic water-colour picture

of Fijian scenes, painted by Mr. W. Wright, of Auckland; on the opposite page are the signatures of the men who went to fight for Empire from this far corner of the globe; these signatures are enhanced by the fine illuminated work of Mr. W. Collinge. The box, as it stands, cost £180, and will be valued at quite £200 by the time it reaches England.

The first contingent of Fijians suffered terribly; ten were killed by one hit, sixty-four out of one hundred were immediately lost. The Native Labour Corps, of over one hundred, did splendid work.

A word of praise must be given to Lieutenant Levy, who trained the Native Band of Suva; the whole town are justly proud of it.

The *Fiji Times and Herald*, under the able management of Mr. Barker, and published daily, keeps one in touch with the outside world. This was the first newspaper published in Suva, and began its career in 1868, at first a weekly, then a tri-weekly, eventually blossoming into a daily.

The *Pacific Age*, edited by Mr. Victor Abel, is the other newspaper of Suva, a very efficient publication.

I had the pleasure of visiting the private collection of Mr. Turner, an old resident of the South Seas, who has gathered together a fine assortment of Fijian curios. His collection of clubs, spears, and breastplates is most interesting. He has some twenty of the whale-teeth necklaces so beloved by the cannibal chieftains, curios very difficult to find in these days, and cost a fictitious sum. Even if one is fortunate enough to secure one, it is forbidden to take it out of the country.

The masterpiece of his collection is the "drua," This immense double canoe rests in an outer house, especially constructed to protect it. I heard that this "drua" is the finest in the world, and is valued at £5,000, is in perfect repair, and could be put to sea immediately. The "drua" was the great double sailing canoe of the Pacific, and although used in warfare was not necessarily a war canoe, as it was used for all purposes. The big

canoes would measure about 100 feet long and from 6 to 8 feet beam, and a man could easily walk in the hold without his head touching the top.

A pig could be roasted whole on the open cooking-place, and food and water was easily stowed away for use on long sea voyages. These canoes were formed of planks sewn together with coir sinnet. On the balcony can be seen the steering oars, and the masthead of one of them. Some of these canoes could do 14 knots an hour, the steering oars were some 33 feet long and very heavy, the huge masthead 70 feet long.

In these "druas" the Tongans sailed on their piratical raids, covering the distance from Tonga to the Ellice Group, a distance of 1,000 miles; also in these it is said the Maoris sailed to New Zealand.

From start to finish a big double canoe took about seven years to build, and when finished a feast took place, with human victims for a sacrifice.

The Islands of Karo, Kabara, and Koro Vono were noted for their shipwrights. The hibiscus cordage used was as thick as a man's upper arm.

A new canoe was launched over men's bodies, that "mana" might enter into it and make it swift and safe. No trace of living men ever having been used for this purpose, they were clubbed first, certain small islands and districts "enjoying" by hereditary right the dubious honour of supplying the victims for these festive occasions.

The dimensions of one large canoe was vouched for as follows: Length, 118 feet; deck length, 50 feet; deck width, 24 feet; length of mast, 68 feet; length of yard, 90 feet; height from keel to house top, 15 feet; draught of water, about 3 feet.

A lateen sail was always used. Such a "drua" has Mr. Turner, and it was most instructive and interesting to see this warship and pleasure craft of the old Fijians.

Mr. Turner has bequeathed this valuable collection to the Auckland Museum, and future generations will be able to benefit by his generosity.

According to some of the oldest stories, the future

elysium of the Fijians was called “burotu.” There were ever quarrels between the Fijians and the Tongans, and at one time a beautiful girl, much sought after by several of the chiefs, was called Rorandinindavetalevu, and she lived at Suva. First one chief, then another, sought to woo her, but she would have nothing to do with the Fijians, and preferred the handsome young Tongans. One evening there was to be a feast and a dance, and Ror, we will call her, as her name is so long, desired scented wreaths for the dance, and sent word to the great god Ndandarakai to supply her, but his answer was: “Scented flowers are only for Fijians, *you* favour the Tongans.”

So confident was Ror in the power of her beauty that she went to Ndandarakai and begged for these special flowers. “For to-night only let me have the sweet-smelling wreaths from burotu (heaven), and I will promise never again to receive a Tongan,” implored the beautiful Ror.

Then the god, who had himself fallen in love with her, replied: “Lovely Ror, very well, go to the dance, let the Tongans see you, and as you dance wreaths from the scented groves of ‘burotu’ shall fall on your head and on the ground around you.

“The Tongans shall see your beauty, at the same time they will know that you are mine; remember I will have no rivals.”

Ror prepared for the party as the sun set in fiery glory. The feast commenced, and by the light of the moon the dance began—but so far the beautiful Ror was wreathless. She began to think that the god had forgotten her, when suddenly, from the sky above, hosts of wreaths of unearthly loveliness began falling upon her, and on the ground they were heaped up beside her.

The Tongans admired and envied her more than ever. She beckoned to the Tongans and told them to take her to their island. They were proud to do this, and immediately prepared their canoes to go at once; thus the Tongan fleet moved out to sea.

With the dawn Ndandarakai awakened and remembered about Ror. He came for his bride, only to find she had vanished, whereupon he commanded his fleet to follow the Tongans. When Ror saw the god drawing nearer she hid, covering herself with the family mats. Then the god made luscious fruit tumble from the sky, the canoes were filled with this wonderful fruit, and the Tongans, being thirsty, ate of it with great delight, and for the time being forgot about their beautiful Ror.

During the feasting the god quickly lifted the fainting bride into his canoe and fled.

Tongans and Fijians have plenty of wives, for they believe that a bachelor can never get to heaven—burotu. The bachelor's theory is this: "If I live a miserable man without even one wife, should I have a chance to meet the awesome god, Dengei, or to tell him a lie, and get past him on the road to heaven? When I die, the first woman I met would waylay my soul, and if I escaped her there is the savage, awesome goddess Naganaga, whom it is impossible to escape if one is a bachelor. Naganaga watches every spirit that approaches, and as soon as she sees the soul of a celibate the goddess springs at him, intending to annihilate him. She jumps from her lair behind the rocks, catches him by the hair, and dashes his head against the huge rocks and smashes it to pieces. Thus a bachelor never reaches burotu, the coveted region."

Such is the reason why there are few bachelors. At one time in these islands when a wedding took place the tribes would be gathered around the malae. The bride was put to the test before all assembled. If the bride went through the ordeal with honour, everyone cheered, and the chief, his dignity unsullied, was proud and jubilant. Should, however, the ordeal reveal disgrace, the bride's brothers and father would rush at her and kill her on the spot, her name forgotten, and every memorial of her life destroyed.

CHAPTER IX

FIJI (*continued*)

Submarine diving for fish at Suva—Visiting Royalty at Bau—Population of Fiji.

THROUGH the courtesy of Colonel Golding, Inspector-General of Constabulary, I was invited to go submarine fishing. One waited until the tide was out, then two sturdy Fijians, matting their hands together, formed a sort of seat, into which I sat as they carried me out to the boat rocking at the edge of the reef.

The reefs are full of all kinds of sly holes, and the living coral is poisonous ; many a terrible wound is caused by those who pick up, or step on to, the coral. In the row-boat were the best divers of the native police known in Fiji.

Very picturesque they were with their mops of outstanding black hair, dark skins, and flashing teeth. They wore cotton jackets and khaki "sulas," with vandyked points. There was "Kida," a most enlightened fellow, well educated, then "Pauliani," "Joshia," "Simonia," and several others whose names I did not catch.

"Whau-whau," they chanted as they pulled to the oars. Several were tattooed, one chap had a British bulldog wearing a sailor's hat pricked into his arm.

We asked Joshia if he had ever eaten human flesh. He looked shy, grinned, and answered : "No, Tauraga (master), my grandfather did." Joshia looked as if he could have eaten anything, he had a double row of the biggest teeth I ever saw.

The water takes on strange colours as we row between the reefs. In some places it is pale green, turquoise-blue, and speckled with black; the surf roars out on the farthest reef, and we appear to be below a raging hill of water.

The natives talk about Balolo, a coral worm which annually gives them a feast. It is a soft, brownish-looking worm, from 3 to 6 inches long, and for some unexplainable reason comes up out of the coral at night and disappears when the sun rises. They have their outing in November or December, once a year. Then the sea teems with these things; they appear in masses, and form a thick scum. Sharks and other fish rush to the feast of these worms, and natives go out in canoes and get bushels full; they eat them raw, or fried or boiled, and they say the taste is delicious.

As the sun gets warm in the sky these worms miraculously disappear for another year.

Another great delicacy for the natives is the sea hedgehog. These are full of small eggs, like a roe, and the custom is to open it out and eat the eggs raw.

We are now on the reef, upon which there is still enough water to float our boat. We stop, and the divers put on their submarine glasses. These resemble old-fashioned motor goggles, and fasten behind the head with a rubber band. The glasses enable the natives to see under the water and discover any fish that may be sleeping in the crannies of the rocks below.

Pauliani is the first overboard, he dives feet first—all Fijians do this, instead of going down head first as we do. The three others follow, each taking a spearing pole, about 10 feet long, fastened to which are three pronged spikes to spear the fish with. They dive into the deep holes to find what spoils are hidden away under rocks. It is interesting to watch these men, as much at home in the water as the fish themselves, and it is incredible how long they can remain down, and how odd they look in their quaint spectacles.

To Joshia has fallen the first prize, and proudly he

comes up with a long big scarlet fish with his spear transfixing it.

I have never seen so red a fish, even its eyes were of deepest crimson—it is called a dunu. As it lay in the boat gasping, its eyes seemed to look reproachfully at us. Quite a few fish are now being speared, some “nuku,” yellow finned and striped in pale blue.

Simonia, who has not been lucky as the others, now gives a Fijian roar of delight, and I look round. “Whatever has he got?” I asked. It was the most weird thing I had ever beheld.

“It is a soki-soki,” replied Colonel Golding; “a sea-porcupine; we don’t often find them.”

Simonia held it towards us. The creature was a complete globe, and full of bristling porcupine quills sticking out all over it, its belly snow white, its back light brown, its eyes big as a child’s and almost human, and its mouth was open. Its face resembled a podgy dead baby’s, ghastly to look at, and woe to any one who gets pricked with its deadly poisonous quills. We kept it in the far end of the boat, and it was fascinatingly hideous to see the thing die. The natives were jubilant over the find, and said it would make good eating.

As we had sufficient fish for our requirements, the natives rose up from the sea to get into the boat. When they shook themselves of the water the drops caught the sun, and their black skins looked as if bediamonded—each drop shone like a jewel.

The tide was coming in now, and therefore we had more water to row back in. As they pulled for the shore they sang magnificently, their deep voices in a sad minor key floated over the water. I love to hear them sing, and it was quite a novel experience sitting back in the boat, the red and blue fish still eyeing us reproachfully—the water porcupine had died—the dark, wild-looking natives, whose ancestors had been cannibals, singing in glee as they rowed back.

I gave them each a tip, and divided a box of short-bread from Scotland.

“Siadra, Marama” (good-morning, lady), they all shouted as the head of the police and I mounted his car and drove away.

VISITING ROYALTY AT BAU.

Lady Hedstrom, who was born in Fiji, always said that she would take me to Bau, as she knew Rutu Pope and all the family of the Chief; most of them had been present at her wedding. She spoke Fijian as well as she did English. Therefore we organized a party of four to motor across the island to the nearest spot where we could get a canoe to take us over to Chief Rutu Pope, who by right of birth is the King of Fiji.

We started by car at 9 a.m., and everything seemed to point to a pleasant excursion. We had luncheon baskets and everything for our comfort. It was a lovely drive through fields of sugar-cane and banana-trees, blue convolvulus draped our path, and we sped by native villages, clean and picturesque, past the fine Wesleyan Mission with its big church.

A lot of young Fijian chiefs' sons were playing football at the school, which is run for chiefs' sons only. The Rewa River must now be crossed, which is easily done on a pontoon bridge boat.

Indians were driving oxen, loitering on the road, also carrying sugar-cane. Their women in bright-coloured “saris,” gold rings stuck through their noses, and weighted down with silver anklets and bracelets, their picturesqueness added to the charm of the scene.

Now we speed through entire villages of Indians, and Fijian villages with nicely thatched houses. The road so far was good; we turn into a grass path with a few ruts—not often do cars come here. It is a little wet and boggy, we fear we may get stuck, and are a little worried; we have twenty-three miles to do, and about eight miles is practically over this grass. By persevering we arrive at the end of the car journey. We get out, there is not a house for miles, we are quite in the tropical

bush. Over across the water, about a mile away, lies the Island of Bau, with its one towering hill, many trees, and thatched houses.

How to get across, that's the next thing. There is a boat out in the water, and we hail it. Three Fijians and a tall, thin girl wade from the boat to us. We explain that we want to get across; they say the tide is running out. We are not to be baulked of seeing the royal families of Bau, after having successfully completed the motor ride over bogs, which threatened to stop us—not at all!

Lady Hedstrom talked at a rapid rate in Fijian. She told them they must clasp their hands two of them—they were strong fellows—each clasping the other's wrist. Four hands make quite a comfortable seat, and you hang on to their necks. The boat was now about a quarter of a mile out, and anyone who has ever walked on coral, with an outgoing tide, will realize how rough the walking is, how many and deep are the holes; besides which there is slimy, sticky, black mud, into which you can sink up to your neck if you don't know the reef, and a lot of poisonous coral, crabs, and a few minor evils that can bite or sting.

After the verbal flow of Fijian, of which the other three of the party had not been able to understand a word, Lady Hedstrom announced that she would go first; she was slight and therefore light, and she knew the country.

One pitch-black Fijian, who had a mouth as wide as that of a hippopotamus, and a really fine savage face, joined hands with another man. Lady Hedstrom was seated in her human hand-chair—the men wore "sulus" a kind of a skirt—off they splashed, the mud and water often up to their waists.

Imagine, we were all immaculately dressed in white, silk stockings and white shoes, but we had not counted on the tide, and Bau looked so near—yet there remained that dirty stretch between us. We three stood and watched Lady Hedstrom; the men lurched and one fell

into a hole, but got out again at once. On they went, and finally Lady Hedstrom was placed in the boat. Back came the men after us.

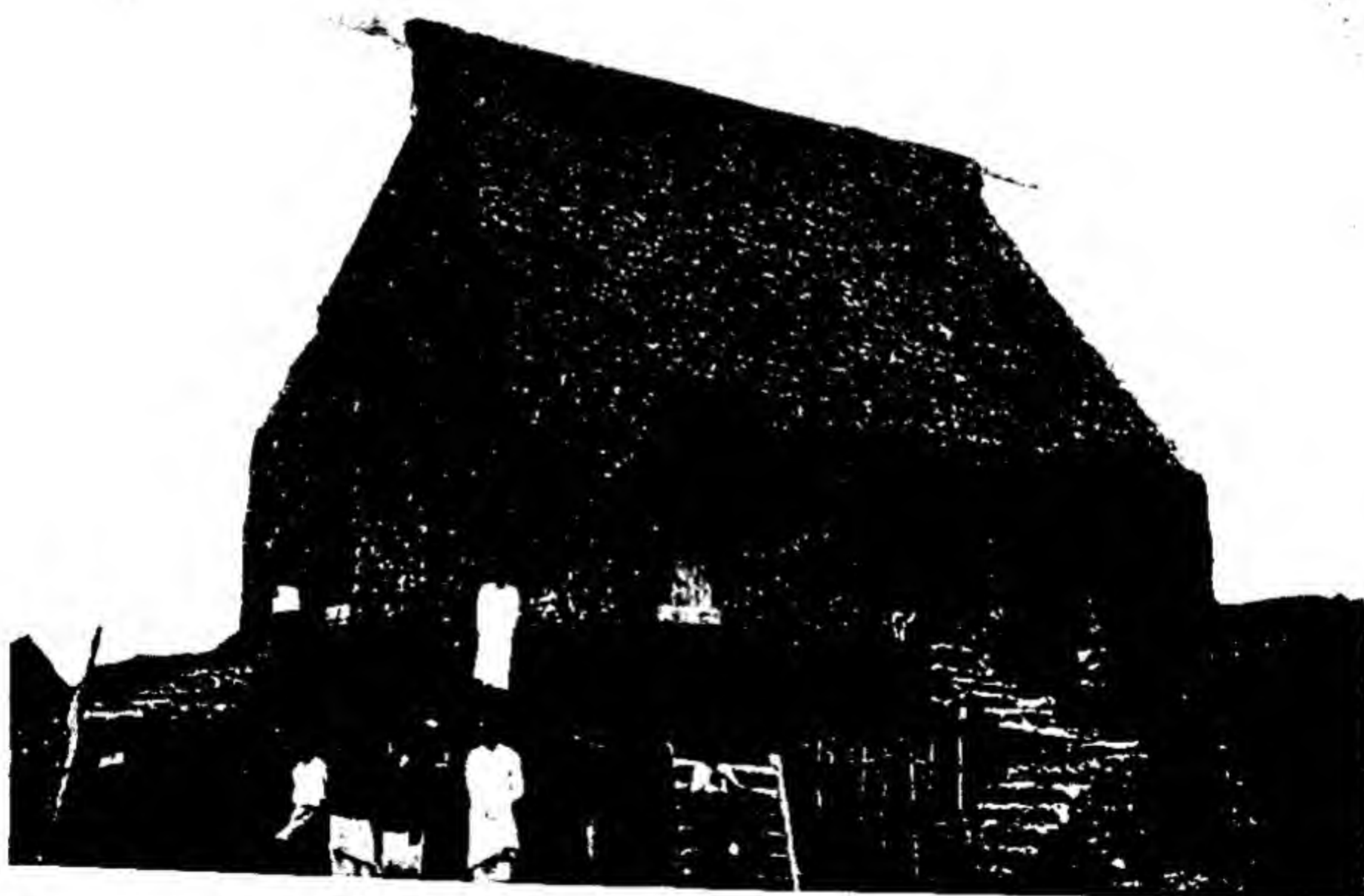
Now we were at their mercy, because we could neither speak the language nor understand one word they said. The black Fijian—Hammi—my friend, motioned that he preferred to take the other lady on his back—pick-a-back. Now she was all eleven stone. She mounted his back, but the present fashion of narrow skirts is not in harmony with this method of transport. Mrs. T. had on a pale blue muslin, white shoes and stockings, and a light rubber mackintosh. As the man moved out with her, it was the funniest sight possible to see her two white legs extended, the light silk mackintosh became inflated with the breeze, and she appeared like some strange octopus. Poor Hammi struggled and stumbled, but finally dumped her into the boat. I haven't laughed as much for years as at Mrs. T.'s grotesque figure.

Then two men—Hammi and the other—came back for me. Having witnessed Mrs. T.'s progress, I preferred the hand-chair arrangement of Lady Hedstrom's. I sat in this, and hung on to Hammi's and the other Fijian's neck. We had only got a short distance when I felt myself sliding off, the Fijian stumbled, and off I went. Fortunately I landed on my feet in the sticky slimy mud, that was better than sitting down in it. I looked at my white silk stockings and suède shoes. Up to the calves of my legs I was covered with black mud, but I hung on to Hammi's hand, fearing the mud would open up and swallow us. Then common sense gave me a rap, and I looked at the two Fijians: they had never been over their knees going back and forth, and the tide was still running out.

I glanced at my shoes, the harm had been done, they could never be blacker nor wetter. If those two men could walk in the sea, so could I. Away in the distance I saw another man walking up to his waist in water, and the strange, thin girl, holding her "sula" between her legs, was striding along serenely, as if it was as easy



THE ROYAL VILLAGE OF BAU.



A CHIEF'S HOME.

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SRINAGAR (Kashmir)

DATE LOANED

Class No. _____ **Book No.** _____

Acc. No. _____

This book may be kept for 14 days. An over - due charge will be levied at the rate of 10 Paise for each day the book is kept over - time.

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as walking down Bond Street, her head held high in the air. I still hugged Hammi's hand, and said: "Me walk," picked up my skirts, and Hammi and I proceeded, one minute up to my knees in water, then the mud would ooze only to the ankles. Walking in the clean water wasn't so bad, crabs darted before us, and starfish stared up at us. A strange experience walking in the sea, and sometimes hurting yourself as you stumble over coral, but at last Hammi and I arrived at the boat.

Lady Hedstrom said the tide was so far out that the boat could never float; she was now stuck on coral and mud, with the water ever receding. She advised us that the only thing to do was to walk all the way to the island. She and the other lady pulled off their stockings, but kept their shoes on because the coral is sharp to cut and likely to poison the feet. Now we were all in the water, and our one and only man friend, Mr. C., who had been so spick and span in white linen, also joined us. When he had seen me slide off and walk in the sea he followed suit, and as he came up to us wet to the skin we all laughed heartily. What a sorry lot we looked, to be sure—and to call upon Royalty of Bau!

Yet we were bound to see Bau, and Bau, although we were somewhat nearer, had not been reached. We found out that the girl who was some distance from us, who walked through surging water and mud, was Ratu Pope's sister—a princess of the Fijian Islands, and she told the men that the Chief was not on the island. Great was our disappointment at not seeing him.

Now we four continued to splash along, always fearing the holes, because we could not see through the rushing water. We were all soaked by now, and it began to rain. All the same, it was warm water—still, too much water from the sky as well, we could have done without that.

The Fijians were trying to push the boat off from where she was stuck. They told Lady Hedstrom that we could not cross the deep channel between ourselves and the island. We should be drowned. They would pick us up

in the boat and take us across ; so we continued walking until the water was deep, then, wet and dripping, we climbed into the boat and were finally put ashore at Bau itself.

We had arrived at Bau—but with some difficulty. The Princess now joined us, her feet were naked ; how she ever walked over that coral was wonderful. She wore a black “sula” tied up in the middle, which gave her the appearance of tight short pants, a jacket of thin black stuff covered her breasts, a string of blue beads encircled her throat, and a blue handkerchief was also tied about her neck. She had large dark eyes, quite a lot of hair grew about the lower part of her face, so she could not be styled as pretty, except for her glorious eyes, dark and savage. She led us through the green grass, where the cows were feeding, past well-built houses of dried leaves, roofs thatched, and long bamboo poles tied with sennit to keep it all nice, tight, and in order.

On the top of the green hill is the cemetery, and there the great Fijian King Cakobau is buried.

The Princess paused at the house of Mrs. Pope, the Chief's wife. We went into a large one-roomed house : the walls were of reeds, nicely plaited in designs and coloured red or black. All the floor was covered with nice clean mats, in one corner stood a bed, also covered with mats. There were four doors and one window.

The Chief's wife appeared. We were all introduced, and Lady Hedstrom translated. Mrs.—or Queen—Pope, her other name is Andi Torika, wore a pink kimono and a skirt, her feet were bare ; she was light brown in colour, her black hair stood like an aureole around her pleasant, good-natured face, she had fine eyes, and good white teeth, and most of the time she laughed. “Siadra” was all that we knew of Fiji, and Samothe—“Good-morning” and “Good-bye.”

I was much interested to see a large photograph of Mr. Lloyd George nicely framed hanging over the Chief's bed. In the room were photographs of King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and King George and Queen Mary.

There were several photos of old Fijian kings and their relations, mostly faded, which were on the walls. There were tables, chairs, and a lamp with roses on the shade, hanging over a centre table. In one corner hung a large kava bowl, with three white shells attached, a sign that it belonged to a chief.

There was nothing of much value in the house. We sat on chairs, and the Princess squatted on the mat. She talked to us, holding one foot in her hand and playing with her toes. Maybe this is Royal Fijian etiquette, it varies slightly from that recognized at Buckingham Palace!

The Chief's wife, now smiling, entered with her only son and heir, named George. He also has marvellous eyes, and was a pretty boy of nine. He spoke English very well, and seemed proud to do so as he crouched on the mat.

Another fine-looking woman came in, Adi-Cakobau. Certainly she was stately, with a regal look, and she wore six gold rings.

The key of the church she carried hung on to a boar's tusk. We then went to see the church, Wesleyan, with a fine altar in very good taste, and pews made with the same light-coloured wood. The Princess motioned us over to a corner of the building, where there was a broken stone—one of the sacred stones upon which they used to dash out the brains of the victims intended for the cannibal feasts.

As the Chief is educated, and a great cricketer, I wonder he allows this old stone to remain. There was a memorial brass tablet on the wall to Matthew Joseph Evans, Wesleyan missionary, who had died there about a year ago, aged thirty-seven.

Some beautiful old banyans threw a refreshing shade, and there were many bread-fruit trees, looking pretty, their dark, glossy-green leaves a contrast to the monotony of thatched roofs.

We now go to visit the widow of Rutu Joni. She had a really lovely garden full of roses and crotons. Her

house was different to the Chief's, and had bedrooms leading off the main room, very clean and nice mats everywhere. A thermos flask one would not expect to find in such a place, but she had one, as well as a fine silver bowl, and photos of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Not a nail was in her house, all beams, thatch, and reeds were tied with sennit. She was older than the other members, and wore five gold rings.

The Princess brought under her arm a loaf of bread wrapped in a mat. Lady Hedstrom chatted and told her I was from London. She asked if it was a big place—then she gave me a fan.

Our clothes had pretty well dried on us, although we were still dirty and mud-splashed. Thinking of the dangers that lay between us and our awaiting car on the main land, we concluded we had better retrace our steps, as we had visited all the royalties.

The Island of Bau is very small, you can walk over it in an hour and see all there is. I should think it would be deadly to live here; no one dares to stand erect in the presence of the Chief. In the old days of his grandfather, Cakobau, when he walked in Suva all his people would dart out of his way and prostrate themselves, and woe to anyone who did not, as the King would not spare his life.

We were seen off by all, the younger princess, tall and thin with the blue beads, said she would come back with us. I took her hand, and we went on; now the tide was even lower.

The Princess would stoop and put her finger in the mud to see if it would bear us. She seemed to know where all the holes were; then we walked in the water, she and I alone, the others were behind some way.

Two Fijian men came up with us, one had a long sharp knife. He had been cutting sugar-cane, but the thought struck me: suppose this had been fifty years ago, I would have probably been put in the pot. Instead, they grin, and I grin back, and all is well.

The whole party walked the entire way, and were

again soaked to the skin. We took a roundabout way in order to avoid the deep-running stream.

When we arrived we at once made a rush for the luncheon basket, we were hungry, and everything tasted delicious—sandwiches, boiled eggs, cold taro, bananas—oh, it was good! The Princess, some Fijians, and our Indian chauffeur shared our meal, and, although wet and dirty, yet we had enjoyed a splendid adventure.

Our car did not bog, and as soon as the hotel was reached a hot bath made us just “as good as new.” We took away the pleasantest memories of Bau and the princesses.

A two or three months’ stay in Suva I could heartily recommend. In what they call their winter months, May to September, the climate is delightful. One’s comfort is catered for at the Grand Pacific Hotel; there are three other hotels in the town, MacDonalds, the Pier, and the Club. The residents are most hospitable, the shops are attractive, there is quite a lot of entertaining and social affairs, and many excursions, so that one is not dull at Suva.

The streets are interesting with a medley of native life. Fijians stalk along with proud carriage, faces smiling and crowned with their great crops of hair, and dressed in sulu and singlet. Groups of Samoans, tall and good-looking, perhaps a few Solomon Islanders. You note that they are of small stature. The “Chink” is not left out of the group, and Indians in white turbans, with their silver- and gold-bedecked womenfolk, all add to the picturesqueness of the scene.

POPULATION OF FIJI.

The census returns show the following population details for the Fijian Group: Europeans 3,848, half-castes 2,829, Fijians 84,349, Indians, 60,348, Polynesians 1,534, Chinese 910, others 846; total, 154,684. About 2,000 white people live at Suva and its environs.

There is a very fine golf course, which is most popular. In 1920, Fiji exported 15,000 tons of copra, valued at

over £500,000. In 1919, 27,000 tons were exported—£674,215. In 1919, 64,000 tons of sugar, valued at £1,014,240.

Green fruit, mostly bananas, realized £76,563. Rubber, £148,678.

Fiji is prosperous. Many predict that in future it will become the centre of the Pacific Island commerce. In case of a war, Fiji would become of great importance.

CHAPTER X

SAMOA

Apia Harbour—History of Samoa—Missionaries and traders—Nature's smiling people—Marriage customs—The "sliding rock"—New Zealand mandate—Sea rovers and beach-combers.

SAILING towards Samoa in the early morning light was as if we were floating over a huge lake of silver. First were disclosed a series of islands, some large enough to support coconut palms, others mere rocks rising from the sea. In the rosy glow of dawn the scene would suggest that fairies were giving Nature a pink bath in order to enhance her beauty.

We are now in the real tropics, as the Navigator Islands lie $13^{\circ} 30'$ and $14^{\circ} 20'$ S. latitude, and between 169° and 173° W. longitude.

The harbour of Apia is an open roadstead, and ships are obliged to anchor quite a distance out, and off the coral reef. There are no docks, everything has to be landed in small boats, which is a drawback.

All along these shores one sees the wreckage of ships; hurricanes have attacked this coast unmercifully. One can now see what was formerly the German corvette *Adler* on the coral beach, her back broken and split in half. There she lies, a skeleton in red rust, the wind whistling through her ribs.

On March 16, 1889, a terrible hurricane developed and hurled the waters into mountainous heights; nothing could withstand the fierceness of the gale. In Apia Harbour several ships were wrecked on that calamitous day; the American ship *Trenton*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Kimberley, the *Vandalia*, *Nipsic*, the German

ships *Adler*, *Eber*, and *Olga*, Captain Kane of the *Calliope* bravely put out to sea, fighting the terrific hurricane and his was the only ship saved.

When you see these enormous coral reefs, and consider how they are built up out of the sea by millions, billions, and trillions of insects, the coral polyp, ever toiling incessantly, it is a Herculean task, surely.

One cannot distinguish the beauties of Apia from the sea, as the bungalow homes built upon piles (because of the ravages of the white ant) are snugly hidden away, smothered with tropical foliage.

The coconut-fringed shore is intersected by the long red-roofed Administration Building, with a high flagstaff in front of it, and by various commercial houses. The Germans laid out a fine town at Apia, and must have regretted giving it up.

Two large whaleboats, called "fautassis," filled with seventy handsome tattooed men, flashed past our steamer; they were bending to the oars and lustily singing a hymn. I wonder what Robert Louis Stevenson's thoughts were when he sailed into this harbour of Apia, with its background of blue mountains. Did he have a premonition that Apia would be his home and his last resting-place? But Fate never discloses her hand.

"Bully Hayes," the famous pirate, buccaneer and blackbirder, sailed his white-brigged schooner into these waters about 1870, and Louis Becke came to write many of his famous books. Before their time the first visitors to the Samoan Islands were the Dutch, under Roggewein, in 1722. Then came the French, M. Bougainville in 1768. It was he who christened them the Navigators, as they had so many canoes, and La Perouse called in 1787; then the British ship, the *Pandora*, had a look at Apia.

The London Missionary Society set up a church here as far back as 1830, and by 1850 Britain, Germany and the United States had commercial establishments in Apia, at which time the islands were ruled by the native chiefs. The Samoan Group consists of Upolu, upon which

is Apia, Savaii, the largest island, Apolima Manono and Tutuila (belonging to America), Aunnu, Tau Ofu, and Olosenga.

In 1879 treaties were granted to Germany and Great Britain for coaling stations. In 1885 Dr. Stuebul, the German Consul, took possession of Apia for Germany, and soon after this the Germans made war on the Samoan king, Malietoa, who was dethroned and sent away.

Tamasese was then elected, with a German named Brandier as adviser. Malietoa, before he was deported, chose Mataafa to act for him and his people. In 1888 Mataafa, with the people of the former king, took the throne and power from Tamasese and Brandier, who fled to other islands, and were held there by the men of Mataafa until 1889.

Wars and troubles, strife and bloodshed continued. Finally Mataafa, with some dozen of his chiefs, was banished to the Marshall Islands.

In 1898 King Malietoa died, and just before his death he desired that Mataafa should be brought back to Samoa. He came shortly after Malietoa had died, and swore before the German Consul that in the future he would take no part in the rule or politics of the country. He did not keep to his vow, however, and more trouble ensued.

In 1899 the three interested Powers, Germany, Britain and the United States, decided to govern the islands themselves. Then Germany and Britain made an agreement, and the British gave up all their rights, and made a sort of exchange of the Shortland and Solomon Islands. Thus the Americans and the Germans were left to rule the Navigator Islands.

The south-east trade winds make the climate agreeable, yet it is very hot in Apia, and it is not to be wondered at that the pleasure-loving, handsome people of Samoa do not like to work, and thus a great scarcity of labour exists, and many of the copra plantations are left to be devoured by the beetle and go to ruin. A little suffices for the comfort of the native, and they prefer sleeping

upon their clean grass mats, under their thatched roofs, to strenuous labour in the coconut plantations.

Many Chinese labourers have been imported into the country. Some of the Chinamen have married Samoan women, and there are scores of half-castes. People affirm that this mixture of Chinese and Samoan produces fine children, and there is no sign of any mental or physical degeneracy as the result of this admixture. According to statistics there is only one insane person in all Samoa and one feeble-minded child. The advent of the Chinese, and this consequent intermarrying, is deeply regretted by those who like the Samoans. The whole subject is of great complexity; these wonderfully rich islands should not be allowed to run to waste and ruin. The Germans compelled the natives to work, but if the Samoan desires to be a drone, and has no ambition for riches, who shall criticize or force him?

The people are extremely religious; prayers are said night and morning in every Samoan house. I do not recollect ever having seen so many churches as in and around Apia; it seems that every few yards there is a church, a mission and schools.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral at Apia is a truly fine, large church with two towers. It is built of white coral and lime, and has a beautiful ceiling made from the different woods of New Zealand. The mission and church is under the care of the Marist Brotherhood, who established themselves in Samoa in 1843. I visited the Rev. Father in charge, and he told me there were 8,000 Catholics in the group of islands. The Marists have fourteen stations in Samoa, and two schools at Tutuila (American Samoa). In their schools they accept every kind of a boy, no matter what his colour, whether he is of the Catholic or of any other denomination. They are educating 450 pupils at Apia and its environs. The Sisters have two schools, one for half-castes and one for Samoan girls, 180 pupils in all.

The London Missionary Society, however, has the greatest number of church-goers. There is a Mormon



PRINCIPAL STREET, APIA, SAMOA.



LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

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Mission, Seventh Day Adventists, several Wesleyans, the Methodist Missionary Society, Society de Marie, Roman Catholic. The well-being of their souls is generously cared for. In fact, they send many Samoan missionaries to remote islands to spread the religious faith.

I am glad that of Samoa I have no gruesome cannibal stories to relate; there was no proof that such savages ever existed on this glorious island.

On Sundays everything is closed, and every person goes to church. In choosing the small boats which take you about, it is easy to ascertain the religion of your boatmen, who have their names painted on the boat. The Billys, Toms and Jacks will be Church of England men, the Davids, Macs and Andrews, Presbyterians, and the Pats, Mikes and Ryans, Catholics.

The population at the last census was: Savaii, 11,501, and Upolu, Manono, and Apolema, 19,129, making the total over 30,000 people in the Group.

The one long principal street of Apia faces the sea; many of the shops have the German names still over the door, although nearly all the Germans have left. One reads of these big companies who did most of the island trade, Der Deutschen Handels, and Plantagen, abbreviated as D.H. & P.G. and Gesellschaft de Sudsee, Inseln zu Hamburg, now no more.

On August 30, 1914, Colonel Logan, in the name of the New Zealand Government, ran up the flag on behalf of King George, and took possession of Apia without any bloodshed whatever. Cheers arose as the flag unfurled in the tropical breeze. The National Anthem was played, and German Samoa became British, under the mandate of New Zealand.

For the first time in history one of our colonies had sent a fleet overseas and took possession of an enemy land on behalf of the British Empire.

The fleet which anchored off Apia consisted of six ships and two transports filled with troops, all under the command of Captain Marshall, on the *Psyche*. Previously the harbour was swept in case it had been mined.

The Germans were entirely surprised and astonished when they saw the stately fleet filing into the harbour. Their Governor was up in the country at the time. After our flag had been hoisted, a proclamation was read in the presence of a big crowd of Europeans, Germans, Samoans, chiefs, and our officers. Colonel Logan and his men then occupied the Government offices and other public buildings vacated by the Germans. In this simple manner, the New Zealand Expeditionary Force added another link to our vast Empire upon which the sun never sets.

Apia could be described as one large garden. Everywhere you look you see flowers and flowering trees. Up the Tivoli Road, the bungalows are set in bowers of bloom, and shaded by the bread-fruit trees, mangoes now in flower, orange- and lemon-trees with golden globes, ever effective, the paw-paw—which is a glorified pumpkin and is delicious at breakfast-time—banana-trees with floppy leaves, the juicy granadilla, all are here; you have only to raise your hand and they are yours. On the ground you have the pineapple, taro, sugar-cane, and yams, besides which you can grow most European vegetables as well. Is it any wonder that the Samoan argues—“Why work?”

In the gardens and along the wayside you have the lovely snow-white Eucharist lily, also the arum lily, bushes of hibiscus in every shade of colour, the golden allamanda, the trumpet flower, jasmine, white gardenias, which are almost too pungent with perfume, the coleus, great masses of purple bougainvillea—at every turn you see growing wild exotic blooms. Had we a single specimen in the tropical room of the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park, London, we should think it wonderful, and would ponder how many tons of coal it had taken to produce the required heat in order to produce that single bloom. Then there are carpets of the sensitive plant (*Mimosa sensitiva*), a lovely weed covered with little pink blossoms. Dainty and frail, at the slightest touch it withers, shrivels up; you would think you had

killed it, but it slowly returns to its former state. At night this plant closes its leaves and sleeps until dawn, when it again discloses its beauty.

The people of Samoa are indeed blessed—a coal strike means nothing to them; coconut husks and fibre supply them with all fire they need to cook their food. All are happy and laughing; their houses, or fales, consist of a thatched roof, on strong poles, open to the world; if you are passing all the family can be seen sitting about on their mats. The houses have curtains of matting, which they can roll up or down in case of rain, or desire for privacy. Their bath is the sea, or the cool, shady grottos where the waterfalls are ever cleansing the stream.

These Samoans are said to be the most beautiful people in the Pacific. The men tall, strong, and every one tattooed, and on their light coffee-coloured skins the tattooing shows up well. They are pictorially marked from the hip to the knee. As they stride along the lava lava, or skirt, swings open at the side showing the design, of which they are intensely proud. No boy is regarded a man until he is tattooed, and the pattern is practically the same for all. It is a painful operation and takes weeks before it is finished. A boy will be able to endure say two hours of the tattoo artist, then he must rest and permit his flesh to heal, then try it again. I have seen these young Samoans on horseback, and they looked like Centaurs, they seemed part of their steed.

Of the women, everyone has heard of their beauty, and many a white man has lost his heart to these fine physical specimens of the pure Polynesian race. Their colour is of *café au lait*, with classical features, long wavy black hair as fine as silk, into which they stick a flower or two. They have wonderful dispositions, seemingly no nerves, Nature's people. Bad temper is scarcely known, they never get angry, have a sense of humour, and laugh frowns away. In manner they are courteous, stately, and of great charm. All the love of the South seems pressed into their large, dark, languorous eyes, set in

curling lashes, while their figures in youth are well-nigh perfect. But they lead a lazy life, and eat the fattening food of bananas, sugar-cane, taro, and yams—each of which contains a large amount of starchy substance—so that when about thirty Madame Samoa turns to *embon-point*, and loses her Tanagra-like figure. Everyone smiles and speaks to you. “Tarlofar”—Good-day—they say; no one needs an introduction with these children of Nature. “Tofar” they say, in good-bye. The Samoans are truly hospitable and always want to give you something; it may be fruit or flowers, a fish, or a piece of tapa cloth, a necklace of shells. You are welcome in their house, you can stay as long as you like, they will share with you whatever they have. Being religious they are virtuous and self-respecting, and they marry young.

The women wear the lava lava, and usually a thin cotton, loose jacket; some have long chemise-like cotton dresses.

The rhinoceros beetle (*Oryctes nasicornis*) has cost Samoa thousands of pounds. This destructive force originally came from Ceylon, and was imported in the rubber plants. The beetle is three to four inches long, black and dark brown in colour, and its body very hard. They fly about at night and attack the coco-nut tree in its most vital part; in some plantations you see thousands of dead trees. They devastate a territory, unless great care is taken, and in the present labour difficulties, when the Samoans dislike work, indentured Chinese workers form the only element by which copra, their greatest export, can be saved. The plantations must be kept clean below, for if the ground is deep in weeds, it becomes an ideal breeding-place for the rhinoceros beetle.

During the German Administration they compelled thousands of native boys to go out weekly and destroy the larvæ, and the New Zealand authorities must do the same, or the beetles will kill every tree. The natural enemy of these pests is the magpie. In 1912 they imported thirty magpies into Fiji, from Australia, but the natives, not knowing what purpose these new birds served,

shot most of them. A few magpies may be found at Taveuni, the so-called garden of Fiji.

The Germans compelled the Samoans to plant a number of trees every year; this habit should be continued. A coconut tree begins to bear at the fifth year, and with care will last for thirty to forty years, when it dies a natural death. Copra-growing seems to have the best results in these islands; once planted and the ground kept clean, the coconut flourishes and brings in good returns. This easily managed industry appeals to the native. If supplies of copra failed absolutely through the rhinoceros beetle, then the native would have to depend upon other resources, such as cocoa, coffee, rubber, kapok, castor oil, seeds, sago, nutmeg, pineapples, pepper, ginger, cloves, sisal, vanilla, and arrowroot. There are thousands of acres bearing coconuts which pay well, and thousands of acres of rich lava soil awaiting the planter, but without labour nothing can be developed.

In 1910 the exports of copra amounted to £27,753, in Opolu and Savaii; the greater value was gained in 1917, when owing to the high war prices 1,207 tons fetched £68,548.

Savaii is the largest island of the group, being 150 miles in circumference, but as the soil is porous and subject to frequent volcanic eruptions, few people in comparison care to live there.

Mr. Williams—“Williannu” called by the natives, by whom he was greatly beloved—occupied a unique position. He was an Irish-Britisher, and for many years was Governor of Savaai, even under the German reign. He was invited to Berlin, and commanded to call upon the Kaiser, who pompously exclaimed, “How is it that you are a Governor of a German Island, and cannot speak the language?” “Your Majesty,” Williams replied, “I can speak one word.” “What is that?” asked the imperious Kaiser. “Prosit,” answered Williams. Whereupon the Kaiser laughed, and immediately ordered drinks.

One of the most interesting personalities is the “taupo” or virgin of the village; the best-looking girl is chosen

to be a "taupo," usually one of the chief's daughters. They make the yagona-kava, and sometimes marry the chief of the village. They are entitled to wear a tall headdress of fair hair and upstanding feathers. They lead all processions, even in going to war, and of course they lead the dances.

Princess Faa Moon was a "taupo," and she married the very handsomest man in Samoa—Mululinuu, son of one of the oldest chiefs.

The women are tattooed with a star, or flower, on the hands, and they make the finest baskets and mats in all the islands. These fine mats range in cost from £5 to £30, and are used for weddings and funerals; they are plaited as fine and flexible as Panama hats, and formerly the custom was to edge the mats with the plumage of parrots, which they imported from Fiji. This is now "tabu," prohibited, as they cruelly used to pluck the feathers out of the living bird, then to send him adrift naked. A weird story is told of one of these escaped parrots, who had only *one* feather left, and queerly enough used to exclaim with irrepressible optimism: "I'm going to fly—going to fly."

Because of the rhinoceros beetle and its larvæ, not a basket or mat is allowed to land in Fiji, Tonga, or any of the islands without being fumigated. Passengers leaving Samoa are obliged to have all their luggage fumigated before being put on board the steamer.

The Samoan language is very dulcet and sweet to the ear, resembling Spanish. In the present day the girls have to be married by two ceremonies, by the Church and by the State, or municipality.

In the old picturesque times, the Tula fale, or heads of the families, met in conclave to select a bride of certain rank. As usual, the girl with the largest amount of property was chosen first. When the selection was made, the boy's family called upon the family of the intended bride and took as gift a quantity of food. If the food was accepted, it was a sign that the marriage might be looked upon with favour. If left outside untouched, it

intimated that they were not willing to consent. If accepted, the chiefs would retire to arrange about the dowry of both bride and groom. The portion presented by the groom was called "oloa," and consisted of live pigs, poultry, canoes, clubs and spears, muskets, powder, calico and hatchets. In the bride's dowry were usually a number of fine mats, "siapo" or native cloth. While the wedding negotiations are going on, the bridegroom takes food to the bride, and an old woman remains ever with her, as rivals may propose. The actual nuptials take place in the village of the groom, where the two parties gather round the "malae" or public square.

The bride appears from a near by hut, accompanied by the old duenna. Her bridesmaids, ten or twelve girls smeared from head to foot with coconut oil, and wearing wreaths of sweet-smelling flowers and necklaces, together with high head-dresses composed of nautilus shells, with their best mats around them and trailing behind, now appear, moving very slowly. They meander over a pathway of native cloth to the centre of the "malae," where sits the groom, and each bridesmaid presents him with a fine old ancestral mat, with solemn ceremony. After this the bride seats herself on a snow-white mat, the duenna a little way back, then with appropriate songs the wedding begins. The chastity of the bride was the pride and boast of the chief—it was death to her if she was proved not a virgin.

Polygamy prevailed among chiefs, but they rarely had more than three wives. Their laws were not as generous as those of the Mohammedans, who could legally have four wives. Adultery with the ancient Samoans was kept under by means of the drastic club—the guilty were usually found out and punished.

An old chief of Savaii, finding his favourite wife in a guilty position with her paramour, ran a spear right through the bodies of both deep into the ground, and there they remained as skeletons, an example, until the winds and rains dismembered their bones.

When death entered their village, they would blow

the conch shell, and implore through their gods to the disease-makers to desist, and allow the afflicted person to recover. When dead they wrapped the body in a piece of native cloth made out of the banyan-tree, which they hold sacred. If a man, his face freshly painted red and black, he was exposed one day, and the next laid to rest on his side, a selection of his wives—each clamoured for the honour—was strangled with a piece of tapa cloth, so that their souls might accompany their man into the Unknown. Only the favourite wives were chosen.

In some of the islands the chiefs take every young girl as she matures for their wives, so the young men of the villages can never obtain a youthful bride. They want to marry, and are forced in many cases to unite with the grandmothers. As they marry at thirteen or fourteen, a grandmother need not be more than a trifle over thirty.

These customs were of the old days. Samoa, with its new administration, its educational advantages, and its wealth of churches, is looking forward to a brilliant future. It is to be hoped that with the inevitable march of time their sweet-tempered, kind, and charming personality will not be sacrificed to the demands of so-called "progress."

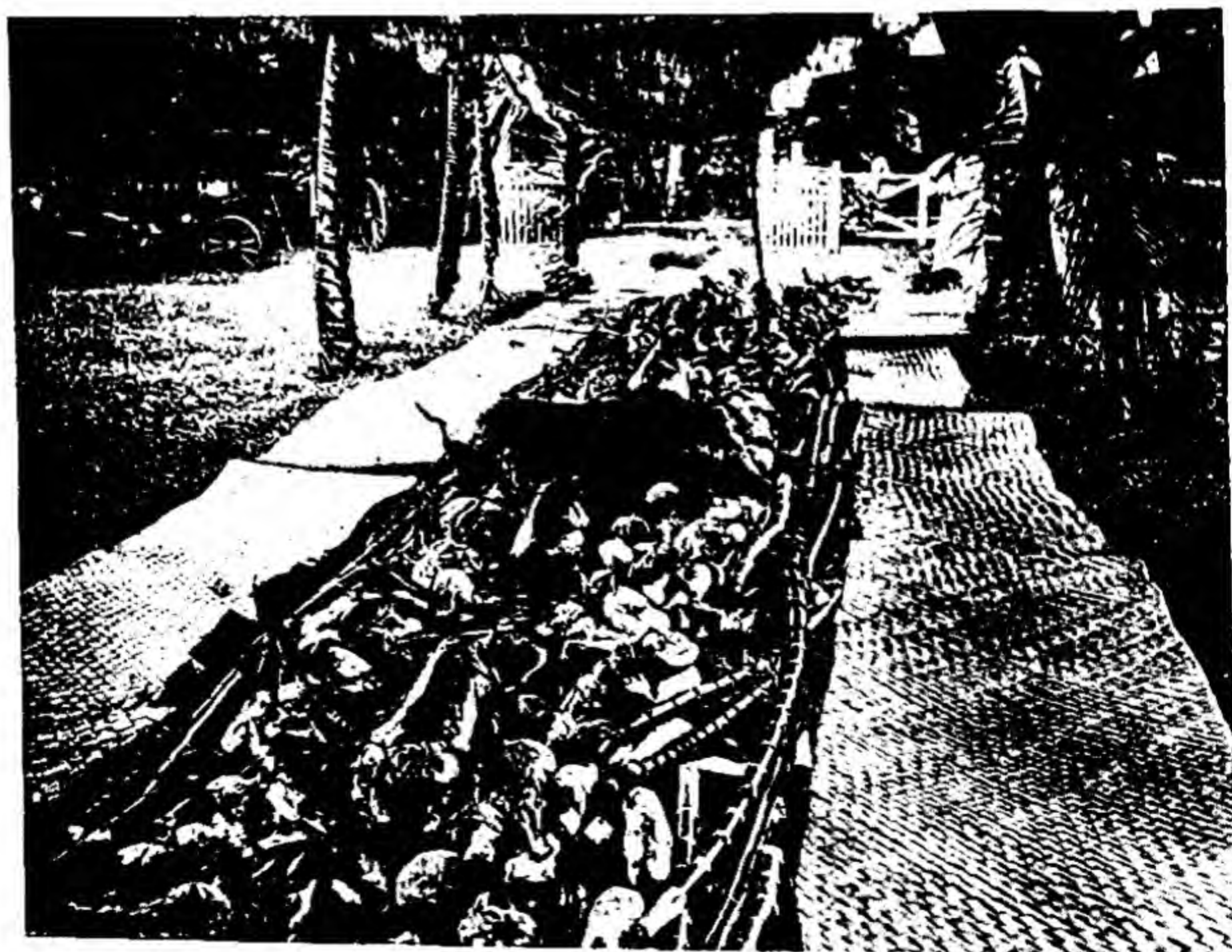
As to catering for passing travellers, there is one hotel at Apia, called the Central, which could be better, and several boarding-houses. I was much amused at the Central, where, on the dining-room tables, the floral decorations were of yellow crinkled paper roses. Why go to all that bother when you can pick any amount of natural blossoms just outside the door?

At the Grand Pacific Hotel at Suva I never saw bananas put on the table. Fiji is noted for its bananas; they are very cheap, a shilling for a whole bunch. It would have been a wise policy to have had bananas on the tables, as this fruit is very filling—guests would not have been able to eat so much food!

Of the excursions from Apia, a favourite picnic place is known as the "Sliding Rock" at Papaseea. You motor



NATIVE HOMES, SAMOA.



THE WEDDING FEAST, SAMOA.

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out, and then have a stiff climb. Over a big rock, which centuries of falling water have polished and made as slippery as glass, you are supposed to do a toboggan slide, straight down into a deep, cool pool. The male sex used to take up some good-looking Samoan girls who were noted swimmers. The man would get into a bathing suit, then put his arms around the girl, and they would push off, with a maddening rush and dash down into the pool; but one needs to be an expert swimmer to be able to enjoy this shooting of the falls.

The scenery about the falls is ideal. Jumping Rock is another place of the same description as Sliding Rock, only less dangerous.

The drives in the environs of Apia are exceedingly beautiful. The Germans left good roads, but if they are not kept in order, as in Rabaul, they will soon be overgrown with weeds. The Government talk of building a road around the entire island—some 120 miles in circumference—of Opolu, which would be a great blessing.

I motored out through the copra plantations some sixty miles. The road at first was very stony, and we bumped considerably. After we got out into the country it improved and turned into a really good thoroughfare. It was perfectly delightful. On one side the graceful coconut palms, crotons of every colour, bushes of hibiscus, trees of the ylang-ylang blossom; and on the other the glorious sapphire sea, mottled with grey on the coral, and light green in the dazzling sunshine, beaches as white as snow, coral ground as fine as salt—the reflections, the beauties of this paradise are indescribable. This part of Opolu is thickly inhabited, village after village is passed, each with its mission, church and school, all denominations are represented. Sometimes a church was seen in ruins, but on the other side of the road you would see a new one or one in process of erection.

The houses of the Samoans are oblong or oval in shape, the matting curtains are raised and tied up. You observe all their domestic life—some are taking a siesta on the pandamus-leaved mats, others are cooking. There is

practically no furniture in a Samoan house, they sit on the floor, eat and sleep on it as well; their mats are scrupulously clean, the thatched roofs are supported on tree poles, tied with native sennit. They lead a lazy life, no hurry, no engagements to keep in Samoa.

Handsome women, in gay lava-lavas and necklaces of shells and beads, saunter leisurely along, leading by the hand tottering cherubs, clothed in their birthday suits only. They laugh and show magnificent teeth, and we wave our hand to them.

Some of the villages have as many as three churches. I stopped at one of the London missionary establishments, a charming place situated on a point running out in the sea. In the school a sedate Samoan was teaching English to a large class of adult male natives. With courteous politeness he bade me enter, and explained interesting details regarding the progress of the mission. He had been to London, and was a fine representative of his race. On we went, my friends and I, through more miles of plantations. It was becoming quite hot, and we were thirsty, so we pulled up to have a drink. What could be nicer than the wine of the coconut? A boy was signalled, a shilling shown him as we pointed to the glistening coconuts above our heads. In a moment up a tree he scaled, clinging on by his toes and hands. He threw down half a dozen or more, then came back to us. We could not dislodge the hard husks, and the boy, laughing at our ignorance, struck the coconut on the stump of a tree, which split the husk, then with a knife he whacked the top asunder and handed out a bowl of the most delicious drink possible to imagine, cool and luscious. After serving all of us, he whittled a spoon out of the husk, in order that we could eat the white creamy meat of the young coconut. Amply refreshed, we proceeded.

These plantations are a most valuable asset to Samoa, and should in no way be allowed to be ruined, either through the ravages of the rhinoceros beetle or the shortage of labour.

This run of sixty miles through native villages and coconut plantations should be taken by every-one fortunate enough to visit Apia.

As indicating the size of these plantations, the German firm known as D.H. & P.G. owned 56,000 acres in the Island of Upolo, and 20,000 acres in Savaii. Rubber has been dropped in preference to copra.

America is a keen competitor against Australia and New Zealand for Samoan copra, and during the war gained a big influence over the copra industry. All lands belonging to the Germans the New Zealand Mandate had a right to take under the terms of the Peace Treaty. They assessed the value of the properties, and gave the German owners a certificate for the German Government to pay upon, on account of indemnity, and sent them back to Germany. The properties which the Administrators are now holding are valued at £1,000,000.

It was considered by the Administration a good plan to give returned soldiers a chance to acquire some portions of these plantations, say 200 acres. If the soldier was financially strong enough to undertake it, it would be a good thing for Samoa, but without labour he would be helpless and lose his money, the labour question being the most important factor here, as in every other place.

It costs £75 to £90 to clear, plant, and care for an acre of coconut. This is the first and most difficult aspect of pioneer work.

Chinese labour seems to be the only salvation for Samoa, seeing that they appear to live and thrive in whatever clime they are put. During the scourge of influenza over eight thousand Samoans died; this loss also added to the scarcity of labour.

The United States have ousted Great Britain in this Samoan trade during the war. Her ships take the copra, and bring back American manufactured goods in exchange. At present business is dull, and every merchant appears dissatisfied with the New Zealand Administration.

One of the foremost citizens of Apia said to me, "Civil administration started May 1, 1920. They drew up a

Constitution without referring to either white or native opinions. Everyone was put on 'prohibition,' and such a strict prohibition that the New Zealanders would not submit to it themselves." All the people who have homes and property in Samoa hate this law, and refuse to have their liberty interfered with by the new mandate.

Business is at a standstill, there is a shortage of shipping, property has gone down. The mandate has put a duty of £1 a ton on copra, and £2 per ton on cocoa, which makes people abandon their plantations, as they cannot make any profit with such taxes and general restrictions.

On all tinned foods and eatables they are obliged to pay 15 per cent. duty. They say they are far worse off under the New Zealanders' rule than when Samoa was German territory.

The Samoans have sent an appeal to His Majesty King George asking to be annexed to the British Empire as a Crown Colony, like Fiji, and to be governed by the Colonial Office.

As this is simply a travel book, and I do not desire to go into politics, I will not discuss the conditions of Samoa; but the Samoans look with jealous eyes to the Island of Tutuila, and to the advantages of Pango Pango, under the control of the United States. Pango Pango has electric lighting and all modern conveniences, while Apia, on the other hand, much more important in a business way, has neither a water supply nor electricity.

Pango Pango is administered by the United States Naval Department, and is a sort of "Pet Wooley" with the Americans. The natives are well looked after, and prosperity is in evidence on every side in American Samoa. The position of Samoa is complex, its difficulties appear to increase, and it is to be hoped that as soon as the world settles down to normal conditions, after the upheaval of the greatest war ever chronicled in history, the affairs of Samoa will be adjusted, and happiness again reign over one of the world's most beautiful islands.

Samoa, or Apia, said an old-time resident to me, was not always the sedate, dismal place that it is at present.

"Since it has been governed by New Zealand, under the mandate from the League of Nations, New Zealand has done all possible to make us sad and angry."

Apia used to be looked upon as the sailors' paradise. Life was free and easy, many lawless characters, South Sea rovers, beach-combers, pirates and such-like gentlemen made it a regular port of call. At the drinking saloons green gin could be purchased for \$3 a case. The American Consul was most obliging, and for \$9 would marry those who were in love to their dusky sweethearts. Now all that is a thing of the past. We are now as dull as ditchwater, and those who can afford it are moving away.

CHAPTER XI

SAMOA (*continued*)

The tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson—Vailima—Stevenson at rest—Mrs. Stevenson—Malietoa—Stevenson's literary property.

EVER since I have been in Apia, my eyes have often wandered towards Mount Vaea—a thickly wooded mountain of some 1,200 feet, which rises directly behind Apia, and is overlooked by the Tua-sivi range. For on the summit of Vaea is the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose works I have read with so much pleasure.

From the sea, or the town, no monument is visible; you must climb to the summit if you want to see it. I desired to very much, for to be in Apia and not visit this great author's last resting-place, would be like being in Rome and not seeing the Vatican.

On Sunday, July 31st, I decided to pay my visit. By car I went out along the floral Tivoli Road; all the Samoans were in the streets on their way to church, and a fine-looking lot they were, too. Then I turned in at Vailima, now Government House, but formerly the beloved home of Stevenson; it was here that he breathed his last.

A carriage-drive through beautiful grounds leads on to the house. His Excellency Acting Governor and Administrator Colonel Robert Ward Tate, C.B.E., very kindly received me, and showed me the part of the house where Stevenson lived and worked. What a great treat it was to be standing on this particular corner of the verandah where the author wrote! I was looking over that same lovely view of sea and mountains which had fascinated him. His Excellency explained that Vailima

had been greatly enlarged since the Stevensons lived there; it was then quite a modest-sized residence. After Stevenson's death, Mrs. Stevenson tried to remain on at Vailima, but found she could not, as the climate was too relaxing for her son by her first husband, Lloyd Osbourne—and she could not live there alone.

Therefore, in 1896 she sold the house and estate to Herr Kunz, the banker and fur trader of Vladivostok, who used to winter in the South Seas. On his death, Vailima passed to the German Government, and eventually it became the residence of the Governor.

Mrs. Stevenson always retained possession of the land on the top of Mount Vaea, where the author was buried, and after her death the plot still remained in the family.

During the German administration, when Dr. Solf lived at Vailima, it was greatly added to, large wings were erected, as well as a huge open-air ball-room.

Yet, here on this verandah, the great genius translated his delightful thoughts into books, which will live while British history lasts.

Mount Vaea is close beside and overlooks Vailima. His Excellency was good enough to let his Chinese boy show me the trail which ascends Mount Vaea.

At the foot of the trail, under spreading trees, was a deep pool and a stream of ever-flowing limpid water. This pool was ideal for bathing—how Stevenson must have enjoyed the cool, refreshing plunge!

Just as I passed over the small bridge, a good-looking young Samoan woman, naked to the waist, was giving her two babies a bath; they all laughed with the pure joy of living as they ducked and swam about, shouting in glee, in which the young mother also joined.

The trail is narrow, covered with dead leaves, and in places slimy and slippery, and I went, ever mounting, amidst a thick, shady forest, ever up and up. It is hard and tiresome, but beautiful; one should take time and not hurry, as it is a very long, stiff, trying climb. Only strong people should attempt it.

All the way up I pictured that funeral cortège of

Stevenson at midnight, ever mounting, and the coffin borne on the shoulders of those stalwart Samoans, who had loved him enough to make him a chief among them—their brother—"O Tusitala"—their story-teller. Onward they bore him to the top of Mount Vaea, to the spot which he, like Cecil Rhodes, had himself selected, whereon to take the eternal sleep.

I climbed and climbed the zigzag path, uncut and full of leaves, until I felt I could not endure much more, through the leafy jungle dark and gloomy, ever higher and higher. Then the final pull to the summit was yet more steep.

Not only was Stevenson carried up here, but Mrs. Stevenson was also, as her body was brought back from Montecito, California, where she died, and was interred with her husband.

At the very summit you arrive at the tomb. Here lies Stevenson, the great writer, surrounded by huge bushes of scarlet hibiscus, his favourite flower, which stand out in bright contrast to the green pandanus-trees, and the simple grey of the coral rock tomb.

Engraved in a corner of the bronze tablet in front is a hibiscus, and in the other corner a lily. The tablet to the memory of Mrs. Stevenson reads as follows:—

F. V. De. G. S. "O ALOLELE" (the name the Samoans gave her).

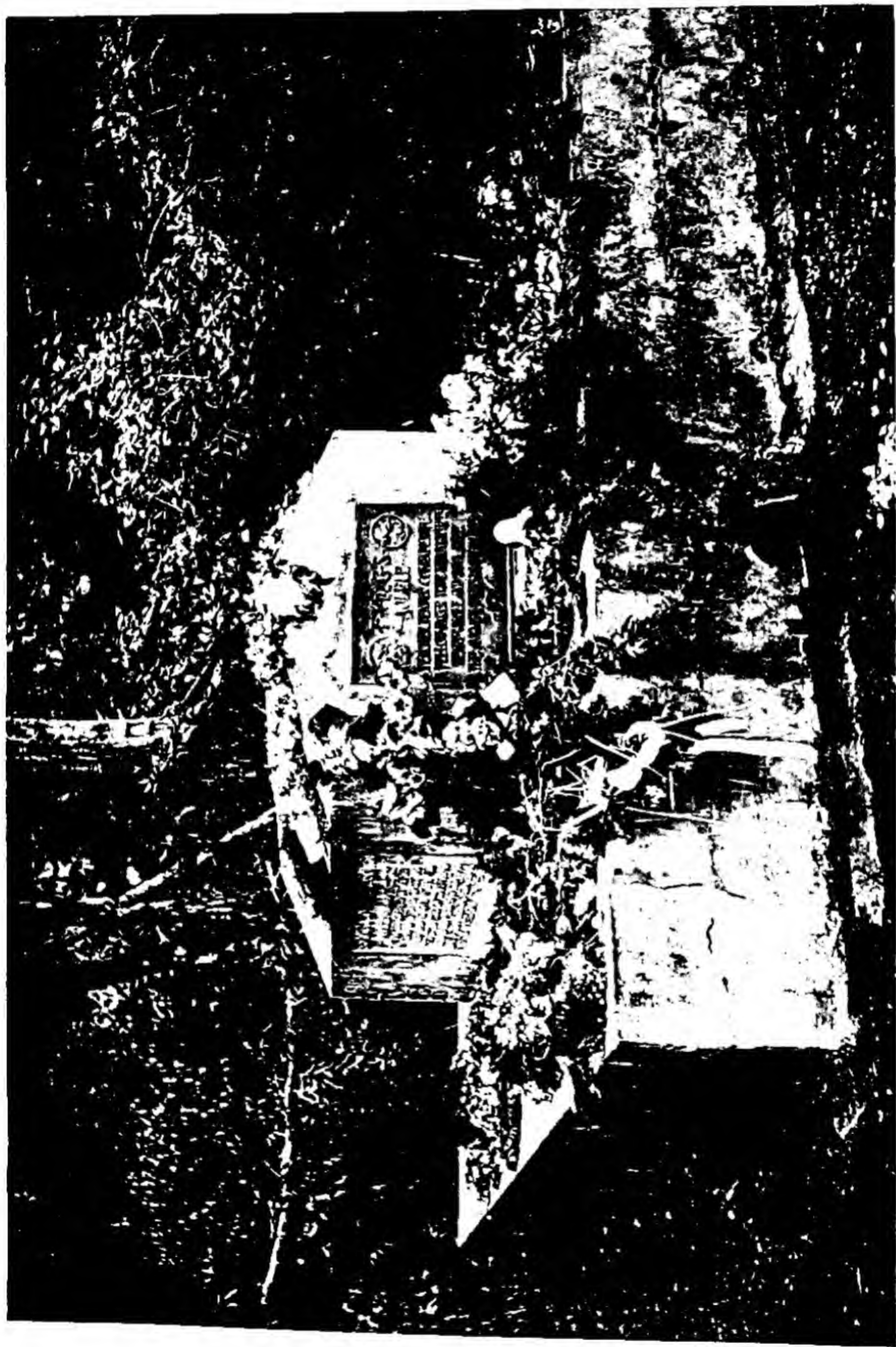
Teacher, Tender comrade, wife, A fellow farer true through life.
Heart whole and soul free, The August father gave to me.

1914.

The tablet for Stevenson:—

1850. R.L.S. 1894.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.
This be the verse, you grave for me.
Here he lies, where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter, home from the hill.



TOMB OF NIEU XON, MOUNT AIA

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[illegible]

This, needless to say, was his epitaph, written by himself. The tablet on the other side of the tomb is in Samoan, a thistle engraved on one side, an hibiscus on the other:—

O Le Ol' iolisaga
O Tusitala.

O le mea e te l alu i ai
Ou te alu ai foi
O le mea e te nofo
Ov te nofo ai e fai lou mu'u mo'u mu'u
E fai lou atua mo'u atua
O le mea e te oti ai
Ov te oti ai e tanu ai foi a 'u.

RUTA i. 16, 17.

Long I sat there on the stone base of the tomb, in deep thought and prayer. Thanks were mine to the Great Maker for permitting me to see so many wonders of the universe, and a profound wonder regarding that Far Beyond—the Shadow Land, through which the Stevensons had passed.

It was a solitary spot with magnificent views. Beyond the trees stretched the blue Pacific as far as the eye could reach. On the land side, a vast panorama of mountains in purples and blues, with sunshine and shadow playing over them, kiss the high heavens.

The deep silence is broken by pigeons cooing, and some smaller birds from the tree-tops chant a requiem. Lianes drape and festoon bush and tree, small ferns form a carpet. The echoes of the breakers on the coral reef in the distance, even in his deep sleep—the sea which he loved—is singing an eternal lullaby.

There was not a flower on the grave. I gathered a mass of hibiscus and wild flowers and placed them there.

So this famous Britisher sleeps on the isolated mountain-top, and will for thousands of centuries. War will never disturb him; only some great upheaval of nature like an earthquake can shake his tomb.

It is a hard and weary journey up here, but it is worthy of the trial. Around the tomb were signs of neglect—

some paper and rubbish—and as Stevenson's tomb is the Mecca for all travellers in Samoa, I think the authorities might keep the path or trail in a better condition.

Coming down the mountain is almost as difficult as going up, as there are any number of loose stones and slippery mud.

It has somehow been my fortune to visit the last resting-places of many of the greatest men in history. I have now a pressed myrtle leaf from the tomb of George Washington at Mount Vernon. I have visited General Grant's, in the beautiful marble sarcophagus on the Hudson; Napoleon in his rose granite sepulchre in Les Invalides, Paris; Wellington and Nelson in St. Paul's, London; the Czars of Russia in their green marble coffins in the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul at Petrograd; the tombs—now desecrated—of the great Pharaohs who ruled ancient Egypt, from five thousand years before the Christian era. But the most impressive burial-place I have ever seen is that of Cecil John Rhodes on the Matoppo Hills in Central Africa, which I visited in 1913. I will quote an extract from my book, *A Woman's Winter in Africa* :—

Cecil Rhodes chose his own grave, there is a photograph of Dr. Jameson and Rhodes choosing it, and about a year ago Dr. Jameson's body was sent out from England to the Matoppo Hills to be buried on the same kopje as his friend Rhodes. It is a kopje 300 feet high, eight great natural boulders some 30 feet in height, stand as tireless sentinels, to guard the dead.

Kopjes after kopjes form a circle, farther on, a range of steep hills; these are surrounded by an amphitheatre of innumerable purple mountains, which circle the horizon, and are rich in the glories of splendid colouring. It could be compared to a gigantic Roman Colosseum, built by nature.

The lonely desolation of the scene is indescribable—and deepest silence reigns for miles around.

Cecil Rhodes named the spot "World's View"; it is twenty-eight miles from Bulawayo, Rhodesia. Thus sleep the Great Dead.

Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife were very devoted to each other; she was older considerably than him. In her he found a true soul-mate. Mrs. Stevenson was

a woman of remarkable strength of character, and a severe literary critic. She was born in 1838 of an old Dutch family, Van de Grifts. When twenty years of age she married Samuel Osbourne and went to California. Three children were born—two boys and a girl—but the marriage was unhappy.

In 1876 there was practically a separation. Mrs. Osbourne went to Paris and took her children to be educated. She lived in the Art Circles of the gay capital where she met Stevenson, a delicate man of twenty-six, and by no means famous.

In 1879 one of her boys died, and she took her family back to California. Stevenson had fallen in love with her, and it was not long before he followed her, he travelling on the steamer as a steerage passenger, and overland to California as an emigrant.

These experiences provided the foundation for some of his best known works, but the hardships inflicted great injury upon his already failing health.

After reaching his destination he nearly died from pleurisy, malaria fever, and exhaustion. A few months later Mrs. Osbourne was granted a divorce from her husband, and in May 1880 she married Stevenson. She took him to a deserted mining camp near Calistoga in the California Coast Range, where he gradually recovered. Here he gathered material for *The Silverado Squatters*. A month later they proceeded to Stevenson's old home in Edinburgh to meet his family, but Stevenson's health—he suffered keenly from bronchial and lung troubles— forbade them living in either Scotland or England, he simply could not endure the cold, damp, foggy winters. Consequently they began wandering, and eventually the Pacific proved efficacious. Stevenson found in Samoa the best health he had enjoyed for years, and he decided to make his home at Apia. Then they chose the beautiful site at Vailima and built their home. The author greatly loved the graceful, intelligent Samoans, and they returned his affection. He lived amongst them as a brother. Occasionally some Europeans would visit them. The

family comprised Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and the latter's daughter, Mrs. Strong, who had also married unhappily, and Austin Strong, her son, who became a celebrated playwright. Mrs. Stevenson's son—Lloyd Osbourne—collaborated with Stevenson in *The Wreckers*, *The Ebb Tide*, and other works.

In Samoa Stevenson spent the happiest days of his life—he was supremely content and did his best work. Gradually his English correspondence dwindled, until eventually his most important correspondent was Sir Sidney Colvin, who for thirty years was keeper of the Prints to the British Museum. Colvin acted as a sort of literary agent and adviser for Stevenson, but the mentor to whom he owed most of his success in style was his wife, whose own literary ability never found adequate expression.

She collaborated with him in *The Dynamiter*, and to the second series of *Arabian Nights* she contributed "The Destroying Angel" and "The Fair Cuban."

Stevenson published nothing after his marriage without her approval.

The natives found no better adviser during the troublesome days of the Malietoa wars than their "Tustiala"; he acted as mediator between the combatants. Stevenson writes: "An interesting character was the high-chief Malietoa, King Claimant of Samoa. Natives brought their treasures to him and were feasted. His attendants blew a note on the bugle and instantly his dancing damsels appeared. At night his time was spent sitting smoking with native travellers, who, returning from distant islands, brought the news. Also the story-tellers delivering elegant orations were a continual amusement to this king. He was a tall, powerful chief—he never married and claimed to be a celibate; he made a chaste vow 'to live as our Saviour did on this earth.'"

Stevenson died in 1894. Mrs. Stevenson went to England for a while, then returned to California and built a country house at Santa Barbara, where she made another home. She took frequent visits to San Fran-

cisco, and made special provision for the housing of the Stevenson relics and manuscripts. During the fire which followed the earthquake, the Bohemian Club successfully directed their efforts to saving the treasures of their old friend, Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Stevenson's daughter, is now a Mrs. Field, and lives in New York.

The value of Stevenson's property was assessed at some £14,000. Mrs. Stevenson's daughter, Isobel Osbourne, married J. D. Strong, a Californian artist, and their son Austin is the author of *The Drums of Oude*, *The Toy-makers of Nuremberg*, and *Rip Van Winkle*, and with Lloyd Osbourne he wrote *The Exile* and *The Little Father of the Wilderness*.

Genius and cleverness ran in the family.

No woman could desire a more eulogistic, touching, and appreciative epitaph than Robert Louis Stevenson gave to the woman he loved and married.

CHAPTER XII

TO FRENCH OCEANIA

A reception to Lord Northcliffe—Auckland—By train through New Zealand—Raratonga—Exports and snakes.

FROM Samoa I returned to Suva, to take ship for Auckland and French Oceania.

During the last days at Suva it rained and rained, as only Suva can; the water came down in a deluge, it was intensely hot, and everything steamed. I found my clothes and shoes decorated with large mildew patches; the rainy season had begun, said the Suva people.

Then the comfortable s.s. *Makura* steamed through the opening in the coral reef, docked, and I boarded her. Many Fijian friends came to see me off; I shall remember their kindness and hospitality for many a day.

Lord Northcliffe, Napoleon of journalism, was on board *en route* to Auckland and Australia. A reception had been given for him at the Grand Pacific Hotel by Mr. Scott, the mayor; all the prominent men had attended.

It only takes three days from Suva to Auckland by the *Makura*. It was slightly rough, and many people kept to their cabins, as did Lord Northcliffe, and after the first day out we drifted into cold weather, white clothes were laid away and out came our blue serges.

It is difficult and dangerous, this changing so quickly from the steamy tropics into the cold winter of New Zealand, especially when for months you have been in continual heat. This was so in my own case. I had to rush to Auckland when I embarked for Suva. As I

intend to take my readers to Tahite the next place, French Oceania, I am obliged now to go to Auckland, and then by train to Wellington, to catch the s.s. *Marama*, which sails from Sydney and calls at Wellington. This line—the Union—has two ships which keep in communication with Raratonga, Papeeti, and San Francisco. The ships are monthly, the *Marama* and the *Tahite*, both good ships, about 5,000 tons, and very comfortable. These are the only vessels one has to depend upon.

Time appears to be of no importance in the islands, ships are few, and you have to wait for them. Therefore in planning a trip to the South Sea Islands, as I have done, it takes much longer than one expects, as there are no cross-way liners. Every ship sails either from Sydney, Auckland or Wellington, goes its direct route, and returns.

When the s.s. *Makura* entered the pretty harbour of Auckland it was daffodil day, their early spring. In the streets the men were selling the flowers for local charities, as we did in London during the war. It was a crisp, sunny day. A luncheon had been arranged for Viscount Northcliffe, but in accepting by wireless he stipulated that he desired to play golf before any entertaining; therefore a game was arranged, and he was transported quickly to the golf links.

The night before leaving the *Makura* the prizes for the deck sports were distributed by his lordship, who made a very kindly speech, which was appreciated by all on board, and the passengers voted him a "good fellow." He took part in some of the sports, and at the fancy dress ball went as a mandarin or Choo Chin Chow.

My train for Wellington did not leave till 7 p.m. I accepted an invitation to lunch at the Grand Hotel, where a man's party was being given to Lord Northcliffe. When I entered the hotel lounge one could not but admire the room. A bright fire was burning in the grate, a sight I had almost forgotten after being so long in the tropics. In huge bowls standing on high pedestals were

arranged hundreds of arum or calla lilies, pure white with golden hearts; it was a beautiful sight. These lilies grow in multitudes in the fields of New Zealand.

Everyone from the ship and all fashionable Aucklanders lunched at the Grand that day. It almost looked like the Savoy on a gala day, for all were anxious to gaze on Lord Northcliffe.

Auckland is a very go-ahead city with some 120,000 inhabitants. There are shops, trams, cinemas, theatres, and a very good museum. The regular museum, containing the best Maori things in the world, will be shortly placed in a modern building, situated in the Domain, which is to cost £150,000. The building is to be erected by public subscription as a joint memorial of the war and museum for the people.

In the Museum they have a splendid war canoe, which must have been a Dreadnought in those days, as it accommodated 1,000 men. It is in perfect condition, and well worth seeing, as is also a Maori house, or temple, with wonderful carving of gods and devils. "Tikis" in greenstone, and the large "merres" of the chiefs, a sort of sceptre, also in greenstone, were most interesting.

After my visit to the Museum, I next went to the Art Gallery, where I saw splendid portraits representing the life of the Maoris—the Lindaur collection. I should say most of the chiefs were there in all their glory, their faces a mass of blue tattoo work, many of them depicted wearing one long greenstone ear-ring from 2 to 3 inches in length. It must have been the fashion to wear only one. Their feather cloaks were remarkable, and nearly every chief held in his hand a greenstone "merre."

Another picture which attracted my attention was a Maori chief in the act of being tattooed. Blood was flowing from the pattern of the tattoo, and he looked as if in great pain, yet apparently the "artist" was relentlessly keeping him to the job.

A painting of the Maoris landing was very fine. Anyone visiting Auckland should pay a call on both the Museum and the Picture Gallery. Amongst the modern artists

one finds the works of Sir Alma Tadema, Blair Leighton, Turner and Brangwyn; these pictures were presented by Sir John Logan Campbell, Mr. MacKervie, and others.

You go from Auckland by train to Wellington—420 miles. The fare, with sleeper, is slightly under £5. The train was crowded, and most uncomfortable—no heat, four in every compartment, and one blanket for each person. No food of any kind, tea or coffee. On I sped through the heart of the North Island, getting colder and colder.

The next morning when I awoke, I found myself in a land of snow and ice: the high mountains were thick with glistening white, a heavy frost decorated every branch, and the streams were crusted over with ice. Quite a change, one can imagine, from the tropics. I sat there huddled up and shivering.

At about 10.30 a.m. we stopped for twenty minutes at a restaurant station, where breakfast was served. The train was two hours late. Instead of arriving at Wellington at one, as scheduled, we drew in at 3 p.m., cold and hungry, everyone complaining.

In going through New Zealand I was surprised to see so many tiny houses. I did not note one imposing place. Sheep with baby lambs were there in multitudes. At Wellington I went to the Midland Hotel, and to my great delight found that they had rooms with baths—*à la Americaine*.

It was still winter in Wellington, which is the capital of New Zealand. One is impressed by the long main thoroughfare lined with shops. The population is 110,000, and the city nestles at the foot of high bluffs or hills. It is the seat of the Governor, at present Viscount Jellicoe. The Parliament buildings are well built and representative of the country.

There is a beautiful drive called the Queen's Parade, which takes one out many miles along the various beaches.

On August 30th I sailed out of the cold harbour of Wellington on the s.s. *Marama*, and again headed north for the South Seas.

The steamer was not crowded, therefore we had comfort

and space ; the *Marama* proved to be a delightful ship. We sailed to Raratonga, Cook Islands, 1,800 miles from Wellington, and Tahite is yet another 630 miles from the Cook Group, and from Papeete to San Francisco takes twelve days by the *Marama*, a distance of 3,660 nautical miles.

The approach from the sea to Raratonga varies from the other islands, inasmuch as here I behold high peaks, or bleak rocks of every fantastic shape, piercing the sky to the height of 3,000 feet, rising up direct from the sea. This island is three miles wide and twenty miles in circumference, very volcanic in appearance, with floral garnitures as in other tropical islands. It is intensely hot, and I go ashore in a launch ; the steamer waited only about four hours to discharge cargo.

It looked a dull, lazy sort of place ; small houses and a mission, churches, and a school.

A party of us engaged a car to take us around the island. The roads were bad ; lately they had had a great rainfall, and the holes in the road were full of water, which splashed upon our white clothes. As along the road we proceeded, it was noted that it obviously had been the native custom formerly to bury their dead in the yards adjacent to the houses. Every house had its depressing graveyard in sight, and in many cases these coral and cement tombs were falling to pieces. We were told that the authorities forbid these detached tombs, and that now people were obliged to go to the cemetery for burial.

Taro, bananas, pineapples, coconuts and very excellent green-skinned oranges were abundant. Children in their nativity suits ran out and hailed us gaily.

The Cook Group of islands are eight in number, viz. Raratonga, Atiu, Mauke, Mitiaro, Aitutaki, Manual (Hervey), Mangaia. Then the seven other islands, Niue (or Savage), Palmerston, Penrhyn, Manihiki, Rakaganga, Danger (or Pukapuka) and Suwarron. The latter islands were annexed in 1900, and are all now governed by the Dominion of New Zealand.

The head of the governing forces is the Resident Commissioner, who also acts as the chief judge of the high court, and every island has a council, with their chiefs, who represent the native wishes to the Administration. Every native owns his own land, and is not permitted to sell it. Hospitals, and schools are free, and the natives are well looked after under the New Zealand Government.

Their exports vary. Of copra, some 1,120 tons, valued at £28,000; oranges, 94,000 cases, fetched £16,000; bananas, £12,000; tomatoes, £5,000; pineapples, £9,000. These products find a good market in New Zealand, and seven-eighths are grown by the natives. Very few white people live in the Cook Group.

After my short visit I stood by the taffrail and watched the conical summits of these mountains disappear in the blue mist of distance—great tracts of land scarcely populated, with fertile soil, which, if cultivated, could supply half the world with fruit from these islands of sunshine.

A passenger pauses beside me and asks if I have seen the snakes upon the top deck.

I reply: "No, but I would like to."

Whereupon we mount the companion-way to the upper deck. It was quite startling at the first encounter. There were many boxes of writhing reptiles, wooden boxes with wire netting nailed over the top to give them air and sunshine. Snakes love the sun, and at noon the man in charge of them lays them out in their beloved heat. He is taking this queer cargo to San Francisco, where they will be placed in the "Zoo." They were captured in Australia. One box will contain enormous cobras, their long bodies as big round as one's thigh. There were families of adders, whose one sting meant death. It was curious to see the many tiny baby adders squirming about; somehow one has no sentiment regarding infant snakes. A woman confided to me her fear that some of them might push their way through the netting, and that it might be possible to find one curled

up in one's berth. This was a horrible idea which the keeper repudiated; he kept a close watch. His wife was with him, and seemed to understand these horrid reptiles as well as an expert. Some of the snakes kept sticking out blue tongues. The keeper told us that they ate nothing from Australia to San Francisco, yet he had to feed them occasionally. The woman now brought forth a sort of egg mixture, and the keeper, holding the snake by the back of its head, brushed out its mouth with disinfectant, then forcibly fed some of them. It was a new thing to me that snakes had their teeth brushed! What extraordinary pursuits people choose in life—dealing with snakes is surely unique! The snakes, however, proved so interesting, their audience increased to such an extent, that the Captain was obliged to forbid people coming up on that deck.

A wonderful collection of birds were also *en route* to San Francisco. Cases full of most curious-looking cockatoos, some with all-white plumage and pale canary colour top-knots. Other birds in dove-grey plumage with pale rose breasts and heads; then cages of birds, red, yellow, blue, all shades. Some parrots had dark magenta bodies with rows of green feathers. Altogether quite a miniature Zoo. I rather regretted that it proved too popular, and that curiosity had to be curtailed.

CHAPTER XIII

SOCIETY GROUP OF ISLANDS, BELONGING TO FRANCE

Moorea—Tahite—Arrival at Papeete—Primitive hotels—An American Monte Carlo—Sailing for the Marquesas—Pearl bargains—German bombardment of Papeete—My week-end with the Princess—Venus Point and Captain Cook.

PAPEETE—TAHITE.

A COUPLE of days' sailing over the blue sea and you next behold the rocky promontories and sheer, stupendous pinnacle heights of the island of Moorea, veiled with filmy white, fantastic clouds. This fairylike island is twelve or fourteen miles from the mainland of Tahite, it is only forty miles in circumference, and the luxuriousness of its foliage, intercepted by crystal waterfalls, produces the effect of some island of enchantment one has seen in dreams.

Moorea was discovered by Captain Wallis, and named by him Duke of York's Island. Since early days it has been a favourite retreat of the kings and queens of Tahite. We pass the beauties of Moorea, and are fascinated by the gigantic mountains of Tahite, which rise like pyramids into the sky. In the centre, Orohema, the loftiest mountain in Tahite, towers over the island to the extent of 7,000 feet above the sea. The pointed summits of La Diademe, into which Nature has cunningly fashioned a huge crown with spurs, the heights of these jut three and four thousand feet heavenwards; the native name is Maiauo. From these perilous heights and rocky precipices the insuppressible tropical foliage clings to austere rocks, then descends down into the recesses of the dark ravines, conquers the lower ranges, and

reaches the pearl-sprayed coral of the shore, where in groves of palms it ever nods to the sea.

So this is Tahite ! Land of the lotus eaters ! Region of perpetual summer, of mountain and flowers, renowned for its beautiful daughters. Artists have been enchanted, and writers with facile pens have acknowledged their defeat in adequately describing the prodigal charms of Tahite.

Even Captain Cook, who must have had a surfeit of islands, says : " In so vast a field there will be room to acquire fresh knowledge for centuries to come, coasts to survey, countries to explore, inhabitants to describe, and perhaps to render more happy." He first saw these islands in 1769. We will delve into its history later, but now will enjoy the pleasure of landing.

The residences of Papeete, capital of Tahite, and the Society Islands, are so enclosed by trees and foliage that one can form no idea of the size of the town from the sea. Glimpses of roofs and the tall spire of the large white native church stand out as landmarks until the ship steams in past a tiny, low-lying island where a few coconut palms sway,—this is the quarantine island. We pass a house raised on piles in lonely isolation far out on the coral reef. This, we are told, is the pest-house, but is fortunately scarcely ever used, as Papeete is considered a very healthy place ; there is no fever, and a constant supply of cold, pure mountain water hurrying down to break through the coral and join the Pacific is probably the reason for the healthy state of the island.

We come into dock. Ships usually remain at Papeete for at least twenty-four hours, which enables people to stay a night at one of the hotels, and with a motor-car—there are many here—one can get a very good idea of the lay of the land.

Steamer day is only a monthly occurrence at Papeete, therefore all the town is there to greet friends. This is a sort of double steamer day, as the *Tahite*, sister ship to the *Marama*, has just pulled off to allow us to dock. The wharf is not sufficiently large for both, and the

Tahite is waiting to take aboard our mail ; she is *en route* south to Wellington and Sydney. Most of the people are in white, the men wearing straw hats plaited by the natives, who introduce black patterns by way of decoration. There are French officers bustling about with their affairs. Every colour is represented, from palest cream to deepest black, in the complexions of these people assembled. There are young girls, slim and graceful, with magnificent eyes, smiling modestly, wearing their long, fine, black hair below their waists in wavy masses. Some of the middle-aged women are extremely fat ; they have on long, loose cotton dresses wide above their feet, and as they wear no corsets, the effect of their bulging, floppy figures is not elegant. They also have hats of native straw, but trimmed with flower wreaths, or with roses made from the fine fibre of the sugar-cane. Many people have shells twisted about the crown of their hats, also wreaths of tiny shells—a speciality of *Tahite*.

There is no troublesome medical examination here, as in Samoa, where they put horrible thermometers down your throat—about a dozen thermometers to 250 people—and for disinfectant a glass of pale Condyl's fluid. The absolute carelessness and disagreeableness of that custom I can never forget.

The Union Steamship Company has a rule that, when you purchase your ticket, you must pay them seven pounds extra, so that, in case you are quarantined, they are sure of your keep. As we were not quarantined, I secured the return of my money.

There are two hotels in Papeete, one, the Annex, where you have rooms only, and go out for meals. Neither of the hotels are the least bit what a hotel should be. They are most primitive, without much regard to sanitation, old, built of matchboards, with partitions through which every sound penetrates, scarcely any furniture, bureau drawers that don't shut, wooden chairs, small straw mats on bare floors, a bed with one sheet and a counterpane, mosquito-net above, and with this

furnishing you have the *de luxe* of Papeete—money will secure you no more.

People told me that they thought the Annex, or Aina Pare, would be the best for me, then I could choose the least disagreeable place for meals. Having handed over my baggage, I took a taxi along the front thoroughfare facing the sea, where the Annex, a small, two-storied, house with verandahs, painted green, was situated. The Annex is owned and run by Johnny Golding. Johnny, as everyone calls him, is the son of the celebrated Louvina, who was probably the most interesting and generous character for many years in Papeete. People here, and from all over the world, loved Louvina, who for many years kept the Hôtel Tiare.

Unfortunately, when the epidemic of influenza struck the town, Louvina, who weighed between three and four hundred pounds, was amongst the first who died of this plague. When I interviewed Johnny about getting a room at the Annex he held up his hands helplessly, and explained that by the previous *bateau* a company of "movie" artists had arrived and taken every room he possessed. My next efforts were directed (Hobson's choice) to the other hotel, Hôtel du Diademe. In this flimsy hotel they were also crowded; the rooms were not much to be desired at any rate. Louis, the proprietor, said he would arrange a place for me just around the corner in the house of a private family, and I could take my meals at his hotel, which I agreed to. I found myself ensconced in a tiny little house; I had two rooms and a half of the verandah which ran along the front of this one-storied cottage. It was clean and not so bad. This was to be my headquarters for some time, as I intended to visit the other islands and the interior of Tahite. If Papeete had an hotel like the Grand Pacific at Suva, it would be a great advantage, and bring plenty of people here to spend the winter from New Zealand, Australia, and the other States.

Travellers mean money—and Papeete has need of it, as her financial condition is not flourishing. The war, the

epidemic, and the partial destruction of the vanilla vines are, as people tell me, the reason for this general depression. The taxes are high, and France cannot do much for her possessions in the Pacific, being so far away. Then one must remember that France is crippled by the war, and her great devastated regions at home have to be put in order; thus her colonies in Oceanic Français cannot expect help.

This week there began a small revolution, on account of the officials increasing rents and taxes. The people met and absolutely refused to consent to further taxation, and when the Government saw that the people were in earnest the imposition was not enforced. Some people exclaim: "If only America would take us!" Others announce that they would be better off as a Crown Colony of Britain. "If they could obtain gambling concessions and turn beautiful Papeete into a sort of Monte Carlo, and induce the Americans to winter here." This idea has many supporters. Their one great need before any other proposition is an up-to-date hotel. No one will stop in Papeete in the present hostels if they have money.

The town has great natural beauty, and is most picturesque. You walk along by the water front, or quay, through the long, wide, shady avenue, on one side bounded by warehouses, shops, residences and the Government buildings, and on the water side you will see every kind of vessel tied up to the trees and iron posts—all streets leading to the water front. Alongside the Quay du Commerce there will be schooners, cutters, launches, small craft for the islands, ships bearing strange names, such as *Vahine*, *Raiatea*, and sometimes stranger cargoes.

The sailing schooner *Hinano*, meaning "Flower of the Pandanus," was about to put out for the Marquesas. This group also belongs to France, and is some 800 miles to the north-east.

I stopped amongst a crowd of voyagers and their friends to watch the boat sail. Two big dark men worked incessantly at the old-fashioned pumps, the perspiration

rolling down their naked backs and glistening in the hot sunshine. A plank connected the boat and the shore, over which walked a queer-looking lot of passengers. They were all blacks and half-castes, except one white official who was going to the Marquesas for the Government, and this ship was the only one which might be sailing for two or three months. "How long would it take to reach the Marquesas?" I questioned the official. "If we have luck and good weather, we may do it in two weeks, or it may take a much longer time. There is no comfort on that ship. If the weather is kind, we can sleep on deck—it is bearable; but if rough, we are all crowded like cattle in where you see the two small ports, black and white. There is no distinction of classes."

I looked at the tiny cabin accommodation; it was primitive indeed. All along the bow of the ship dozens of bunches of green bananas were tied; these would ripen in the sun, and no doubt be a blessing to them. "I had intended to visit the Marquesas later," I said tentatively to the official, but having viewed the accommodation and pondered over the close contact with undesirable natives, I fell into wondering if it was worth it. "If you take my advice," said he, "it's a place to be avoided. You see the conditions of this ship; you may have to be on board three weeks. A lady like you, with no bathing facilities and great discomforts, why should you? And when you arrive, you may have to wait two or three months to get back. As the ships pick up cargo, or wait for cargo, their sailings are indefinite and depend upon circumstances." "It certainly doesn't look very promising," I laughed. "In case I should go after all, is there a hotel or any place I could stay?"

"There are *no* hotels. If you came to the Marquesas, naturally someone would put you up. Most likely a native house would be allotted to you. Food of the country you could get. The house where you would live would most likely be a place in which all the inmates had died of influenza. The Marquesians are rapidly

dying out. In whole valleys that a short time ago had many villages, now there is not a living soul left." "It certainly sounds dismal," I agreed. He continued: "If you want stories for your book, there are plenty of men in Papeete who have lived in those islands, and they can tell you of the Marquesas better than if you went there yourself."

While we were talking the ship was making ready to sail. People wept on each other's shoulders and embraced as if they never expected to meet again, whistles blew, the captain rounded up the passengers and screamed orders. Much to my amusement, I saw a big black pig nonchalantly walking about and grunting amongst the half-castes. They did not seem to mind; they love their pigs and depend upon them. When I saw that friendly pig I definitely made up my mind to cancel any idea of visiting the Marquesas.

Now the ship was out in the water; it had knocked into another boat and crushed some of the bananas; handkerchiefs were waved, and her prow headed for the Pacific. The white sails of the two-master cast pretty shadows in the blue water as she sped along. I continued my walk by the shore, still watching the *Hinano*. She passed Moorea, and as she struck the open sea you could see her pitching like a rocking-horse.

In walking about Papeete, with its shady trees and flowering shrubs, you pause and look up the mango-shaded avenue to the former palace of Pomare V. It is a large, comfortable-looking house, painted pale grey, with tower and clock. It is now the Secretariat or General Treasury.

On the opposite side of the Rue du Rivoli is a one-storied bungalow, almost invisible because of the trees, luxuriant vines, shrubs, crotons, frangipani-trees and flowers. In this bungalow lives the Queen Marau, widow of Pomare V.

Across the way is the Hôtel du Diademe, with its open verandah, upon which I take my meals. Fowls wander

in, mangy cats, and stray dogs. The latter look at you with hungry eyes, which rather disconcert you, and make you feel guilty in taking food which they want. The waiters are too indolent to chase these uninvited guests away. A little farther on is a grassy public square and bandstand, upon which the band, also enervated by the climate, played but seldom.

We now see before us the palace of the Governor-General, a large, cool-looking house in a shadowy garden. Over the entrance drive-way is a crown, and I presume it dates back to the days of Louis Philippe. Between the hours of twelve to three you see not a soul in the streets. The people rise very early, at five and six o'clock; all the work is done then, when it is cool. At 11 a.m. people take a heavy breakfast, lunch or dinner, the meal of the day; then a siesta follows until two. *Dolce far niente*. As an American humorously put it, "You couldn't even get arrested during siesta hours."

The Banque de l'Indo-Chine is one of the best-looking buildings, with a pretty garden. This is the only bank in Tahite, and it has all the business for a thousand-mile radius—from Pitcairn Isles to the Marquesas, and Raratonga to Suva. Everyone says there should be another bank, as a monopoly is not good for the country; they can charge what rate of interest they like.

Amongst the merchants the foremost firms are: S. R. Maxwell & Co., of Auckland; A. B. Donald, Ltd., of Auckland; Compagnie Navale de l'Océanic, of Paris; Comptoir Française, of Paris; Raoulx et Fils et Cie; and Compagnie Française des Phosphates de l'Océanic, of Paris.

In these shops one finds the usual goods needed by the islanders. There is not a great choice, and to one who has come from Sydney and the "Old Country" the prices appear exceedingly high. Naturally it is a long way to bring merchandise, and freight has greatly increased in cost. It is rather amusing to stroll into the Chinese shops, and occasionally one can pick up something inter-

esting—native shellwork, wreaths made of fine shells, silk shawls, and, in the days past, one often found a good bargain in pearls. I was in one of these shops recently and was offered a box of pearls, but there was not a good one amongst them; they were irregular, and some tiny yellow ones, yet the Chinaman wanted an enormous price for them. Black pearls were occasionally found around these islands, and in ancient days people would give away as a souvenir a box of small pearls. The Chinese have the control of any pearls that may be found. In nearly every house you will see pearl shells decorating the walls or on tables, and very handsome they are. Pearl shell formed one of their chief exports; but this year there has been no pearl-diving, therefore the industry is not progressing.

The Society Islands consist of the Marquesas, the Pomotos, and scattered islands in that region. Roughly speaking, 3 per cent. of the population is white, 7 to 10 per cent. are Chinese, and the rest natives of the Polynesian race.

The colony depends economically upon copra—some 12,000 tons are a fair average per year—also vanilla beans and pearl shell. In 1920, 56 tons of vanilla beans, 342 tons of pearl shell, and 220,000 gallons of coconut oil went to the United States. There is an American oil mill for crushing copra at Papeete. About 50 per cent. of the total imports come from the United States, and some 30 per cent. from New Zealand.

Phosphate production is in the hands of one company on a distant island. Their machinery imports have always been almost exclusively from France.

At the time of writing, the commercial conditions are worse than they have ever been. There are but few passenger boats between Papeete, San Francisco and New Zealand. Good radio communication exists, and the codes in use are the ABC, Bentley's, and Western Union. A postal arrangement insuring parcel-post shipments is in operation.

Papeete has a population of not more than 2,000 white

people, and of Chinese 1,500. There are estimated to be 2,800 in all in the Society Group.

In 1918 the epidemic of influenza took a toll of 4,000 people—they died in hundreds a day. In this hot climate a body may not be kept above ground more than twenty-four hours. The waggon for the dead used to go through the streets, the corpses, wrapped in sheets, were piled high up in the waggon. People shuddered to see it pass, not knowing if it might take them the next day. The bodies were taken to the cemetery and put into one immense grave and burned. Whole families were annihilated. Children became orphaned and were adopted by those who had lost their own. Nurses could not be obtained, and doctors were worked to desperation. After the epidemic passed, people became sad and despondent, and they say Papeete has changed in temperament since death created such havoc amongst them.

The Catholic cathedral near the market-place is a large, well-built structure. Within are many saintly pictures and stained glass windows. There are comfortable seats; no sitting on the mats as in some of the islands. The pulpit is of handsome carved wood. At the entrance on each side of the cathedral are black marble tablets inscribed in gold letters—the names of the men who died in France. “Soldats Catholique de Tahite—Morts pour la France, 1914–1919.”

The long evenings at Papeete are usually spent at the two cinemas, the Casino for English plays, and the Bambous for French pieces. Dusk descends about 6 p.m. People do not care much to read, because it is too warm indoors, and if you turn on the electric light in come myriads of mosquitoes. You prefer to sit on your verandah, or take a stroll along the front boulevard, under the trees, where you chat and meet people taking the air. This walk is certainly beautiful by moonlight. Many are the stories of lovers and licentiousness, but in my experience I have not seen any more love-making with the Papeetians than I have witnessed in our parks at home and abroad.

At the cinemas they have a tiresome way of showing a section of a picture, then putting up the lights; this goes on for quite six or eight times, which is wearisome in the extreme. The performance begins at eight, and often lasts till midnight, while if shown as it should be, two hours would be ample time to spend at the show. It seems strange to see again the old war pictures—President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson in Paris in great state and favour, and other notabilities who have passed into oblivion. A band of the town plays once a month in the square. Papeete has now become sleepy and respectable.

To-day is a fête day. A band plays, and a procession marched along the front. It is September 22nd, and in 1914 the German cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneiseman* entered the harbour of Papeete at about 6 a.m. They circled around to get a good position, and suddenly opened fire upon the practically undefended town. Papeete had a light battery, it is true, but it was too weak to affect the Germans. There were two small French gunboats in the harbour. These the Germans sunk. The enemy directed their fire to the market-place, where crowds would be collected in the early morning buying provisions for the day.

One Chinaman was killed, also a native, while several were wounded. Fires began to spring up all around the town; women and children made a hasty retreat to the mountains for shelter, and on looking many saw their homes in flames. The Germans must have known where the American Consulate was situated on the front. They took precautions not to hit that; it was quite a safe place for the Papeetians. It is said that one woman stood upon the verandah and took snapshots of the entire bombardment, which lasted until about 10 a.m. Then the Germans sailed away, after destroying a million dollars' worth of property. These two German ships met their destruction in the battle off the Falkland Islands. They were sunk by the British. All day the flags of the Allies are flying victoriously from every house and flag-pole in Papeete.

MY WEEK-END WITH THE PRINCESS.

The Princess sent her nice car for me at 6.30 p.m. In the tropics at this hour in September night begins to draw her curtains; but the moon was nearing its full, so that in passing out of the town into the country where the Princess lives the beauty of the scenery was veiled with mystic splendour. The stars were brilliant in the sky, and the lesser lights of the Tahiteans gleamed from small houses which were almost smothered in foliage and flowers.

After a time, which was much too short for me—I felt I wanted to go over all this beautiful island in the moonlight—we turned into a long drive which led to the house, acknowledged to be the best in Tahite.

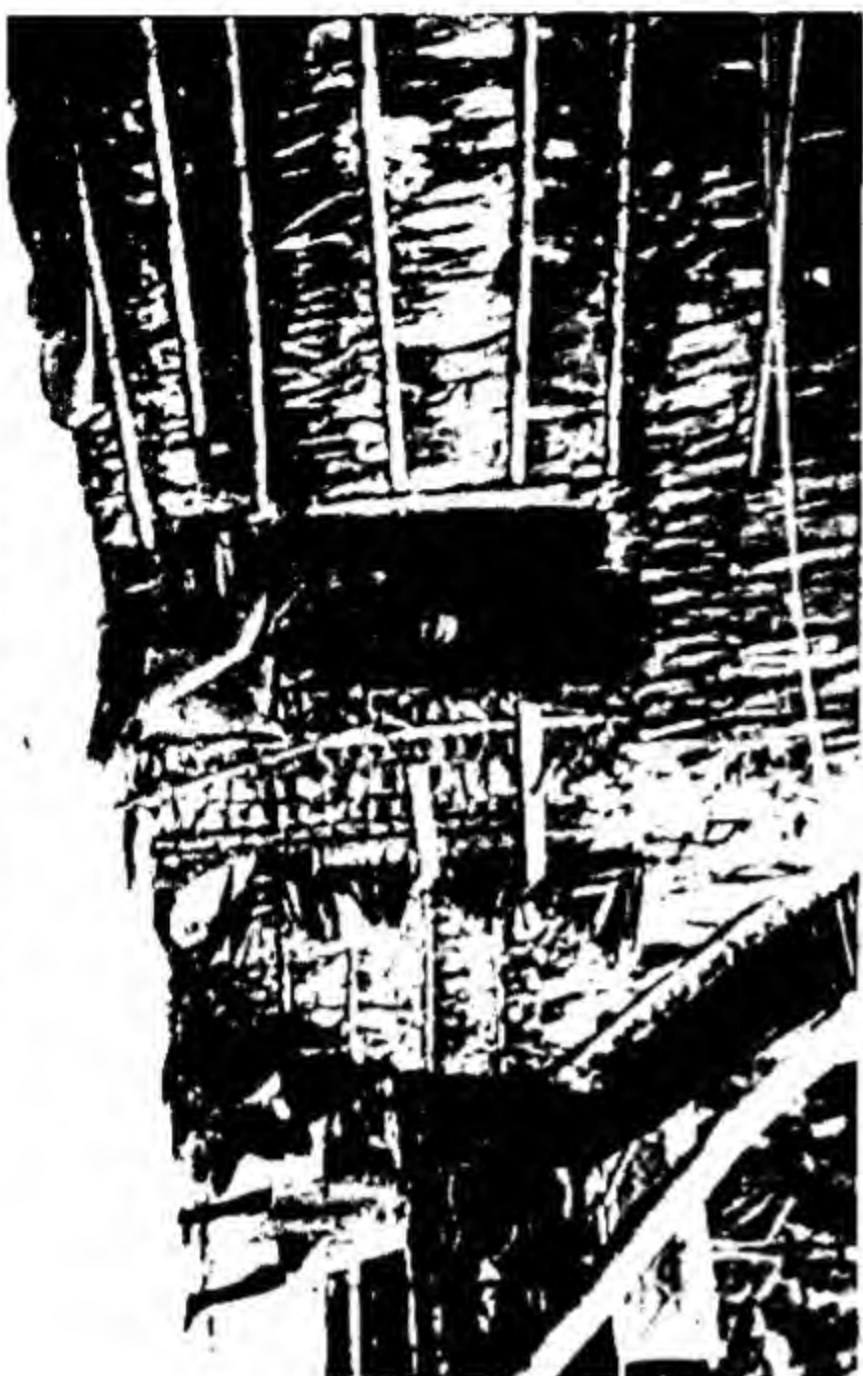
The Princess was awaiting me on the large, flower-laden verandah. She is a tall, big, fine woman, pale coffee colour in complexion, with sparkling dark eyes, white strong teeth; her masses of black wavy hair she wore coiled on the nape of her neck. It is fortunate for the women of these islands that Nature adorns them with this long wavy hair, which gives them the appearance of having just left the hairdresser's hands. All the women are thus gifted. For strangers with straight hair, they must wear it so, as no artificial curl would remain after a few minutes in this heat, where one is ever wet with perspiration.

The Princess was dressed in pale lavender muslin with lace frillings. On one arm was a green jade bracelet, and on a slender chain which encircled her neck hung a beautiful pear-shaped pearl. The gem was pure white at the top and shaded into mauve at the bottom. "It was quite a freak pearl," she afterwards explained to me.

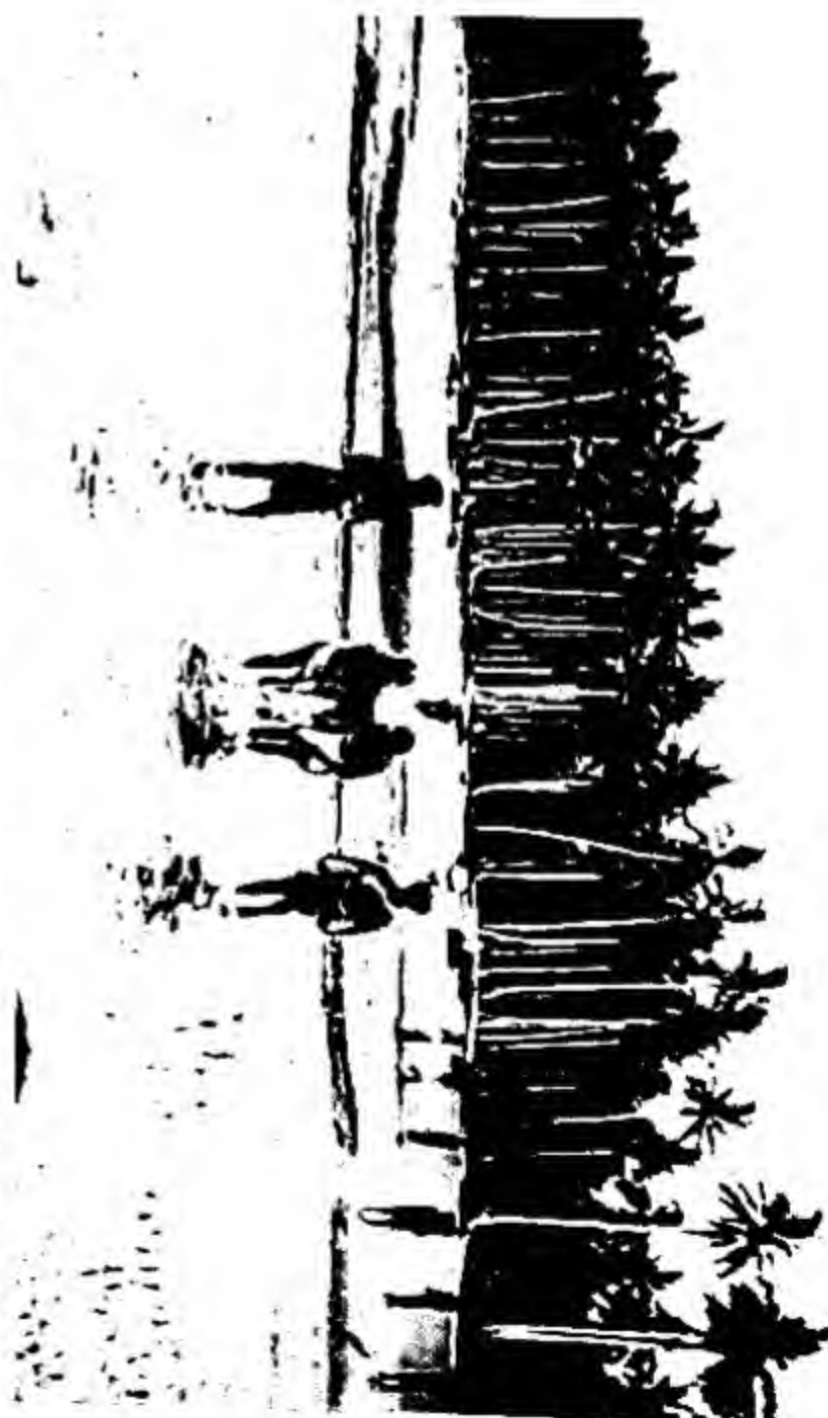
Beside the Princess Tuera stood two dear little girls with dark hair and lustrous, wondering eyes. Her small daughters, aged seven and five, speak French and the native language. The Princess converses in English as well. She is a widow, having lost her husband, three years ago, by the dreadful epidemic of influenza. Her



NATIVE LIFE, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



LIFE OF LEISURE, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



NATIVES CARRYING ONE TO THE BOATS, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



THE USUAL NATIVE HOUSE, SOLOMON ISLANDS.

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son, Tomatoa, who would be king by right of succession, if the islands again became a kingdom, is being educated in San Francisco.

We entered a large airy room, which they called parlour, and soon rum punches were served by a Chinese butler arrayed all in white. They make the rum on the Princess's estate, as well as molasses, or treacle we call it. She has also a sugar mill. These delicious punches were composed of a small quantity of rum, ice, water, and lime squeezed into the glass, also a slice of lime floated on the top. Nothing is more refreshing in the tropics.

After we had finished the punches, and had smoked a cigarette, dinner was announced. The Princess and I dined alone, and she led me into a long room that ran the length of the house, the centre of which was the dining-room; the other part formed a library, and the further end was a sitting-room or lounge. Over the table, decorated mostly with roses, hung an alabaster lamp, formed as in America, the electric light being invisible, but the glow throwing a moderated brilliancy over all. Huge bowls of flowers were placed around the room as in our homes in England, and many curios from distant islands adorned the walls.

Our dinner consisted of soup, a wonderful dish of fish, raw, cut up into small pieces and laid into coconut water and limes. This was delicious in taste, resembling oysters. With the fish was served roasted feis, which are like large bananas, only softer, golden in colour, and most nutritious—one of the staple native foods of the island. The next course was a prawn curry, the prawns larger than ours. Now came on a shoulder of a very big fish, a tuna; this was served with tomato sauce, and there was a salad of cucumber. By this time I felt I had feasted royally and sufficiently, but now a big piece of roast beef with vegetables was passed. I asked permission of my hostess to decline this, after which a vanilla cake, soft and spongy, and eaten with a white, creamy sauce of grated coconut, again tempted me.

French claret and ice-water was succeeded by large cups of strong native coffee, after which liqueurs of old Tahitian rum completed a repast I shall ever remember.

After dinner the Princess and I strolled about the moonlit garden and smoked our cigarettes under 40-foot high oleander-trees, heavy with pink blossoms. I had met the Princess in San Francisco, where we were both the guests of a multi-millionaire family of California. We had much to discuss. She told me how Papeete had changed since the old days of romance, when the natives were content to live their lives simply in their natural manner. Then they were happy. Now they all wanted to be as the Europeans, and desired the luxuries of the world.

Times were hard. Previously they had not felt the sacrifice of the war, as Nature is prodigal with them. The prices of cotton goods and every requirement of the native has doubled and tripled in price, the exports are few, and ready money scarce.

I told her that the other islands which I had visited were in the same condition. In fact, the whole world felt the pinch of the war, and would continue to suffer. Meantime the German Kaiser, who is the cause of the upheaval of the Great War and the indirect slaughterer of over ten million men, friends and foes, still enjoys a luxurious life at his nice snug castle in Holland, surrounded by a few of his courtiers, who flatter and tell him he is still great, that only bad luck lost him the war—and world power—while they sit in their easy chairs and help him drink the carfuls of old German wines which arrived when he came under the protection of Holland. "Lest we forget!" said the Princess sadly, and I acquiesced.

That night I slept in a large bedroom with many open windows. There are seldom doors in the houses, as one needs all the circulation of air possible. I climbed into the four-post bedstead, hung with voluminous mosquito-netting, and fell asleep listening to the song of the sea as it beat on the black coral beach at the foot of the lawn.

Next morning, when I awoke, I was amazed at the beauty of scenery, but I had not time to tarry, as the Princess was waiting. I hurried to the shower bath, stood under the water and scrubbed myself, then donned my clothes hastily.

Although in this house they have bath-tubs and every convenience of running water in the dressing-rooms, the habit is to turn on the shower; one never wants hot water in this country. You simply put on a rubber cap to save your hair, take soap and sponge, then stand under the shower. Out here, where it is steamingly hot, one requires two or three showers daily; in fact, under the cooling influence of water are one's best moments.

The Princess and the little girls, all in white, form a pretty picture as I sit down to table. They are laughing with the joy of childhood, and are rejoicing because their mother tells them that Jeanette, a friend of seven years old, will spend the day with them, accompanied by her aunt.

Our breakfast is coffee, bread and butter—the latter made on the farm—big, fine bananas and oranges, and proved to be most enjoyable.

I go upstairs to do some writing, and these are the views that are presented from my windows:

Last night, although the moon made everything picturesque, the glorious Ra—God of the Sun—to-day belittles the mysteries of the night. I stand looking out to the sea enchanted: it is indeed a paradise of sea, mountain, and flower. I hear the gentle sob of the ocean, which in colour is pale turquoise on the reef, and indigo further out in the deep water. On the horizon are banked hosts of white silvery clouds, perfectly mirrored in the quiet sea.

A spacious lawn reaches to the water, upon the banks of which tall coconut trees with feathery fronds stand motionless in the still atmosphere. In the centre of the lawn is the Princess's flower garden, which she attends to herself, and great has been her success, especially in the cultivation of roses and chrysanthemums, which

one would not expect to flower in so hot a clime. She has hundreds of roses of every shade in bloom, and many plants of the tropics which I cannot name, bushes of asparagus and maidenhair ferns growing luxuriantly, and red and white frangipani-trees mingle their fragrance with the roses; the air is pungent with varied perfume.

This lawn, many hundreds of years ago, was the scene of some weird ceremonies and sacrifices. It is beyond the records of the oldest families, but the history has passed from one generation to another by word of mouth. Facing the sea stand two large upright stones, about three or four feet high, moss-grown, and grey. Here in those forgotten days of long ago devil-worship was carried on. A man or child would be demanded as a sacrifice to the devil; they were killed on this lawn and in front of the beautiful blue sea to appease the devil. Their bodies were never eaten—there has been no trace of cannibalism in Tahite, although in the Marquesas it was quite a common thing, and rumour says still exists in remote regions there.

For this devil demanded the eyes of the victim. These were gouged out and left there for the night, while the people took their departure. Next morning they would return, and invariably the eyes had disappeared, for they believed that the devil liked to eat the eyes of his victim, and that these satisfied the monster for some time. It would be more feasible to assume that land-crabs, insects, or other species of the lower life were responsible for the disappearance of the eyes, but such was the devil service and worship.

One could not imagine such a horrible proceeding taking place out there on the peaceful, sunlit lawn.

At the foot of the steps leading to the veranda are several paw-paw trees heavy with fruit. Some of the paw-paws are golden, showing that they are ripe, others are dark green in colour. A trumpet vine blazing in a curious red weaves itself in and out of the verandah and around the tall flag-pole.

The carriage drive to the house is lined on both sides

with hibiscus bushes of red, white, pink, and mauve, double and single blossoms, and there are croton-trees of reds, yellow, green and white and variegated. Contrasting this foliage are the glorious red frangipani trees, no leaves now, only blooms in clusters with cream petals, each touched as by an artist in red, fading into delicate pink, then lost amongst the white. Intersecting these are large decorative palms, a mass of cool, green, feathered branches.

This place is entrancing with the glory of Nature, and owes but a very small portion to art. Birds sing in the trees, tiny chants, not like our nightingales, and minas chirp in the sunshine. All about these vast grounds, in company with the other trees, are oleanders in pink, white, and red, standing as tall as 30 to 40 feet, and the purau-trees, covered with ferns at their base, with huge green and white-leaved lianes from Honolulu climbing and decorating their big trunks. These cast a friendly shade so much needed in the tropics.

The purau hibiscus trees are like a great mother to the natives. If you put the leaves in water, they soak to the softness of velvet. Native babies when born are washed, upon arrival into this vale of life, with the purau leaves; skirts are made of the leaves dried, and the boiled root of the trees makes yellow dye.

Almost bewildered by this tropical beauty, I wander to the other side of the house, and find the view equally superb. The highest mountain rises to the height of 7,000 feet. I see the summit of La Diademe, with every point of its crown distinct, a white, fleecy cloud for its background. The lower range of mountains, which slope directly down to the house, are purple, brown, and green, flecked with sunshine, and the tops blue in the distance, caused by the intense heat. Between are groves of coconut palms, and nearer the banana and bread-fruit trees look wonderful, as does the passion-coloured bougainvillea, as it rises in blatant majesty and flings its purple branches to other trees, rests upon them, and takes up a permanent lodging.

From every spot a picture greets you.

During the day some visitors arrived, so we decided to motor out to Venus Point, about three in the afternoon. It is seven miles there, and very beautiful is the drive past native houses of thatch and bamboo, with flowers everywhere. It is not to be wondered at that Captain Cook called Tahite "the Paradise of the Pacific." All along the road, which is rather rough in places, we encountered native girls, with their long, black hair flowing down their backs, pale brownish complexions, a pleasant smile, and wonderful dark eyes. If they only realized the power in those eyes! Still, since the discovery of Tahite, every traveller has been enthusiastic about the beauty of the Tahitean girls and women. They are dressed in pretty, long, loose muslin or cotton dresses, and many wear large-brimmed sailor-hats of very fine straw, plaited locally and trimmed with straw roses.

At some places we drive along the beach, then again we must cross over a small mountain, the soil of which is red. When the Germans bombarded Tahite and set fire to the town, the Papeeteans came and sought shelter behind this mountain, and from its height many looked down into the town and saw their houses and treasured possessions being eaten up by the flames. We had a lady in our party who had had that experience, and the Princess said she also was obliged to take to the mountains. We passed over bridges, under which bubbles crystal-clear streams direct from the higher mountains. Tahite is fortunate to have an ample supply of pure water. The peaks frowned down upon us from their solitary grandeur, and on the other side the surf beats a continual chant upon the reef.

What is that lovely perfume? The Princess waves her hand to the field of vanilla beans. I had never seen vanilla growing before. Many of the people put the beans into their clothing to scent them, but care should be taken to wrap them in muslin bags, as the oil of the bean leaves a stain.

This delightful drive ended at Venus Point. We



LIGHTHOUSE AND MEMORIAL MONUMENT.

VENUS POINT.

To face page 204



A PAPEETEAN BEAUTY, TAHITI.

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walked to the monument erected to Captain Cook, who led a British scientific expedition here in 1769 to observe the transit of Venus over the sun. As I walked towards the stone globe which is mounted on a star-shaped pedestal of coral, my thoughts naturally turned to that greatest navigator the world has ever known. It was wonderful to think that a hundred and fifty years ago he had stood there and looked over the same seascape. I presume it has not changed a whit.

Captain Cook planted a tamarind tree here, which is now dead, because everyone cut off a piece as a souvenir. A white fence surrounds the monument, and the tablet states that: "This memorial was erected by Captain James Cook to commemorate the observation of the transit of Venus, June 3, 1769, and was restored by the Society and the Royal Geographical Society in 1901."

A few feet back a very high lighthouse throws its rays, and guards ships from the reef. It was constructed in 1867, under the reign of Pomare IV, the Queen of Tahite.

Chairs were brought us from the one small house on the point. We seated ourselves, and a boy scaled a coconut tree and brought us some green nuts. These he arranged native fashion, and we all had a drink of delicious coconut wine, or water. It is thin and looks like water, but is as full of nutriment as milk—Nature's remedy for thirst. We were all so happy sitting there, and every once in a while holding our bowls up to drink! Then, with the young coconuts the meat is snow-white, creamy and delicious. I had to be shown how to get the meat or flesh out—by simply sliding your thumb under the flesh the big strips are yours.

The ladies were talking of how the customs of the natives had changed. They said that formerly no cups or glasses were used; they made their own out of the coconut shell and carved them artistically. Now they must buy European utensils. The same applied to shoes and stockings; no one wore the pareu now in Papeete, only in the country. The pareu is a piece of cotton cloth two metres long and one metre wide, which covered them

from across the breasts to the knees, and which was formerly universally worn. They are civilized, and not so good; civilization has changed their sweet natures and made them discontented.

On the way back we start to gather mountain flowers, some with a sort of red pompom as blossom, and the fragrant tiare flower, which the girls make into wreaths to crown their dark tresses, and which are much like our tuberoses. We waved our hands gaily to pleasant, smiling people all along the line, in this flower-laden country, a land always warm, never neglected by the great Sun God.

It was a great pleasure for me to roam about the house of the Princess. The rooms were large and airy, every comfort had been thought out; there was always a breeze in one part of the house. She had some beautiful old-fashioned furniture, which had formerly adorned her ancestral home, and which was fashioned from the fine woods of the Tahitean forests.

Many photographs of the royal family hung on the walls—the Queen, wearing a full flowing robe trimmed with ruffles of lace, and other people who had made history in Tahite.

One cabinet was full of pearl shells, with clusters and single pearls attached, just as they had grown on the shell. The black pearl shells were very handsome and iridescent, but I prefer the white. Some of the pearls, milky white, stuck out from the shell, and if cut off must have been valued at several hundreds of pounds. Wreaths of lovely shells, and chains of them, held the light lace curtains in place. Wherever I looked were beautiful things and new ideas and customs.

It was with regret I said good-bye to this handsome Princess, and thanked her for her charming hospitality. She has invited me to again visit her at her plantation in the country, some fifty miles away.

CHAPTER XIV

HISTORIC TAHITE

Discovery—Captain Cook's visit—Captain Bligh on H.M.S. *Bounty*—The Wicked Arreioies—King Pomare—First church of the South Seas—Missionaries and the Marquesas—A few curses—Early customs—The first horse—The coming of the French—Dynasty of the Pomares ends.

WE shall now put back the years until 1767, just to see under what conditions the Otaheiteans, as they were then called, lived. Their idol worship, the great chiefs who ruled, the Arreioies, a very Bohemian society, who practised infanticide, but were extremely powerful. We will, in a thumb-nail sketch of history, follow the progress of this gem of an island.

Captain Samuel Wallis, of H.M.S. *Dolphin*, on June 19, 1767, discovered Tahite, and named it King George III Island. He sailed into the bay of Matavai and stuck on a coral rock for an hour or so. He called the reef Dolphin Rock. He landed at Matavai, or Port Royal, situated in latitude $17^{\circ} 36' S.$ and longitude $149^{\circ} 35' W.$

From quotations from the oldest books, and the log-book of Wallis, he says he was enchanted with the floral island. "All the women are handsome, and some extremely beautiful," are Wallis's own words.

Shortly after the *Dolphin* arrived no less than 300 canoes, having on board as many as 2,000 natives, surrounded the ship, and more than 800 climbed on board. They behaved amicably, but stole everything they could seize.

On the following day they had a small fight, in which one man was killed and another wounded. It is said that the native women used the most shameless enticements to tempt the sailors; there could be no language

between them, as neither knew the other's speech. However, the sailors were forbidden to land, at first at any rate.

Wallis writes that on the second day a very handsome Amazonian young woman, evidently of the highest rank, and carried on the back of a man, visited him. She brought in canoes many attendants, scores of pigs, bananas, bread-fruit, and coconuts, also the white cloth of the country made out of bark. This was Oberia, without doubt, a great chieftainess.

According to the "Memories of Arii Taimai E—Marama of Eimeo—Teriirere of Tooarai," Wallis's friend, Oberia, was her great aunt, Pura.

Captain Wallis accompanied Oberia ashore. She wanted Wallis to be carried on a man's back, as she was—a sort of royal fashion. This Wallis refused to agree to. She then walked with him, took his arm, and whenever they came to dirt or water she lifted Wallis over as if he were a child. She was big and strong; Wallis became very friendly with her; it was quite a romance. Every day she visited him, and brought heaps of food.

Polynesians only touched noses in greeting. The chief or chieftainess could have as many lovers as they wished, but if a child came from their connections it was at once put to death.

Another version is that Oberia was a licentious chieftainess, who did not live with her husband Oammon, who ruled at that time on behalf of his son, Temarre. Oberia was the mother of Temarre. There appears to have been a barbarously sensual time between the men of the ship and the native women.

Captain Wallis having obtained supplies, left a lot of presents, and he gave Oberia turkeys, a gander and geese, poultry and a cat, either of which the natives had ever seen before.

Captain Wallis sailed away on July 27th, and it is said that Oberia wept copiously.

In the following April 1768 M. de Bougainville visited Otaheite and remained eight days, after riotous living, many of his men returning with venereal disease. At

this time the whole island was ruled by Temarre, who was son of Oammon and his wife Oberia.

In 1769 Captain Cook made his first visit—he was Lieutenant at that time—on H.M.S. *Endeavour*; he anchored in the Bay of Matavai on April 12, 1769. The object of the explorers was to observe the transit of the planet Venus over the disc of the sun. Their observations were made on June 3rd.

Lieutenant Cook made a survey of Otaheite accompanied by Mr. Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph Banks), who was exploring in the cause of natural history, and Dr. Solander, a Swede.

The natives were kind to Cook; they showed him the turkey and the gander which Captain Wallis had given to Oberia.

In those days morality did not exist amongst these natives. They had no idea of respectability. Passion and lawlessness were dominant.

On August 17, 1773, Lieutenant—now Captain—Cook again visited these islands. He showed the natives the first map ever made of Otaheite.

Captain Cook revisited Matavai on April 22, 1774, after having sailed the Antarctic Circle in search of a southern continent.

Otoo, of another clan, was now chief or ruler.

In 1777 Captain Cook again anchored at Matavai on August 13th. His ship was the *Resolution*; he was on his way to the north-west coast of America.

The native Omai, who went to England with Cook in 1773, now returned. He had received great attention from the Court of George III. He was a curiosity to the British nobility, the first Tahitian they had seen, and he had great social success.

The Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, introduced him to George III at Kew. His portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; poets wrote verses about him. Omai came back loaded with gifts, and had many stories to relate about the wonderful things he had seen and the ability of the British.

The force and influence in the early history of Tahite was entirely British. Otoo was an English name given him, the native name was Tu-nui-ea-i-te-Atua, which means God ; translated it would be Great God, or Great Chief.

Omai sent a present of red feathers to Otoo—the Ura—only the head chief had the right to wear a girdle of red feathers. The Ura came from the parrot or parroquet. Second chiefs wore girdles of yellow feathers, and it was the custom for them to uncover their heads and bodies to the waist when in the presence of one socially superior.

The eldest child became the head of the family directly after its birth, and in the absence of sons, daughters became chieftainesses in their own right.

At this time Captain Cook brought as presents one bull, three cows, a horse, a mare, some sheep, and garden feed. It is said that it was then that the lantana, which has proved such a pest, together with the *Mimosa sensitiva*, was introduced into the island.

Otoo had still the gander which, years before, Captain Wallis had given to Oberia, who was now dead.

It was the fashion to offer human sacrifices to the idols, and one was never sure but that they might be chosen. Unfortunately, Captain Cook returned no more. He was killed at the Sandwich Islands on February 14, 1779, and children ate his heart and liver, which they found on the beach. They thought it was dog meat, which was eaten a great deal at that period !

Otoo espoused Iddeah, and the first child she bore him was immediately suffocated—the rule of the Arreoies Society, and they desired to preserve their rank with the Arreoies. The second child, a son, was allowed to live, and took sovereign dignity of Otoo, who ruled for him, as was their custom. He took the name of Pomare, which means “night cough,” “Po” meaning night, and “mare” cough, because he was troubled with night cough. This name of the kings of Tahite has continued through the entire dynasty.

The next visitor was Captain William Bligh. He

had been there previously with Captain Cook on the *Resolution* in 1777.

He entered the bay on October 26, 1788, on H.M.S. *Bounty*. His mission was to get bread-fruit trees, which were to be planted in British West Indian Islands, as the great need of this fruit was felt by the natives of those islands.

Captain Bligh brought many presents from King George III to Pomare, who consented to their carrying away the bread-fruit seedlings. The *Bounty* was loaded with some two thousand bread-fruit plants, as well as with many other native fruits and plants.

Pomare rather wanted to see Britain, and asked Captain Bligh to take him and his wife, Iddeah; but this could not be done just then. The *Bounty* was unmoored on April 4, 1789, and returned to Matavai on June 6th. In the meantime twenty-five of the crew had mutinied and taken possession of the ship. They had given Captain Bligh a ship's boat, and with eighteen of his officers and men they were sent adrift. The mutineers came back with the story that Captain Bligh desired to have all the live stock possible, as he wished to establish a settlement on the small island of Toobouae, ninety leagues to the southward.

The natives believed this story, and immediately 450 hogs, 50 goats, and a great quantity of fowls, dogs, cats, and also the bull and cow which had been sent as presents to Pomare were put on the *Bounty*.

Thirteen female Otaheiteans sailed with the mutineers, and it was found that several male natives and Hete-Hete, a prominent native and a friend of Cook's, had concealed themselves on the boat. When found afterwards, and told that in all probability they would never see Otaheite again, they adhered to the mutineers and obeyed orders.

Later on, a majority of the mutineers, having determined, contrary to Fletcher Christian's (the leader) inclinations, insisted on returning from Toobouae to Otaheite. Therefore the *Bounty* was anchored a third time at Matavai

on September 22, 1789. Sixteen of the ship's company landed, and brought on shore their proportion of property and arms that were on board.

The *Bounty* sailed suddenly in the night, with Christian in command.

Captain Bligh, who was put off the *Bounty*, returned to Otaheite, and spent six months there in 1788 and 1789.

Lieutenant Broughton, on H.M.S. *Chatham*, anchored off Venus Point on December 27, 1791.

Captain Vancouver was the next arrival in 1792.

Away back in 1796, Captain James Wilson, of the ship *Duff*, embarked at Blackwall, England, on August 10th. He hoisted the missionary flag at the mizzen-top-gallant-mast-head. The emblems were three doves on a purple field, bearing olive branches in their bills.

About forty men, women, and children were on board. It might be of interest to know how they were rationed. We in England knew what rationing meant during the war.

The missionaries were allowed one pound of tea a month for the men, and one pound and a quarter for the women. Sugar two pounds per week each mess. Cheese four pounds a week, so obviously there was not much feasting.

They paused at Portsmouth, then sailed to Rio de Janeiro, where, says Captain Wilson, they saw slaves exposed naked in the market-place for sale. Six or seven would be chained together, and walking in the streets heavily burdened, while their masters flogged them like horses and dogs.

In fourteen weeks after their departure from Rio de Janeiro they sighted the island of Toobouai.

Nearly seven months had elapsed since they had embarked from Blackwall. The *Duff* anchored in Matavai Bay on Sunday, March 5, 1797.

The natives came out in their canoes and appeared delighted to welcome the foreigners, and especially curious to see the white women and children. They would beg to see the new women, men they had seen before.

The wicked Society of Arreoies, both men and women, sprang into the water and swam out to them. These people believed in murdering their children—the first baby was always strangled. Some of the Arreoies proudly acknowledged that they had killed as many as eight or ten of their offspring. They were indecent and licentious. Presents began to arrive in canoes, laden with hogs, fruit, and other foodstuffs, and quantities of native cloth made from the bark of trees.

Manne Manne, the aged high priest, a man of great importance, came on board. He brought more hogs—one weighed 340 pounds. He also brought five of his wives—not one of them exceeded fifteen years of age. Manne Manne made an oration, and described all the ships and captains who had visited Otaheite. He claimed Captain Wilson as his special “tayo,” or friend. He said he would like to sleep in a cabin, and stay on board all night, and he told Captain Wilson to take his choice of his five wives.

The missionary informed the high priest that he did not desire any of his wives, that he was a moral man. But the priest would not believe this, and questioned each wife next morning as to which one the Captain had chosen.

Captain Wilson endeavoured to tell Manne Manne how such a state of polygamy was unsuited to happiness, and that it was indecent and not fair to women. The high priest, however, winced at this doctrine, but the women approved, and said, Pritane, as they called Britain, was better method—“my ty, my ty,” meaning, very good.

On March 7, 1797, the very first missionaries landed and went ashore near Venus Point. Four or five hundred natives had assembled on the beach. Some of them ran out into the water and took Captain Wilson and the missionaries on their backs, which was an honour. Only royal people were carried in such fashion. It was *infra dig* for their feet to touch the ground.

The young King Otoo and his wife Tetua received them. They were both perched upon men's backs.

Otoo was then about seventeen years old, tall and well made; his Queen was about the same age. Both Otoo and Tetua took the Captain by the hand, and seriously regarded the party of missionaries in dumb silence.

Then the Queen opened the shirt of a Mr. Covers at the breast, and seemed astonished to see blue veins and clear white skin. Manne Manne now stood up and made a speech about Pritane (Britain). Otoo at once ceded to them what they called "British House."

"Wharre," which Pomare had built for Captain Bligh, was a large native dwelling 108 feet long by 48 feet wide. Otoo also told Captain Wilson to take as much land as he wanted.

Otoo and Tetua went back to the ship with the missionaries to take dinner, and many presents were given them—bright cloth, mirrors, beads, knives. Otoo ate a whole fowl, as well as two pounds of pork and other things. Then Otoo wanted to hear the muskets fired, but when they fired them Otoo was afraid and begged them to stop, as the noise hurt his ears.

Afterwards they left in a canoe, and the Queen was last seen baling out the shallow canoe with a coconut shell.

In the evening the wicked Arreoies arrived and began their heiva dances, which shocked and disgusted the Puritans.

The day after Otoo paddled around the ship in his canoe, and called for something to eat. The Captain sent him half a roast pig and some biscuits. He paddled away evidently much pleased.

The next visitors of note were Pomare, who ruled nominally for his son Otoo, as was their custom, and his wife Iddeah; they also brought the usual presents of cloth and food. Pomare called King George III his "tayo" (friend or pal). He said: "He was glad that the good men had been sent to instruct them."

The idea of sexual relationship in those days was truly remarkable. For instance, Iddeah, although the wife of Pomare, did not live as wife to him, but with one of her

servants, while her younger sister was the real wife of Pomare. When they are enmeshed in a lower alliance, the resultant children are instantly killed.

Captain Wilson found that since the days of Wallis and Cook the dynasty had changed. Pomare now ruled; none dared to dispute his authority. In the contest with Temarre—son of Oberai and Oammon—Pomare had won.

The missionaries now got to work in earnest, building houses, boats, and splitting wood with iron, also bending bars of iron, which they converted into spears for fishing, hatchets, and other useful implements.

The natives looked on pleased and delighted. It was difficult to understand their language, as it was oral solely, there being no alphabet, grammar, or dictionary, but finally success crowned the missionaries' labours and Tahitean was the first Polynesian language reduced to writing.

In 1797, with the assistance of some of Pomare's men, they began to erect a chapel. When it was finished, Pomare sent a fish as an offering to Jesus Christ, and requested that the fish might be hung up in the new chapel.

This was the first building ever built in the South Sea Islands for the worship of God.

After having established the mission so happily, Captain Wilson sailed for the Marquesas, with the idea of building up a mission there.

Arriving at the Marquesas, they anchored at Resolution Bay, so named by Captain Cook. A small wretched canoe paddled out to them, and the first Marquesan they had ever seen intimated his desire to come on board.

They threw him a rope, which he hove to, and expertly hauled himself hand over hand on board. He stood on the quarter gallery quite naked, and was tattooed from head to foot. He spoke very fast; it was difficult to understand him. A gale was blowing, and Captain Wilson had trouble to find an anchorage. This he accomplished eventually in thirty-five fathoms.

Although it was now dark, yet two females swam off. They were naked, and tried to get on board, but were

refused. They swam about the ship for an hour or more calling out "Waheine! Waheine!" which means "Women, we are women!" The missionaries would not allow them to come on board, and they swam away.

Early next morning, as they were unbending their sails and stripping their foremast, they were surprised to see seven beautiful young women swimming towards the ship. They were naked with the exception of a few green leaves tied around their middle. They swam around the ship for three hours, calling "Waheine!" Then in canoes came several native men, who were admitted on board, including a chief. He asked that his sister could come on board. This request was granted. She was of fair complexion, a light yellow, with red cheeks, and rather stout; she had symmetrical features, and was decidedly comely.

The missionaries found that although the Tahiteans were tolerably fair, they were eclipsed by these Marquesasans, who were fit subjects to pose for artists or sculptors, and they also possessed a softness and amiability which was exceedingly attractive.

When the chief's sister appeared on the deck, stark naked, with the exception of the green leaves, the missionaries felt sorry for her, though she knew no shame. They gave her a complete costume of Tahitean cloth, which enhanced her beauty. This encouraged all the other women, whose numbers had increased in the water, to importune for admission, and out of pity for them the women were admitted.

There being so many, not all could be provided with coverings. On the ship were a number of goats, and as they had lacked green stuff for many weeks these mischievous animals began chewing the green leaves, which were the sole clothing of the Marquesasan ladies. They turned about to avoid the goats, who were hungry for fresh greens, and before anything could be done the goats attacked these women, back and front, and stripped them completely naked.

It appeared to be a scarce season with these people.

They intimated that they were hungry, and they were fed. The men would take the food away from the women whenever they got the chance.

Mr. Crook, a missionary, said he was encouraged by the friendly reception given them, and he volunteered to stay and establish a mission at the Marquesas. He felt that these queer, wild people needed in a great degree the religion of God.

For days the natives paid visits to the ship in their naked state, and would steal whatever they could. The chiefs endeavoured to stop them, but this was ineffectual.

After a palaver it was decided that Mr. Crook's gallant offer should be accepted. Therefore one afternoon he was landed with his bed and a few of his clothes.

The chief received him with a friendly spirit. We bade Crook good-bye, writes Captain Wilson, and returned to the ship. During the forenoon of the next day the Captain received a letter from Crook, who expressed his perfect satisfaction with his new home and the amiability of the people. He wrote that he went to rest after commending himself to the care of the Almighty.

He laid his clothes on the ground near his hammock in which he slept. When he awakened in the morning he was greatly surprised to find that his clothes had disappeared, but before he had time unjustly to accuse them the chief came with every article wrapped up in a bundle. He dressed and passed a tranquil day.

The day before the *Duff* was to sail and leave Mr. Crook this experience came, writes the missionary. A Mr. Harris accompanied Crook ashore.

The chief and Crook went on an excursion farther away on the island, leaving Mr. Harris alone. Previous to his going, the chief brought his wife to Harris and told him to use her as his own. Harris insisted that he did not want the woman. When night came on, the woman, finding herself treated with total neglect, became doubtful of his sex. She told the other females of her suspicion, and they came in the night while he slept, and satisfied themselves concerning that point, but not in

a peaceful way, they awoke him. When he discovered so many females and understood what they were doing, he dragged his chest of clothes to the beach, but in the darkness he could not signal nor get back to the ship. He sat on the chest awaiting the dawn.

About four in the morning the females again appeared with some males, and in order to steal his clothes they drove him off the chest, and by indecent gestures offered him familiarities. He became terrified, and fled to the nearby hills, where next morning another missionary found him, naked and in a most pitiful plight, as if bereft of his senses. However, Mr. Crook remained and established the first mission at the Marquesas, and the *Duff*, with Captain Wilson, sailed back to Tahite.

Captain Wilson found that the missionaries had made some progress ; nevertheless, it was exceedingly difficult. The Arreoies were always against them. The natives were wild.

The Puritans were obliged to hear licentious songs and witness the indecent Arreoies dancing. They saw the unhappy human victims led off for sacrifice and devil worship. There was murder, plundering and burning of villages, also scenes of dark pagan worship too appalling for description.

Yet they persevered, with faith and hope in their hearts.

Although Pomare looked with favour on Christianity, still he clung to his ancient gods, and made sacrificial offerings to Oro, or Tane, and insisted that they should have attention equal to the Jehovah, or Jesus Christ.

Pomare intended to use every track as a means to reach a heaven after death. He fulfilled the requirements of the Church, but was in constant fear of the anger of his former gods. Oro was their great idol.

Pomare died in September 1803.

Now Otoo became Pomare II (pronounced "Po-mah-ray"). He declared himself royal, and took upon himself the title of Majesty, after his "tayo" (friend) King

George III. He called himself His Majesty Pomare. He was a fine-looking dark man, rather stout, and was six feet and four inches in height. He had several wives, one of whom he divorced because he considered that one of her children was not black enough, therefore she must have had a fairer lover. Women held no position or rights in those days—the early 'eighties. The law of Oro or Tane required that wives should not eat the same kinds of food as the husband, nor at the same place; she could not cook over the same fire, even if he had finished with it.

This rule applied to all the female members of the family. Women were considered “noa,” or common.

The idol worship in the temples did not allow females to join in, nor enter the temples; these were “Ra,” or sacred. When there were offerings of pigs, fowls, and fruit to the gods, the women were not allowed to touch them, as they would defile the sacrifice, and it was death to anyone who attempted to break or broke the law. They must not touch the baskets of the men, and inferior food was served to the females. Women ate in lonely little huts built for that purpose.

The man's curse to the women in those days ran like this: “Mayest thou be baked as food for your mother!” or denounced thus: “Take out your eyeball and give it to your mother to eat.”

Sharks were *deified*, because they were afraid of them, and they endeavoured to propitiate them by praying to them and erecting temples in their honour, while the priests gave offerings.

The great conch shells were blown and resounded over mountains and valley when a procession formed and marched to the temples for worship, or when a tabu was imposed in the name of the gods. The noise was loud, dismal, and monotonous. The flute made of bamboo produced the most agreeable sounds; their songs were legendary, handed down from one generation to another, extolling the achievements of the gods. The other songs were of a most objectionable order.

For amusements they had great wrestling matches, the Tahiteans excelling all the other islanders in boxing, racing, and wrestling.

In these days, about 1803, the heiva was danced by men and women; their heads were decorated with fillets of tamau, or plaited human hair, and they wore wreaths of the white, sweet-scented tiare flowers; their arms and necks were uncovered, the breasts ornamented with shells, and sometimes a network of feathers. They at first danced slowly, with great attention as to time and movement; their arms they used as much as their feet, and they were exceedingly graceful.

Afterwards they would put on a sort of cloak of native white cloth with a border of scarlet feathers.

In these days the native meal was served on the grass mats laid on the floor. A large number of broad leaves were piled on the floor, the leaves of the purau hibiscus, and used as plates. By the side was a small coconut bowl filled with sea-water.

Many large fine bread-fruit, roasted on hot stones in open ovens, are peeled and laid before one; then follows boiled fish, done up in plantain leaves.

Natives take a mouthful of bread-fruit, then dip a piece of fish in the salt-water and eat it that way.

About this time the missionaries, although making some progress with the heathen, suffered a great loss. They had cleared and cultivated a large and flourishing plantation, which yielded big harvests. Suddenly one night, because they were jealous regarding the Christian God of the missionaries, the natives set fire to the long grass, and the whole of their labour was destroyed.

Pomare II was staying on the island of Eimeo or Moorea. He returned, and brought with him the idol Oro, which he guarded in his sacred canoe.

Wild times began, and human sacrifices were again resorted to, and numbers of humans were suspended around the trees. Soon after the Queen died, Pomare deeply regretted her death, although she was herself responsible, as she bore a still-born babe. She had



HUMAN SACRIFICES.



ANCIENT CANOES OF POMARE II.

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practised infanticide, which was a fashion with females of high rank. She was aged twenty-four.

Pomare offered prayers to his ancient gods, but with no visible results.

A disastrous war followed this period, according to Tahitean history—the great war of Arahuria. The King's Prime Minister, Taute, headed the battles of this serious uprising. Pomare took conference with Metia, prophet of Oro, who predicted victory, but all the same Pomare was defeated and obliged to flee to Pare.

The missionaries were carried to another island. The enemy despoiled, ransacked and burnt every village, and for a time blindest fanaticism reigned.

From the years of 1804 to 1806 Pomare was an exile on the Island of Eimeo, later on at Moorea, but he again returned to power, and took up his residence on Tahite.

About that time Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and a party of missionaries returned from England to proceed with their work. Pomare welcomed them with open arms; he inquired as to the health of King George, his "tayo." They had brought out a number of gifts from England, amongst which were numerous cattle and a fine horse for Pomare, which pleased him enormously.

Most of the natives had heard of horses, and some remembered that Captain Cook had brought some horses to Omai, his "tayo," but this was the first horse that most of them had seen. Their excitement knew no bounds; the horse was in danger; finally it swam ashore in safety, and crowds watched their King mount it. Pomare helped the missionaries in every way, and better times followed.

Pomare II was the first to discard idolatry, and had the temples or mareas and gods destroyed.

The turtle had always been sacred to the gods. Pomare told his servants to prepare an oven and bake the turtle in his own kitchens. The natives thought that he must have lost his mind, but the King repeated his order. A fire was made and the turtle baked and served up for dinner. The King cut up the turtle and began to eat

it. All eyes were upon him in dread and suspense ; they feared the gods' anger and expected that death would strike their King.

Pomare offered pieces to his guests, who refused. Their amazement was prodigious that the King had eaten of the sacred turtle—and yet lived. Thus, in time, the idols were destroyed, and Christianity became paramount. June 30, 1817, was an important day in the annals of Tahitean history, because Pomare, instructed by the missionaries, printed the first page of the first book ever published in the South Sea Islands.

Pomare exclaimed, “ Oh, Britain ! Land of skill and knowledge ! ”

Soon after this they published three thousand copies of St. Luke's Gospel. The press was the marvel of that period, and multitudes journeyed from all the other islands to see the wonderful press. The printing-room was thronged.

Pomare II ruled for about forty years. He was a great king, and civilization developed during his reign.

He was born in 1780 and died in 1821. He left two children, Aimata a daughter, and Pomare III, a child in arms. Aimata was about nine years old at the time.

The missionaries took charge of Pomare III, but he fell ill and died on January 11, 1827. Thus Aimata became queen, under the title of Pomare IV. Her early reign appears to have been varied.

From the works of W. F. Pritchard, F.R.G.S., who was Consul at that time, I gain the following information :

The early pioneers of Tahite were Englishmen. These men, sent out by the London Missionary Society, toiled together at first with slight success, which strengthened with time. In Papeete—principal town of Tahite—the natives were happy ; they had all they needed ; they were without a touch of sadness in their gaiety.

The reigning Queen Pomare IV ventured to address King George of England in the following words :

“ Never do you cast us off, but continue to be kind to us even for ever. If agreeable to you, write us a

letter that we may know whether you agree to our wishes."

To which Mr. Canning replied on March 3, 1827 :

"His Majesty commands me to say, he will be happy to afford to yourself and your dominions all such protection as His Majesty can grant to a friendly power at so remote a distance from his own kingdoms."

As a proof of his interest, every British vessel that visited the islands took out presents from the Sovereign of Great Britain to the Sovereign of Tahite.

Towards the end of the year 1836 a cloud gathered. A small schooner owned and commanded by one William Hamilton, avoiding the regular port, anchored at Tautira, on the eastern side of Tahite. Two Roman Catholic priests, Fathers Laval and Carret, accompanied by a carpenter lay-brother, landed and walked from village to village, busily telling the natives that the English missionaries had been teaching them falsehoods. The priests said "they had compassion for their souls, and had come to save them."

"Protestant heresy was worse than old Tahitean paganism, and they had come to teach them the real truth."

After these priests came others. They refused to leave the island, and caused Queen Pomare great worry. Following this thin edge of the wedge came Catholicism and French influence.

In 1838 a French 60-gunboat frigate *Venus*, bearing the flag of Commodore Du Petit Thouars, arrived. He brought instructions from the King of France, who claimed to be irritated because the priests Leval and Carret had been insulted and subjected to violent treatment, which was a very poor excuse to pick a grievance with the Queen of Tahite.

The Commodore demanded two thousand Spanish dollars in twenty-four hours. This reparation must be paid, otherwise they would fire on Papeete.

Queen Pomare was still in bed, not having recovered from her accouchement, and her baby was unwell.

The Queen endeavoured to summon her chiefs to counsel. However, Commodore Du Petit Thouars declined to favour the Queen in any way. He insisted that he would carry out his threat by 10 a.m. next day.

As the chiefs could not possibly arrive so quickly, some four Englishmen subscribed the 2,000 dollars and paid it over to Thouars on behalf of Queen Pomare.

The Commodore also commanded that the French flag should be hoisted and saluted by twenty-one guns. Queen Pomare had only five charges of powder and only one gun fit to fire with. Still the Commodore insisted, so between the British Consul they arranged it in this manner. The Commodore gave powder and lent guns to the British Consul, who then lent them to Queen Pomare, and at 9.30 a.m. on September 1, 1838, with minute guns and French powder, the tricolour of France was duly saluted by the Queen of Tahite.

Louis Philippe and his Government were appeased for the moment.

But the Commodore had not finished his labours. He was a stern diplomatist, for he made Queen Pomare IV sign a perpetual treaty of peace and friendship between the French and Tahitean peoples, and that all French, who, or whatever they were, should have a favoured footing on the island. The Commodore did not lose one chance to humiliate the Queen.

In November 1838, Queen Pomare wrote to Queen Victoria asking for protection and the help of Great Britain. Queen Victoria replied that she would be glad to help Queen Pomare and give her protection.

At that time Britain was very much occupied by more important affairs, and the matter drifted.

After repeated trouble with the French, Commodore De Petit Thouars again returned. He treated the Queen cruelly, and demanded 10,000 dollars. The Queen was obliged to give over her kingdom, and on November 7, 1843, the French took absolute possession of the island.

Queen Pomare was deposed. The King of France held the power, and Pomare IV became simply ex-Queen of Tahite.

The next Pomare was the son of the former Queen. He was called Pomare V, and married Marau, a descendant of the old chief Tate, who himself was descended from Queen Oberai.

Chief Tate, a wonderful man, ruled for over forty years in the Papara district, on the island of Tahite.

Chief Tate was the head of the Teva Clan, of a much older family than the Pomares could boast. The Pomares, on the other hand, came from the Pomotos Islands, and were rather jealous of the older aristocracy of the Teva Clan who ruled Tahite in the days of Captain Wallis. But although they were ousted by the Pomares, they always more or less controlled the Papara part of the island.

The Tevas believed themselves to be of the Aryan race, and their chiefs were Ariis—not king, but chief.

The Chief Tate's sister married a Mr. Salmon, an Englishman, and from that branch Marau descended. Her other sisters afterwards became Mrs. Brander and Mrs. Atwater.

Pomare V did not greatly distinguish himself—he and Queen Marau were divorced. During the life of Pomare V he signed every right of possession of the islands over to France.

Thus the dynasty of the Pomares died out, historically speaking, with the death of Pomare V in 1891.

CHAPTER XV

MODERN TAHITE

The ex-Queen—Dawn and the market—Dining in Chinatown—The Chinese epicure—The legend of the coconut tree.

IN a small house on the Rue de Rivoli, Papeete, surrounded with thick bush and flowering trees, so deeply hidden that it can scarcely be seen, lives Queen Marau, who claims to be the descendant of seventy-two chiefs of Ariis—Mrs. Salmon, as she prefers to be called at present. Through the introduction of Mr. Norman Brander, who is her nephew, I spent a charming evening with the Queen and her two daughters, Melle Tekau and Melle Botts.

The Queen is an elderly, stately woman, rather stout, dark and handsome, with fine eyes and eyebrows strongly marked. She is a woman of great intelligence, conversing fluently in many languages, and a past-master of English. She tells me she is writing a book on the history of Tahite, and surely such a volume could not fail to be interesting, especially with her exact knowledge and her family history.

The Queen related many stories of the past. As I sat listening to this entertaining woman I could not but think how different things might have been had Fate decreed that Pomare V and Marau could have lived happily together.

Melle Tekau, a beautiful young woman, played exquisitely on the piano. She is a great reader and linguist, and knows Paris and London.

After a most delightful evening, we were regaled with rum punch. The rum was very old, made at the distillery of Mr. Norman Brander. It is said to be the best in the world.

I also made a call upon the Governor, who has only just arrived. His last post was in Madagascar, where

he was stationed for thirty years. He lives in a large, cool mansion. As you enter the grounds you observe the crown of Louis Philippe over the entrance gates. It was rather dilapidated and sadly needed paint—faded, as is the history of Tahite.

At 5 a.m. a knock comes to my door—the summons to get up and go to the market. It is quite dark. I open the shutters of the two doors leading to the flower-covered verandah. There is not a movement in the foliage; the hibiscus and crotons are yet sleeping in the early light of dawn, but the air is perfumed by the frangipani trees in the garden of the rich Chinaman who lives next door.

A light wagon, which has a lantern on its front, piled high with vegetables, rattles past. Already the Tahitean housewives, natives, Chinamen, and various half-castes flood the streets. It is not necessary to inquire the way—all are *en marche* for the market. It is the principal feature of life in Papeete.

I hastily don some clothing and join the throng. Around the corner I go, past the Cathedral, wherein the electric lights are burning to invite any early worshippers. Bicycles and carts hurry along, and just in front is the market, blazing with light. Most of the women who are out carry baskets, and they are hugely stout; no corset is worn. Their loose, long cotton gowns flop about their bare legs. Red is a favourite colour; so are bright pink and purple. Some have fine faces, dark smiling eyes, and an enormous amount of black hair. A great many wear their hair down, or just caught at the nape of the neck with a ribbon or hair pin. Young girls with lithesome figures and wonderful eyes invariably have their long, wavy hair hanging down their backs. Many flirtations begin at market time. Chinese, Polynesians, a smattering of typical French Colonials, wearing a narrower cork helmet than do the English, and black beards, a very few English, a scattering of Americans, and every kind of mixture of island blood, saunter to the various stalls and fill their baskets.

The Chinese, being excellent gardeners, have a fine display of feis, taro, sweet potatoes, lettuces, peppers,

bunches of string beans, also of vanilla beans, cabbages, carrots, sweet corn, in fact most kinds of vegetables, and many which I had never seen before.

In the poultry stalls it was amusing to watch the purchasers. The fowls are sold alive, and seemingly they resented people tackling them and squeezing their breasts to ascertain if they are fat and tender. They protested by vigorous squawks. It seems rather cruel to pull them about, testing legs and wings, when still alive.

Here, too, were lobsters and crayfish, tied up in bunches, darkish green and alive. Many hands pulled at their claws and legs to test their liveliness. Fish hung in silvery bunches, and on a table lay the large tuna fish with huge shoulders and very thick. They look like big salmon, only their flesh is white. These fish are delicious either raw or cut up into small pieces and laid away in coconut and lime juice, or boiled or baked.

Most people at Tahite like raw fish ; the native claims that it is more digestible uncooked, and the limes give it a good flavour. Personally I find it is excellent. In the market I also remarked some of the scarlet fish, similar to those I helped catch at Suva, and various other striped and blue-finned varieties.

The Papeeteans depend largely on fish food, and natives are ever out on the reef, or in the sea, in their outrigger canoes. They get good crabs, clams, large shrimps, oysters. The natives will also eat the octopus, devil fish, and sea centipedes. Some of the fish picked up were blue and green in colour, and there were a lot of tiny fish, speckled exactly like the shells amongst which they hide. It is difficult to get the name of the fish, as the natives have different words and names for them.

Fried doughnuts appear to be special favourites ; you will notice great heaps of golden doughnuts piled up on the pastry stalls, and the sale of them never finishes until these heaps are reduced to nothing. Biscuits and jam tarts are much appreciated.

All in a row outside the market squat the Chinamen and half-castes with their baskets of fruits. The fresh green baskets are plaited out of the strong leaves of the

pandanus, and the fruit is singularly cheap and attractive. One franc will buy a basket of limes, also many bananas; the green-skinned oranges are delicious globes; then you have mango, pineapples, avocados, granadillas, coconuts, paw-paws—a really prodigal supply. One of the women selling limes held in her arms done up in white cloth what I at first thought was a baby, but as I peered curiously at the bundle it proved to be not a baby, but a very young pig which was so carefully handled.

The bright-coloured fruit, the yellow-visaged Chinamen, the gleaming dark-eyed natives, and the brilliant colouring of their gowns and pareus, in the early light of the cool dawn produced a wonderful picture under the far-reaching shade of the banyan-trees.

The girls are crowned with sweet-scented wreaths, and many a Polynesian romance begins and ends in the Market Place.

We decided to have a little party in Chinatown. Therefore, some ten of us, including the Mayor, several Consuls and their wives, met at the Club, or correctly speaking, Cercle Colonial. This small bungalow club with its one verandah, its piano, billiard table, and general accessories, has been in existence for over eighty years. It is most unpretentious, but very homelike and comfortable. Its garden is wild and picturesque. Into a large banyan tree they have built a sitting-out place with a table, so if you prefer your rum punch, which everyone takes about 5.30, you may imbibe it in the recesses of the banyan. It certainly sounds romantic, but when I attempted to sit in the tree I found myself disgustingly popular with the mosquitoes, and was glad to retire below.

At night on the verandah, with its green, red, and pink lights, the scene is charming. Here you find the wealthy vanilla merchants, those engaged in the sugar trade, officers of the Government, and those who represent other countries—the club *par excellence* for the residents of Papeete and their guests. Many an historic meeting has taken place here, and vital decisions made. Also the very absorbing bridge and all card games are indulged in.

The Chinese are a wealthy progressive community, and own more than half the shops, and have their clubs and societies. The French and British firms open at 8 a.m. and close at 11 a.m., re-open at 2.30 p.m. and shut up again at 6 p.m. Not so with thrifty John Chinaman. From 5 a.m. you will notice on your way to the market every Chinese shop open and lit up. Many people say you can purchase to better advantage at the Chinaman's, but with them you must bargain. Personally I prefer fixed prices. With the Orientals this bickering is unsatisfactory, as you never know when you have touched rock bottom; someone may obtain better terms than yourself.

The Papeeteans themselves acknowledge that if the Chinese continue to prosper and buy property, before long the Celestials will oust the white people and own the island.

As a proof of this, the best house in Papeete, which formerly belonged to the Mayor, a large double-storied, double-verandah house, with a fine garden, and next door to my little cottage, is owned by the rich Chinese vanilla merchant, Chin Foo. He also owns the cottage as well. It is the Chinamen who are buying property in these days.

Arriving at Chinatown, we found ourselves in a sort of a maze; you pass through one door, and a whole village would be opened up to view. Hundreds of yellow anxious faces bent over the gambling tables—fan-tan and all other games dear to them were in full swing. They had white bone buttons as counters. We went into opium dens, where wide beds covered with straw matting and a hard wooden pillow tempted the Chinaman to take his pipe and wander into realms of Celestial bliss. They say that these new Republican Chinese don't smoke anything as much as they used to, perhaps for the reason that opium is extremely expensive. There were fruit stalls, and stalls selling queer eatables from China, *bêche-de-mer*, octopus, looking very much like reddish rubber, giant shrimps, dried sea centipedes, and lychees.

Women, mostly half-castes with varied complexions of browns and yellows, slunk past us, or up back alleys, women of the streets, and mistresses of the Chinese. All was weird in the dimly lit rows of the haunts of vice.

Coming back into the main street, we went to the establishment of Choo Fat, where a private room opening on to a balcony had been reserved for our party. We even walked through their kitchen and saw the food being prepared, and had to acknowledge that everything was spotlessly clean.

It often strikes me: What do these Chinese think of Europeans? Do they find us as curious as we do them? These two waiters, for example, with their calm, inscrutable faces and slanting eyes of the East, slyly regarding us as they pass the plates. First came a very good-tasting soup; it had some strange glutinous stuff in it, which one of the men of our party said was the celebrated "bird's-nest pieces."

Everyone is given a small dish, into which they pour a red sauce. Now a plate heaped full is put before each of us, and we are told to dip the ingredients into the red sauce. I looked into this mixture. On the top are giant shrimps, underneath cold beans, cabbage, onions, cold fried onions, peppers, and probably a lot of other things of which I know naught. We laughed and ate, and voted it good.

Afterwards huge dishes of chop suey were passed, accompanied by small bowls of delicious rice cooked just as it should be, tender, but with every grain intact. I don't know if the Chinese eat a lot, but the portions were enormous. As I am not partial to chop suey, I dallied with mine. The next course was excellent thin beef-steak cooked to a turn; with this a salad of vegetables. Then came curious small cakes, white, with red Chinese characters; these contained cracked nuts, spice, and currants. There were also cakes which looked exactly like a tangerine, and which the Chinese called *pomme d'amour*. These we considered too dangerous to investigate. So ended our Chinese dinner.

THE LEGEND OF THE COCONUT TREE.

The story goes that a native couple had a most lovely little girl, so fascinating that everyone loved her. Her

parents humoured her in every way. She said that she longed for some shrimps, and for some days she had been unable to eat. Still she hankered after the shrimps. Her parents argued with her, and told her that there was only one place where they could find them, and that beach was dangerous and far off. Still the child persisted, and said she had only appetite for this particular delicacy.

Therefore one morning husband and wife started out to get the shrimps. They were successful, and gathered more than they had ever found before, big, luscious specimens. They were imagining how happy these would make their adored child, when a gigantic eel stuck his head out of the water, and his form was long and powerful. To their amazement, the eel spoke to them in their own language. He was annoyed, and expressed himself thus: "How dare you come here and steal my food? What do you think I am going to live on when I have no food?" The couple were terrified, and offered to put all the shrimps back again. They explained to the eel, who understood, about the desire of their little daughter. The eel answered "That would do no good," but that they must bring him the girl—he wanted to see her.

The couple loved their child too much, they did not want any further dealing with the eel, but the eel rose high up out of the water and spake thus: "If you do not bring your daughter by to-morrow, I will rise, kill, and destroy all your village, you and your people as well."

The parents departed very much perturbed in spirit. With sad hearts they brought the shrimps to their daughter. She was delighted, laughed gaily while she ate the desired shrimps, rubbed herself, and proclaimed that she was well again—the shrimps had cured her.

Then her father and mother, who had not eaten, being too depressed, told the child about the eel and his demands. Instead of being afraid, as they thought she would be, she said she would certainly go next day to the good eel, who had allowed her to have the shrimps which had made her well again.

Dubiously, the parents took their daughter with them next day, fearing the vengeance of the eel if they did not. The eel was waiting, and when he beheld this wonderfully beautiful child he was overjoyed to see her. He commanded her to go home and get her things as he had fallen in love with her, saying, "I permit you to go, but return to me here to-morrow, or your village shall be destroyed!"

Again they trudged back to their village, but the parents were apprehensive. They dearly loved their daughter, who seemed inspired by a spirit which they could not understand.

The little girl was without fear, went home and gathered her things together, tying them up in her scarlet pareu. She walked slowly along until she came near the trysting place with the eel. Then she heard a gentle, sweet voice calling to her, saying, "Welcome, you beautiful girl. I have prepared a palace for you. Will you please walk a little farther with me, I want you for my very own." So she followed, and they entered a wonderful cave, which appeared to be lined with maidenhair fern.

There was a feast of shrimps prepared for her. She ate, and the shrimps did her good, and for awhile she felt very contented. But suddenly a longing came upon her to see her people again; she got very homesick, and persuaded the eel to let her go back to her village for a visit. He told her that she might remain with them for three days and three nights. If she failed to obey his wishes, the entire village should be destroyed. She tripped gaily down the road, leaving the eel lonely and unhappy, he rearing his snake-like head and long body to watch her as far as he could see, and all the time he said to himself, "I will never let her part from me again."

Night closed her sombre curtain, and all the time he thought of her. On the third morning he sat sadly watching for her, his ideal, and he was astonished to see a great giant coming up the road, followed by an army of people. He became very much afraid as he recognized a famous warrior from a neighbouring island, who had

never been beaten. However, the eel realized he had to face him in battle. He came forth bravely, his heart aching for the little girl. The giant warrior with his great spear cut off the head of the eel many times, but as often as he cut it off another head would appear, until the warrior had cut it off nine times.

Then with a loud wail of anguish the eel cried, "That little girl that I love so much, I would have taken her away to my palace, she and her parents would have been great people, but now all is lost. I am done. If you had only let me live a few days longer my penance would have been fulfilled, and I could have returned to be the real Prince Charming I had been before the spell was cast upon me. If I had lived I could have married this lovely maiden."

The eel was dead, and when the girl heard of his death she felt it very keenly. She cried herself to sleep, and dreamed that the sweet voice came to her again, telling her to have her people bury those nine heads, which were so ruthlessly cut off. From them would spring meat and drink for her and the people for ever.

When she told her dream her people buried the heads as directed. In a short time there sprang up nine tall, stately coconut trees, laden with wonderful fruit. The water formed the most refreshing drink, a bowl of sweet, cool water. The young meat was as if swallowing cream, and the hard white substance could be utilized in a hundred ways.

Every coconut has two eyes and a mouth, upon which the skin is soft, and which the natives know how to pierce so that the liquid flows. It resembles the face of an eel. You tap the mouth and the water flows.

No one has ever been hit or hurt by the fall of a coconut, though millions of nuts fall every year throughout the South Sea Islands. But the eyes see, so runs the legend, and no one is injured by their fall.

It is an actual fact that there appears to be no record of a hard coconut falling from a great height striking anyone, which seems phenomenal.

CHAPTER XVI

PAPARA

The Tiare Hotel—A visit to the Princess at Papara—*Dolce far niente*—
A sugar plantation and cotton trees—Hunting in the Marquesas—
Why return to civilization?—Fairylane and sapphire lagoons—
Indolence of the South Seas—On the reef.

WE lunched on the verandah of the small Tiare Hotel rather indifferently; several cats were a nuisance, as they constantly clawed through our thin muslin dresses, and absolutely demanded our food. This Tiare always makes me feel a little sad, as the spirit of the ever-popular Louvinia, to me, rather haunts the establishment. She was the soul of the place, and now has passed through the Closed Door. The hotel which she built up was the most interesting haunt of Papeete, frequented by the élite, with a mixture of beach-combers, pirates, black-birders, sailor men, and pretty dusky maids, with the white wreaths of the Tiare flower in their hair. Where have they all disappeared to? Now only a half-crazed Socialist harangues to whoever will listen to him, a writer, and a botanist have the monopoly of one side of the verandah, and on the other side about fourteen movie artists, who are doing a picture of Tahite, have their meals at the long table *Tout est changé*.

The Princess has invited me to stay a few days at her plantation at Papara, 36 kilometres from Papeete. We enter her car now, and are soon whisked through "Gardens of Eden" on every side, until we glide through her gates. The house is small, and hidden in luxuriant foliage and flowers. You pass the tall, white-steeped Protestant

church, and a blaze of red and gold coloured crotons greet the eye. Standing very high, like sentinels to guard the place, are two swaying coconut palms, with huge green banners waving against the translucent sky. Scarlet hibiscus, 20 feet high, eye us staringly as we pass, while below every colour of zenias, ginger, and roses form a borderland of perfume. On one side there is a grove of young papia trees, or paw-paw, or mummy apples—the name changes with each island—full of fruit. Beyond are the banana trees, then come acres of rustling, light-green sugar-canes.

Looking in the other direction are the big shade-giving parau and hau trees, and numerous glossy-leaved bread-fruits, heavy with their big green globe-shaped fruit. Just one of these trees has enough sustenance on it to feed a regiment of soldiers.

I asked the Princess what she could do with such an enormous quantity of fruit? Her eyes dark smiled into mine as she replied: "I have those to feed my pigs with, bread-fruit, papias, and bananas." The idea of the pigs living on gorgeous fruit struck me as funny. I remembered in war-time I had paid as much as 1s. 3d. for one banana. "You must have wonderful tasting bacon," I suggested. "I have heard in the States of peach-fed bacon, but you even excel that." In front of the verandah are round beds of begonias, maidenhair fern, and lilies.

We seated ourselves on the verandah, upon which everyone lives in the tropics. Here are willow rocking-chairs, cushioned in blue and white, tables and deep, comfortable lounging chairs. At each end of the verandah stand wide divans with many pillows, made of native work in brilliant colours. Trumpet vines and nearly every kind of liane or climber trail their greenery over the verandah, and form cool verdant curtains, which are so restful in the intense heat, and in every corner immense tree ferns give a finishing touch to the perfect taste of this Princess.

"How beautiful!" I exclaim, as we sit to smoke our cigarettes. Gazing through bushes of pink hibiscus

blossoms, we see her two little daughters, bare-footed, wearing the simplest cotton frocks, coming towards us. They are bringing us the white flowers of the tiare, which we take from them, thanking them for their kind thought, and we put one in our hair over the ear, native fashion.

"Out here I allow them to be Nature's children, they wander where they will, in the water or out, they swim like the fish. I love flowers, as you see, and am happy with them about me. When I take you round the island to-morrow you will see. I don't believe there is an island more beautiful than Tahite, and besides, this part is my real home, here at Papara I was born, here my people ruled as chiefs before Wallis and Captain Cook landed at Matavai Bay. We were of the Teva Clan, the oldest known, we are said to have descended from seventy-two chiefs, and date back long before the Pomares. They say that blood tells."

The Princess has certainly a regal air, although rather a sad Madonna face. Her life was so suddenly changed by the death of her husband, who, having gone to France to serve in the Great War, escaped death there, only to find it in his own island during the epidemic of influenza.

As we finished smoking, the Princess said: "Would you like to look around; it's too warm to walk over the sugar plantation, but we can take a stroll." "I shall adore to," I quickly answered. We pass through the hall, out of which the bedrooms open, and walk to the back verandah, which is dining-room and living-room combined. The view that we saw was beautiful indeed, the mountains rose directly behind her estate, mottled with sunshine and shadow, purple and deep green, while cumulus clouds crowned their domes, and tropical foliage tenaciously clung to their inhospitable sides. One wonders how they can maintain life on mere rock. The summits took on fantastic shapes, and some spiral clouds imparted to the mountains the effect of smoking volcanoes.

"How I would love to live here, just like the natives, never to bother about London or Paris, income-tax or politics. There is food wherever you look, rivers, and

a sea to bathe in, fish to be had for nothing, one is never cold, to sleep out of doors is a luxury, wonderful fruit to eat. Oh! land of the lotus eaters, let me rest here with you, where fashions never change, and all the turmoil of the world passes by."

The Princess laughed, and said: "Why don't you, we would like to have you come and stay as long as you like."

"But the other islands, Princess, and how about my book. I must do that first—New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and the savage Solomons yet to visit, and then there is my dear old London, lovely in summer, horrid in winter. I must not begin to dream—yet."

"You will never settle—you have the curse very badly," interposed the Princess.

"What curse?" I cried in dismay.

"Why, the curse of the wanderlust, you will go on and on; when your end comes, the Great Harvester will find you on the trail."

At this moment a group of workers who had been cutting the cane arrived on the scene; the women and men wore red and yellow, or red and white pareus, straw hats with wide brims plaited by themselves, and very well made. They were laughing, happy, and contented. They grin at us, and offer the sweet native salutation of "Ia-o-Rana," and the Princess talked to them in Tahitian. Then came great motor lorries full to the brim with sugar-cane—my hostess knows everything there is to know about sugar; all the men respect her judgment. She asks now about the rats, as they are very troublesome, they eat the cane and destroy much. "Would you like to chew sugar-cane, Mrs. Cameron?" "Yes," I replied. "Get some black cane," said the Princess. The man hunted in the waggon, but could not find any black cane. "Too bad," frowned the Princess. "The black is soft—you can really eat most of it—and very sweet." A long piece of white cane was secured, the hard part was whittled off and presented to me, and I walked along chewing my stick, which was almost sickly in its sweetness.

By now some fifty workers had passed, giving their names in to the timekeeper. The day's work was done, and the sunset shadows were lengthening. Still chewing my cane, I walked back with the Princess through groves of ragged-looking banana trees, whose queer red flowers, if flower it can be called, bespoke of a coming harvest. We paused to look into her banana house; here hung dozens of branches of bananas, and fei, green, red, yellow, and brown in every stage of ripeness, bananas for eating, and the huge cooking bananas more like plantains.

The sides of the house were open, but protected by wire netting in order that the birds could not get at the bunches. Every morning so many bunches of ripe bananas, together with paw-paw and cooked bread-fruit are given to the pigs.

We next visited her cook-house; this is separated from the house proper, and concealed by big bushes of scarlet and pink hibiscus. The Princess tucked a double hibiscus of bright red just under my ear, and also decorated herself; the natives, especially in the country, always wear flowers. I think that the natives have a knack of adjusting and wearing flowers that we Europeans have not. They look well with flowers, while we appear silly.

Most of the servants of the Princess are natives. They love her and the children, she is one of them, their race, kind and generous. Her butler and some of her boys are Chinese.

I remark a number of trees which I had not seen before; many green pods from four to five inches long hung from these branches, while underneath these trees was a quantity of fleecy-looking stuff. The Princess said: "From these cotton trees we make our mattresses and pillows." Verily, they are well provided for, even their beds grow by Nature's directions.

The mango-trees are large and stately—they are in flower now, in September, reddish-brown blossoms. They must produce enormous quantities of mangoes, as everywhere are hundreds of trees.

I see big pieces of corrugated iron resting a foot or

so from the ground and go over to see the copra drying in the sun. On the way through this garden of fruits my friend points to the branches over our heads, and tells me to look at the wild oranges. They are not very large, but luscious and sweet.

I keep wondering if this spot could have been the Garden of Eden—who knows? That night at dinner we had a European feast, when I said I would so much like to have native food if possible, as chance was a fine thing, and maybe I should not be as lucky again. My hostess gave orders that I should taste all the native foods cooked in their usual manner.

That night as we drank our coffee, callers arrived. They told us about the movie artists, who were for a few days living at a small hotel in the neighbourhood. There was quite an amount of excitement over their visit. We were told that the piece was to be called "The Lagoon of Desire." They had a schooner, motors, and were spending over \$700 a day in making the picture. One lady described how the heroine Ruth had concentrated all day on the death of her play-father. This day they had indulged in a fight on board and had "killed" the father of the girl, who had come here to search for a buried treasure he had left some years before. All this was filmed, and they buried the father on the shore of the lagoon. Ruth had managed by concentration to make a good showing of grief, and was actually taken with tears running down her cheeks. There was another scene near a cave that was clothed by ferns. Everyone was interested in a strange god, or idol, a curious-looking "property" object, which also had its part in the show.

Then a guest, an old man, a Scot and pioneer, told us how he had left Gravesend, the St. Catherine's Wharf, in 1869 in a sailing ship bound for Auckland, and it had taken six months to arrive. They had called for water at Cape Town. He had been accompanied by a cousin who was superstitious, so much so that he had bought two horseshoes from a blacksmith, and he nailed

one to the top mast and the other to the main mast to keep the witches away. Their food was limited and bad. The salted beef was of all colours, even to green; they were obliged to eat that or nothing. Sometimes there was no wind, and especially in the Doldrums and near the Equator; it would be hot and most disagreeable to drift for days without progress. The cousin used to whistle for the winds at first cooingly, and he would be heard to say, "Blow, darling breezes, blow." When that failed to charm the wind, he would change the refrain to "Blow, you brute, blow!" Seems incredible to think of a six months' voyage which can now be easily accomplished in six weeks.

The manager of the plantation told how, in earlier days, he had often gone hunting in the Marquesas. The ship entered into a bay, from which the mountains arose abruptly into the sky, there was no reef, or very little in these parts. He would go up into the mountains with the natives, whom he affirmed he had fear of, as they were cannibals, and were now, if circumstances were in their favour. There was plenty of game in the mountains, wild horses, cattle, goats, and any amount of wild hogs or boars, who had tusks and would rip one open if they had the slightest chance. He had much to say about soft, red apples, which he liked—and poisonous sand-flies, which he loathed. The women of the Marquesas were good at making "tioo," composed of bread-fruit pressed into a sort of hole lined with special leaves; the bread-fruit fermented and made a sort of mess, which they were partial to, and which kept for years.

"I will tell you the traditionary legend of the bread-fruit, which I have read of in our oldest books. Natives have told this legend for generations," announced the Princess.

The story goes that in the time of a certain king, away back centuries ago, the people ate Araea, or red earth, as there was nothing else. The king and queen had an only son, whom they dearly loved. The youth was weak and ill all the time. One day the king said to the queen,

"I compassionate our son, he is unable to eat the red earth. I will die and become food for my son." The queen replied, "How can you become food?" He answered, "I will pray to my god, he has power, and he will enable me to do it."

According to the legend, the king repaired to the family marae (temple), and prayed to his deity. A favourable answer was given to his prayers. In the evening, he called his queen, and said: "I am about to die; when I am dead, take my body and separate it, plant my head in one place, my heart and stomach in another, then you come into the house and wait. When you hear at first a sound like a leaf falling, then a flower, and afterwards the thud of an unripe fruit falling on the ground, know that it is I—who have become food for our son." He died soon after; his queen obeyed him, she planted his heart and stomach near the house and his head as directed. Sitting in her house in deep silence, presently she heard a leaf fall, then the flower, afterwards a small unripe fruit, then one full grown and ripe. By this time it was daylight; she awoke her son, and took him outside the house, and there in front of them they beheld a large, handsome tree, clothed with dark-green, broad shining leaves, and heavy with ripe bread-fruit. The queen commanded her son to gather a number of this new fruit, take it first to the god as a sacrifice in the marae of the family, then to tell the people not to eat any more of the red earth, as the god had sent them better food. This is the tradition which the natives offer of the origin of the precious bread-fruit, "Artocarpus." Our stories concluded, and the party broke up.

The next morning at six the Princess appeared in the doorway of my bedroom. I was sound asleep under the mosquito net; she was dressed in red and yellow pareu, with sponge, soap, towels, and all the paraphernalia of the bath in her hands. "Coming to bathe?" she asked. "Where?" said I, sitting up and blinking. "Why, in

our little river," she answered sweetly. "I have nothing to wear," I perplexedly announced; I had not seen the river either. "Here, I have an extra pareu—let me put it round you, you will not know how to tuck it in." I was soon fixed up native style for bathing. I wore sandals, as my feet are tender and everything seems to stick into them or cut them. Away we went, just a few yards from the house, under the banks. Happe, a big, long root, which is akin to taro, and whose immense leaves form a natural screen, covered the river bank. Stone slabs had been placed to form a sort of platform. Here I removed my sandals and plunged into a deep pool of deliciously cold, running water. The Princess was already in, and swimming about like a mermaid. We kept on our pareus—the red and yellow gleamed in the dark water, as the river in this part ran under the shade of the parau and candle-nut trees.

Several birds sang their matinal hymn, as if to burst their throats, up in the leafy branches. We returned to the house, dressed quickly, and had a breakfast of bread, butter, fruit, and coffee. To eat wild oranges, as many avocado pears and limes as you could, butter made on the estate, and even the home-made sugar for our coffee—was at least unique.

I told her how restricted we were for butter and sugar during the war. The Princess replied, "Too bad"; that was a favourite expression of hers. "I would send a ship full had I known." I remarked that our ships were then filled with men, ammunition, and guns, those were not the times to carry fruit 15,000 miles to Europe.

I should love to live the native life here, but news of the outside world drifts in such stilted fashion, and only the greatest events are even recorded; but after a while in this island you become lost, as far as the world's doings are concerned. True, once a month you could receive newspapers, but by the time the papers arrive the news is stale, and people are too indolent to read. As they say, the event has passed, why bother? They can't help what the world does; they amuse themselves mostly

in Nature's gifts. They rise about five, as soon as the dawn lightens the sky. When it is cool they work; then comes an early lunch about eleven or half-past; then the siesta, when everyone sleeps until about three, when they again pick up the thread of life. Dinner is served at six to seven. The evenings are most agreeable; if there is moonlight the sight is superb, and the tropical nights with the deep blue, star-spangled sky is really gorgeous, something one never forgets.

Papeete is sadly short of reading matter, there is not one bookshop, and a very small newspaper is printed, every word of which is in French; this makes its appearance at intervals.

"To-day," announced the Princess, with a bright smile, "I am going to show you our island. We will circumnavigate it, and you shall see our country life—not Papeete—we consider the town hot and dusty, noisy. I shall give you a native lunch, we must start now. Chee Foo," she called to the Chinese boy, "tell the chauffeur to bring the car."

Soon we were seated in the car. The Princess removed her hat. Her hair was wonderful, black, glossy and wavy; she keeps it tidy and in place by one tortoiseshell comb. I followed her example and threw my hat on to the seat. It was wonderful in the cool hours of the morning, rushing through the sweet-scented air. No pen could give an idea of this most enchanting island, a flower-garden all the way, millions of every coloured hibiscus seemed to eye us, then nod. Cape Jasmine fell in showers of bloom over walls and fences, masses of white gardenia sweetened our way.

We passed hundreds of blue lagoons, mirror-like and circled by towering palms; occasionally the red pareu of some fisherman would glow like a spark out there on the reef, as he stood in his canoe to spear a fish.

On the lagoon all is blue, shimmering off to mother-of-pearl in the distance, and the silence is intense, except for the diminuendo of the surf, running along the outside reef, with its white-crested waters breaking into mountains of foam on the coral.

We glide on as if in some fantastically beautiful dream—surely it cannot be real—it's some elf-land of fairy lore. Shall I awake and find myself in London on a black foggy morning? I hope this is not a chimera of an idle brain.

"What an experience to look upon a great ocean, and to know that you have discovered it," remarked the Princess contemplatively, and we both turned our eyes to the Pacific, which ocean covers more than one-third of the surface of the world. We turn to its far horizon, where now a heat mist is rising.

"Tell me about the discovery. I know Balboa was the first to gaze on the great Southern Sea."

"Yes, Vasco Nugnez de Balboa found it in 1513—he was endeavouring to find a more direct passage to the East Indies. Columbus had the same object in view. Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Panama, accompanied by an Indian guide, who told him that if he would go with him to the summit of a low mountain he could show him another sea, different from the Atlantic, which is an Indian word meaning 'Wild Sea.'"

Our story was interrupted here by a sow, big and hefty, who, walking along the road with her litter of small black pigs, refused to give us passage-room along the highway. The repeated efforts of our chauffeur failed to induce her to move; her obstinacy was finally conquered as the horn screeched at her brood, and she called them into the ditch, grunting discontentedly while we proceeded.

"Please narrate, Princess; I am much interested," I pleaded, and she continued. "The next morning Balboa arose early and departed with his guide. When he arrived on the mountain-top, he saw that vast ocean spread out before him. It is said that he knelt and thanked the Omnipotent One for having crowned his efforts with success, plunged into it, all dressed, even wearing his sword and buckler. With renewed thanks to God, he took possession of that great ocean in the name of King Ferdinand of Spain."

"It must have been a wonderful moment in one's life. I, who have travelled the Seven Seas, felt quite sorry

when I beheld the coast of Australia and New Zealand, because," I said to myself, "there are no more big continents to give me a thrill at first sight. I've seen them all—and it made me feel old, as if I had finished with this sphere. How about Magellan the Portuguese navigator? He was looking for Molucca, or the Spice Islands. Many explorers set out for 'those Eastern spicy smells,' as Kipling phrases it."

"I believe Magellan came about 1520. He passed through the Straits which bear his name, and, after a rough voyage, when his white sails reflected in the smooth blue waters, it inspired Magellan to christen this ocean Pacific. Magellan continued his cruise in these immense waters and eventually discovered the Ladrone and Philippine Islands. He was killed there by the natives," added the Princess.

Then I asked, "What is the meaning of Polynesia?"

She replied: "I have always heard that it was a Greek word meaning many islands. But the first navigators had no idea how many thousands of islands studded this ocean, where myriads of tiny builders, the coral polyp workers, had reared islands from the depth of the sea, to a height and strength which can combat with the strongest waves."

"It's too wonderful, really, this world of ours," I admitted.

While this conversation had been in progress we were going through the most enchanting scenery, past frame houses and native huts. In the country most of the people wear only the pareu. They never hurried, but spent their time chatting with their friends, or lying outside their homes on mats. The proverbial indolence of the South Seas, luxuriance, indulgence, had induced these habits of excessive laziness.

The fruit ripens on the trees, and the pigs fatten on the fruits that are strewn beneath them, even while we sleep. These are all we want—why, therefore, should we work—thus soliloquize the South Sea Islanders. Flowers are abundant, and in perpetual blossom; it is always green, the seasons change but little.

We sped past plantations of coconuts, bread-fruit, bananas, The Princess pointed out the fei-trees, and showed me how differently they grew from the bananas; instead of the branches hanging down, the fei, like a bunch of bananas, only shorter, rises from a short thick stem and grows upwards.

One entire mountain-side was covered with fei-trees, which the natives use as their principal food. It is very good in milk for children, and easily made into puddings or pies, so the Princess explains, and when fermented makes an excellent vinegar.

The houses are thatched with the leaves of the pandamus, and are called fa-re, every house has its garden of yams, taro, sweet potatoes, rice, plantains, and arrowroot. Millions of hibiscus, ever beautiful, no matter how many you see, growing high and luxuriantly, sway in the gentle breeze, while gardenias and the sweet-smelling amaranthus perfume the air.

On one side the blue lagoons, on the other the mountains rise in lofty magnificence. Orohena towers its majesty of 7,000 feet above its surrounding companions. Most of the mountains are verdant to their summits; some are of a beautiful conic shape, others simply perpendicular rocks. All have mists and clouds encircling their brows, while the sunbeams have irradiated their summits. The richness and picturesqueness of the landscape I have not seen surpassed.

Waterfalls sprang down from these high mountains, riotous in crystal foam; the recesses of the ravines were dark with shadows.

From jutting promontories hung masses of white and purple convolvulus, and the red and pink flamboyant trees produce just the right effect of colour against the brilliant green of the tropics.

"We arrive at Taravao, where I have ordered lunch," said the Princess. The car drew up at a small native hotel and restaurant. The proprietor and his numerous children appeared to be glad to see the Princess, and showed us to a tiny veranda, where a table was laid for us. They brought us a bowl and water, and we washed

our hands and face in front of a gazing crowd of natives, who were seated at a table some distance away.

On the table, placed in bowls, were two young coconuts ready to relieve our thirst, and nothing is more delicious on a hot day. The lunch consisted of soup, great pieces of mealy white bread-fruit baked in the native oven on hot stones. This you eat with butter, pepper, and salt. Bread is a superfluity when you have bread-fruit. We had huge bananas, something like plantains, which are delicious, also roasted meat, and fish, raw and cooked, a dish of boiled feis; for dessert, "poe," a national dish of the Tahiteans, made of banana and arrowroot, flavoured with coconut. They make Papia "poe" as well. It was tasty, sweet, and filling. Then came wild oranges, bananas, and grated coconuts, and coffee. I felt I had eaten enough food to last me a week; it was all clean, good, and well cooked, also startlingly different from anything I had tasted before.

We continued on our way, still through miles of fascinating scenery. We would sometimes get out and pick flowers, and my friend had her chauffeur pull many ferns and gorgeous plants, which she would plant in her grounds on her return home. She loved flowers, and never lost an opportunity to add to her collection. The front of the car was a miniature Kew. On we went; by the odour we knew we were approaching a vanilla plantation.

"We will get out, and I will show you how to marry the flowers. You must see how it is done," laughed the Princess.

We climbed up a bank, rousing a few mosquitoes, who fancied my ankles for a meal, and found ourselves amongst the vanilla vines. These vines trailed over bushes about 3 feet high, and the beans hung in clusters, looking a little like our string beans. The flower is white or cream, like a small orchid, the male pollen and female pollen are on the same flower, yet they never mate without being introduced. My hostess took a delicate straw, or the lightest stick, opened the inner part of the flower, then ever so gently touched the male pollen and injected a tiny bit into the female pollen.

We did several, made quite a few "marriages." She tells me that an expert vanilla woman will do as many as a thousand flowers a day, and children are preferred to do the "marrying," as their touch is more delicate.

The vanilla industry used to be the most profitable industry on the island. The pod or bean is some eight inches long, and is usually ripe in June and July; it is carefully dried and becomes the colour of tobacco. When you open the pod you will see tiny beans or seeds inside. It is a parasite, like the orchid, whose bloom it resembles, and lives on these small bushes, which in many cases is the wild coffee plant.

In some countries the bee and butterfly will circulate the pollen, but in Tahite it has to be done by hand. Last year three million francs worth of vanilla was exported, and the year before 200 tons of vanilla, for which an average price would be 4,000,000 francs. Formerly half the vanilla in the world came from Tahite, Mexico supplying the rest.

A short time back a disease attacked the vines, and fully half of them died, therefore the vanilla trade, like many others in Tahite, is not progressing, my hostess told me sadly. She always had two long vanilla pods in her old Tahitean rum.

It is not to be wondered at that the Princess's rum punches excel all others, as her friends say.

Again we seated ourselves in the car and rolled along through the most wonderful scenery, which I wish I could paint to you more clearly, but I regret—Nature has been too prodigal. The Princess has fashioned a charming wreath out of some fairylike ferns, which she crowns me with, and cool and refreshing it is on my brow. The sunset is upon us.

"How many miles have we done?" inquired the Princess.

"One hundred and thirty, madam," answered the chauffeur.

The Princess said: "Now you have seen Atiamaona, Mataiea, Papara, Taravao, Papeari, Afaahiti, Pueu, Tautira, Toahotu, Vairao, and Tehaupoo; you have been

over most of the island—that's enough for one day, we will go out again."

That evening the Princess suggested that we should go and make Tahitean lamps; whatever she arranged was always something unusual and pleasant, and I replied: "You have shown me so many things, each more charming than the other. Is this some sort of Aladdin's lamp, which you rub and wish, when all your desires come true?"

"You will see." The Princess delighted in showing me her country, and said I responded and took an interest.

She told some of her boys to come, and we went under the candle-nut trees. On twigs blazed rows of flaring lights, which lit up the tree and beneath it. The boys were gathering what looked like small walnuts. These they cracked on stone and extracted the nut, about as big and solid as our chestnuts. Then long twigs were strung with these oily nuts, and they were hung about on the trees and below. One match starts the fire, then they ignite and blaze, as one nut dies out the next kindles, so a continuous flame goes on, which gives quite a good light, and will last for hours, for ever if the supply of nuts is adequate.

"What do you think of our natural Tahitean lamps?" questioned my tall, stately hostess, as she gave orders for more to be lighted, and continued: "In old times we never had lamps, but lit the candle-nuts, and the chiefs and people would sit under one of these spreading trees, relate their stories of conquest and wanderings, under the flame of the candle-nut. When we go camping in the mountains these are our only lamps, and the effect is singularly lovely."

"I am not surprised. You never finish bringing forth fresh wonders," I affirmed. It was true. Every day she thought of something unique.

The little daughters were with us; they had been permitted to stay up an hour longer than their usual bedtime. Their eyes were sleepy, although they constantly rubbed them to banish Morpheus away. We took them to the nursery, and soon two small white

figures knelt at their mother's knee and prayed in Tahitean for the great God to bless us all.

Dear little fatherless girls, whose only memory of papa will be a photograph!

Have you ever been on the reef in an outrigger canoe? It is great fun to see a sea garden with dazzlingly weird-coloured fish darting in and out amongst the coral. The water is as clear as crystal, and you witness all manner of queer life. How strenuous is the labour of these tiny coral polyp, how herculean an accomplishment, with an everlasting enemy, the ocean, ever in battle against them.

The silence is profound, broken occasionally as a fish jumps out and causes a tiny splash. The natives love nothing better than to go out and kill a devil fish; it is a great and dangerous feat to cut the numerous tentacles, sometimes as long as 8 feet, which the brute throws around leg and arm. All the water becomes like ink, as the octopus discharges his sepia. When dead, the natives wash away all the inky substance, and have an octopus feast.

We leave the canoe and walk on shore. In the old days, when a chief entered or left a canoe, the rowers would make a lot of foam by splashing the oars on the water. The more splash the greater the chief.

The sand of this beach is nearly black. We walk along and pick up unique specimens of shells and coral, as white and clean as if made of ivory. Some make nice ash-trays.

We met Ruth, the movie picture girl—she who had concentrated for hours on being able to weep real tears when they “killed” and “buried” her father.

The Princess and I stopped to chat with her. She tells us that to-day's work was quite easy—all she had to do was to walk and talk with her lover. They rise at six—all the company—and by seven are at work, sometimes on the lagoons, then again up in the mountains.

At sunset the mountains, crags, and ravines took on gold, purple, and rose robes. Up in the turquoise sky a very slender moon was out at night for the first time, and tiny stars, not yet quite visible, seemed winking at her.

Surely these must be the Isles of the Blest!

CHAPTER XVII

MOOREA—SOCIETY ISLANDS

En route for Papoetoai—Guest of Chief Tamaterai—The lizard men—The Honeymooners—Church with Mrs. Chieftainess—In a hurricane—A spiritual alarm-clock—En route for Sydney.

IN the cool of an early morning I embark on a tiny boat for Papoetoai. The mountains have not thrown off their night clothes yet; white mists still veil them.

Chinamen are selling oranges in baskets of green pandanus leaves.

The usual crowd of mixed pale-brown people has gathered. Some are leaving for Moorea, others loiter out of curiosity. Small schooners from adjacent islands full of bananas are pulling up alongside the quay.

Ships unfurl their sails for departure; the "Blue Peter" announces that fact as it is run up and floats lazily in the breeze. Over the clear waters a boy, in a little outrigger canoe painted a pale blue, paddles up. It is a pretty picture, because the reddish feis which form his cargo are reflected in the glassy waters below.

In many cases the trunk of the native consists of a bundle of clothes tied up in a red pareu. At last the motley crowd are on board, and off we glide towards Moorea.

This island, with its pinnacle-shaped mountains, has played a considerable part in the history of Tahite. Here Pomare I and Pomare II came when war devastated Tahite—also the missionaries, after their plantations had been burned and sacked. Queen Pomare IV sought

shelter in those troublesome days when France annexed these islands.

The little boat pitched and rolled, but on the whole it was a good crossing, the captain said. Many times, he added, the sea was so rough after a big windstorm that they had to wait days before they dared attempt it.

There is an open strait with cross seas running, which sometimes forbids navigation. To-day it was quite practicable. We had arrived on the Moorea side, and ran towards a small village called Mahaipa. A little wooden pier stretches out into the water, and a few villagers are gathered; some are wearing, and have brought for their friends, the most lovely wreaths imaginable. One would like to wear them on our best hats in London; they are most artistically made of the sweet white flowers of Tiare-Tahiti, and the aroma is exquisite. The water is deep and clear. You look down and see the coral growing on the bottom, it resembles maidenhair fern; some branches are blue, some brown and green. On the shore are small houses surrounded by coconut palms. Outside on the reef it is simply a world of dazzling blue and sunshine.

We started at 7 a.m., and did not arrive at Papoetoai until 11 a.m., although the distance across is between twelve and fourteen miles as the crow flies.

Cook's Bay, with its mountains and verdant foliage, was a joy to the eye. Outside on the reef lies the wreck of a French gunboat, the *Kersaint*, which met her doom there some three years ago.

I land, and am the guest of the Chief Tamaterai, a Terrii.

They have no hotels at Papoetoai. The Chief is an elderly man, and quite wealthy, as he owns much land and copra plantations. He has a nice, cool, roomy house, well furnished. He and his wife are ever smiling, and do all in their power to make me comfortable. The language proposition is rather difficult, as they understand only a very few words of either French or English—speaking only Tahitean.

I have a nice bedroom, large and airy, a big bed, covered with a native-made counterpane—white ground with huge red branches in design. Overhead hangs the inevitable mosquito net, without which one would obtain little sleep. In the room is an enormous wardrobe, with huge plate-glass mirror. I wondered how they ever managed to get the glass over intact on the small schooners. In their sitting-room the old Chief pauses and points to a large framed photograph hanging high on the wall, and then he turns and points to two others.

I look, not comprehending at first ; I see the pictures of three tall young men in French uniforms. Tears stood in the Chief's eyes, as he slowly and sadly announced "Mort en France."

Every one of his sons are now sleeping the long sleep on the battlefields of France. Alas ! even this little island of flowers and mountains has not escaped inclusion in the death roll of the Huns.

The Island of Moorea is some 40 miles in circumference. You can get a light cart and horse and drive around it ; many people prefer to walk, and stop at the different villages. Someone will give you a bed ; you bathe under a shower, or in a stream ; native food abounds in the shape of bread-fruit, coconuts, and bananas. You need not starve. The roads are not good, the bridges flimsy, and motor cars have not yet made their appearance.

Quite a few people come here, take a small house, and live the simple life for a time. Some have found it so charming that they have settled here. One Englishman of very good birth and with wealth has preferred to live on at Moorea for over thirty years ; his wife was a native, of the chieftain's family.

There is nothing to do in this wilderness of mountains and flowers ; a little walk one way or the other, a picnic in some pretty ravine, or, if a man feels strenuous, he may shoot some wild goats and pigs up in the mountains. There is, again, a delightful life ever awaiting you in a canoe out on the reef fishing, spearing, and meeting all kinds of the queer denizens of the sea.

Peace and rest is what you find at Moorea. They are very religious, the result of the missionaries' labour. The seeds are now bringing forth the harvest, for all attend the little white octagonal red-roofed Protestant church.

The houses are small, built for the tropics, deeply shaded, and the gardens are simply bowers of bloom, such as I have described in Tahite. The mountains take on more abrupt features, soaring into the clear blue heavens. There must have been a terrible volcanic eruption when this island was thrown up by some titanic force, as great slabs of granite form sky-scrapers, sheer pinnacles, upon which no vegetation can even retain a foothold; they rise thousands of feet above the sea. Many of these have never been pressed by a human foot, virgin peaks they are, and will ever remain so. Yet they say that centuries ago some of these high mountains were at one time inhabited by what they called "Lizard Men," who climbed these sheer heights with the assistance of two short sticks, some 18 inches in length, in their hands, and by some phenomenon of Nature could retain their hold on precipitate rocks.

It is interesting, walking, although very hot. The copper-skinned men all wear the pareu, which is simply twisted about their waist, and hangs to the knees, the rest of the body being naked. They are fine specimens of manhood, and are often seen bearing a stout pole on their shoulders, from which hang several bunches of bananas and feis.

One remarks big holes, or small, in the ground, the residences of the land crabs, who usually stay at home by day and come out at night. Then there is another kind of crab, which climbs the coconut trees, and throws down fruit for himself to the ground, when he descends and enjoys a feast.

I begin to get thirsty, and look enviously up at the coconuts. How I would like one! Just then a boy approaches. I point to the tree, and make a motion as if I would drink. Immediately that boy scales the

tree, and knocks down three nuts. He has a knife, and in a jiffy presents me with this large bowl of most refreshing liquid, and the white meat is so tender I can pull it out in strips to eat. I say "Maruru" (thank you). I only know two Tahitean words—that and "Iorana" (how do you do). I offer the boy money, but he proudly draws himself up and refuses. That night, about dusk, this boy and his (tayo) friend came to the Chief's house and brought me a lot of coconuts. The kindness of the natives all over these islands is proverbial.

When I returned, the Chief had cooked me an excellent dinner; everything was super-clean. As I waited for the different courses I noticed the art gallery in the Chief's dining-room. Almost every great man in France, or I might say Europe, hung on the walls, framed, clipped from the different illustrated journals.

My dinner consisted of an excellent soup, omelet, young chicken, with sweet potatoes and bananas. A little later I slept in the big white bed, every door and window open. It is the same at Papeete; no one locks their doors, it would be superficial to lock a door, when you can step in easily through the windows, and you would be stifled without the air. All the same, it seems like sleeping in the street. People retire early, and are up with the dawn.

As everyone keeps fowls, the roosters (chanticleers) begin about five o'clock their matinal crescendoes. The salute is passed on, and every rooster responds. You hear them from the distance as well as close by, and in Papeete, not only the roosters chanticulate, but the rich Chinaman, my next door neighbour, has a turkey gobbler—who gobbles frantically in answer to the crowing of the cocks. Therefore, sleep after five is a thing of the past.

I rise and find my way to the shower-room, turn on the tap, stand under, and am refreshed. The Chief puts his head out of the cook-house close by, says something, I presume the equivalent to "Good morning." In a few minutes I am sitting down to a bowl of excellent

coffee, a bowl of coconut, bread and butter, and a golden heap of bananas.

Again I start out on my wanderings. It is Sunday morning; a beautiful day of sunshine greets me. The wife of the Chief smiles, and lays aside her Bible. She was sitting on the back verandah reading with a sweet, patient, sad countenance. I paused, and she showed me her illustrated Bible in Tahitean. With two words of English and a mixture of French I told her I would come back and go to church with her. She smiled again, and I sauntered out along the reef in a different direction from yesterday.

I had not gone far, when I heard a voice call, "Mrs. Cameron!" Now, this was startling, as I did not know a soul on the entire island. I turned, and beheld a fellow passenger who came to Papeete on the *Marama* with me. She was the daughter of a wealthy Englishman, and also a relative of my Chief, and had two weeks before celebrated her marriage with a young Scotsman, who during the war had done distinguished work in the Royal Flying Corps. He could wear as decorations Légion d'Honneur, D.S.O., M.C., with two bars—he has some thirty-nine German planes to his record. The bride is a dainty little girl, pretty, with the beauty of a Spaniard, educated in New Zealand.

"Oh, you must come in, I'm so glad to see you." I reciprocated the latter remark—I did not know that she was on the island. We entered a garden deeply sheltered with flowering bush and tree. In a small house, "comfy" and verandahed, they were spending their honeymoon, and surely no idealist, if they searched the world over, could find a more romantic spot than the fantastically beautiful island of Moorea.

The young husband soon made his appearance; a very good-looking, fair chap, with blue eyes and blond hair. If I had been writing a novel, here was a mine of genuine romance, a case of "love at first sight."

They insisted I should lunch with them, which I did. He knew London well, and we gaily told the bride, who

blushed like a damask rose, what she would probably do and see in the Old Country, where they were going to take up their real home. It was like a doll's house, with children—for they were little more—playing house-keeping. Their catering was done by a Chinaman, young, like themselves.

How I laughed as they described their wedding, this boy from London, and the girl, half English, half chief-tain's granddaughter, with a British education. All the natives began to bring presents early, they said, such as pigs, fish, chickens, yams, bread-fruit, and all the products of this island. They had no less than 160 hogs presented, and two thousand eggs. The day of the ceremony, the natives decorated her father's house and the honeymoon house with flowers and greenery, chains of yards and yards of the sweet white tiare and frangipani were strung together and festooned rooms and doors, wreaths were hung and placed in every possible position.

Outside in long stone native ovens, rows of hogs, bread-fruit, sweet potatoes, yams, and sugar-cane were roasting for the native feast. Inside, cooks were preparing chicken, hams, and all kinds of eatables for the Europeans. Then they formed up for the bridal procession; the bride and her father walked first, then came the guests, and last the bridegroom. They were married in the white Protestant church.

That ceremony over, the bridegroom's ordeal began, he laughingly told me, because every native woman came up to embrace him, threw their arms around him and kissed him on one side and then on the other—old women without a tooth in their heads, and some with a few dark stumps that most likely had never made the acquaintance of a toothbrush. "Oh, it was awful!" he shuddered at the remembrance. Like me, he could only say, "Maruru" (thank you).

They walked back together, man and wife—whom God had joined together. Then began the feasting; the hogs were cut up, bread-fruit broken, champagne and rum flowed. It was a great wedding, and now their

days are ever so happily spent, just together, with hours on the coral reefs in their little canoe. Elysium indeed!

After lunch, I remembered I had told the Chief's wife I would go to church with her, and not liking to keep her waiting, the young bride walked back with me. I had no more difficulty with the language question, pure Tahitian flowed on both sides. The bride went home, and "Mrs. Chieftainess" and I attended church.

The Chief's wife, garbed in black gauzy stuff, and I in the same sort of raiment, walked along to the church. I noticed that, of the women who were also on their way, a good many wear black, as it is Sunday, also a hat, but their feet are naked. We enter the little white church built on the beach within the palm grove. The Chief's wife, she who has given three sons to the Great War, motions me to sit in the pew with her daughter-in-law, while she takes her fatherless grandchildren to another pew.

I look about. Inside the church all is white, plain, and simple, with lamps to give light for the evening service. All the windows are wide open; there is a violent wind-storm out at sea, and the surf on the reef thunders to such an extent that it is a little difficult to hear the clergyman begin the service. He is a native preacher, and wears a white suit. He appears to have a good voice; I cannot understand his words.

Most of the men wore white linen coats. I am the only European in the church. The younger women and girls wear white and coloured cotton frocks, long and loose. Their hats of straw are quite pretty, made by themselves, and trimmed with native wreaths fashioned out of the sugar-cane fibre; others have pom-poms, also of native work.

There are many children, clean and well dressed. I am the cynosure of all eyes, the children just hang over the back of the seats and stare contentedly, as long as they like. I trust the preacher will forgive me for diverting attention which should be rightly his. The women, when they catch my eye, smile and nod, evidently pleased

to see me. There are many mothers with babies in their arms; the moment there is any noise from the young ones they are whisked outside.

The choir is excellent, some of their voices are really beautiful as they sing the hymns in rather a sad minor key, which blended with that of the congregation. Many of the children have become restless, and several have laid down on the seats in the pews, and stuck their little naked brown feet up in the air, with a resultantly weird, amusing effect.

Some of the women sat sideways, with their bare feet on the seats.

It doesn't matter how they sat, they were all there to do homage to the Great God who controls the universe and our lives. Even those who haven't time to pray seem always to implore God for salvation at the end.

My attention is drawn to this dark widow who bows her head in prayer beside me. She is one of the millions of war widows whose husbands will never come back—no more will he hear the surf beating out there on the reef where he played and fished as a boy. I feel sorry for this Tahitean widow, she is quite young, and wears two long black braids of hair hanging down her back.

This church was built in 1813 by the missionaries, in the reign of Pomare II, and while sitting here my imagination conjures up what Moorea, or Eimeo, as it was then called, must have been before the first missionaries came, when conditions were appalling. At that time two-thirds of the babies were strangled immediately after birth; there was no virtue or morality; they worshipped devils and idols, who were appeased by human sacrifices. Men and women were slaughtered without thought or mercy.

I bow my head in thanks to those brave, steadfast missionaries, who forsook comfort and safety, and dared every risk of those horrible ancient days to carry the Word of God to these pagans, with the result that now life is safe. Religion has helped the natives, given them the precious faith in the life hereafter.

When I left the church the native voices, rich in melody were chanting their praises to God. Outside, the dogs who had come to church with their masters lay stretched at full length, taking their noonday siesta. Church begins about twelve. I should think either nine in the morning, or late in the afternoon, would be a more agreeable time to gather for service, because with a temperature of ninety degrees in the shade and great humidity everyone at midday is in a state of steaming respiration.

When first I came to these islands on September 2nd, I thought that the siesta was a waste of time. I used to go back to my rooms in the little bungalow and write; but now in October I find that with the habit of rising at daybreak, I also am obliged to take the noonday siesta.

My evening was happily spent with the honeymooners; on account of a hurricane wind blowing we had to cancel our project of going on the reef. They say if this wind keeps up the boat will be unable to cross over to Papeete. This I regret, as I must be in Papeete to prepare for my departure on the s.s. *Marama*, which sails in a few days.

Early next morning I was engaged, having my coffee, bidding good-bye to the kind old Chief and his wife, and leaving a present for their hospitality. The wind had not subsided. I started for the landing-stage, gleams of sunshine lit up the mountains, and the wind rustled the broad-leaved bread-fruit trees as I passed. The boat not being in, I sat down on a tree-trunk, sheltered from the wind.

An old native leads a thin horse down to the sea and gives him a bath, holding on to a rope, while the horse swims and obviously enjoys the splashing. Bags of copra, bunches of bananas, several pigs, feis, and heaps of bread-fruit are stacked on the rickety pier awaiting transportation. The boat draws up; just then my honeymoon friends arrive to see me off.

"Going to be rough," affirm most of the people, and eyes are turned dubiously out to the ocean, where white sea-horses are dancing on the reef.

“Why not stay?” asked the bride.

“I can’t; there is no boat for three days, and I might miss the *Marama*, then no steamer for another month. I dare not risk it, storm or not; I must get back to Papeete,” I replied.

The Captain had kindly brought me one of those lovely white wreaths of the tiare blossoms, the odours of which are delicious, and I put it on my hat, native fashion.

Finally, everything was on board, even to the squealing pigs, and we were off. The wind certainly was strong. I was the only woman on board, the rest were half-caste men and Chinamen—the few shops at Moorea being also run by the Celestials.

As we neared the reef, the breakers were whacking it as if infuriated. On we glided, right into the mountains of green water, topped by angry foam. Up went the little boat, then down we came, and a wave deluged us; the water gurgled, swished and circled the deck, running out of the holes at the sides. My feet and legs were soaked.

The boat plunged, no one could keep a hold or sit on the seat. All the passage-way was completely filled with wood and copra, there was no place to go below in the small cabin, stocked to its full capacity with copra; the hatch was also occupied. The only place to sit was on a small narrow seat in the bow near the steering-wheel.

Talk of tobogganing down Swiss Alpine paths, or the glory of the Coney Island wiggles! We had a combination of all the pitches and wiggles ever known. We had spiral dives, roll overs, ascents and pitches; the like of which I never want to experience again. Long ago I had left my seat, and now sat on the deck of the boat, and held on to the seat like grim death. At every dive into the sea bang came tons of water overboard. Everyone was as wet as if they had been swimming with their clothes on, then the waters swirled around and out through the holes. I was sitting in water to my waist.

The Chinaman near me was thoroughly sea-sick. The

Captain hauled a bag of copra along towards me and said, "Sit on this." I crawled up on the copra seat, and found it better, as it gave me a little protection—I wasn't sitting in the water. Now, as the waves came, they swirled round my feet and up to my knees only.

Every instant I got waves over my back as well. How the Captain could keep on his feet and steer the boat was a wonder to me. I fancied that she would turn turtle at every moment. We were tooth and nail in the grip of tumultuous seas, whose vindictiveness knew no mercy.

I had rather prided myself, as I have voyaged probably 300,000 miles or more on the sea, on having never known sea-sickness. I used to talk of self-control, of the power of mind over matter, and generally considered myself immune from *mal de mer*. I considered myself, in fact, invincible. But now I have symptoms of a terrible upheaval of certain parts of my anatomy, a quivering of my whole system. I philosophize: surely you are not going to follow the example of these Chinamen, you are surely above that sort of thing? All the time a horrid reminder of something I had once seen in *Punch* kept coming into my mind. It was a picture of a little boat tossing in rough seas, and underneath was the legend: "They wished the ham had been leaner—as they became greener and greener." I wondered if I was in the "green" stage yet. I certainly felt awful. Over came a huge sea! It hit my back, my hat dripped like an umbrella. Alas, for my beautiful wreath of sweet flowers! The boat took a downward screw movement, struggle was useless. I found myself thrown close to the Chinaman—and we both fed the sea together.

After the paroxysm was over, I could scarcely believe it of myself, surely I had not succumbed? But it was the bare truth, and I was as sick as possible.

On we went, still on, through those infuriated seas, with the hurricane winds threatening each moment a watery grave. Miserable, sick, and soaked, I crouched on the bag of copra. I shut my eyes, I loathed those

seas ; I recalled how I had always praised the sea, how I had dwelt on and eulogized on the beauty of the waves—but I saw no beauty in them now—they were virulent with inconsiderable frenzy as they beat against me.

The Captain put his hand on my shoulder and said compassionately, “We are calling in there, we will be inside the reef soon.” I opened one eye, but seeing the monster sea, closed that eye. After a little, we were behind the reef, and had stopped at one of the villages.

I stood up and shook my wet self ; how horrible I felt ! At the landing some cargo went off, some came on, two or three more passengers, then away we went out to face those seas again. They had not calmed, but were raging just the same.

Again I sought my seat on the copra bag ; again I was washed and slapped by the waves ; again the *mal de mer* laid me low.

To make the voyage more tiresome than ever, four villages had to be visited, and the continuous tornado seas had to be re-encountered each time. Maharepa, Vaiere, Afareitu, and Mahatea were the names of the villages, so I found out afterwards—at the time of calling these names meant nothing to me. We were after copra, and got it. Moorea exports about 600 tons of copra a year.

At the last village, on a point jutting out into the sea, in the old days the natives used to have a temple (“marea”), and sacrifices, human and animal, were offered up. They had human bodies, sacrifices to the idols, done up in palm baskets and hanging on the trees, and the Captain told me that the stench was so nauseating that boats dreaded to run in.

Of course this is a thing of the past. I looked at the Captain and inquired how he could ever keep his poise and navigate that boat. It seemed to me, if he had to go through this experience twice every week, he ought to have the Victoria Cross and ten thousand a year. He laughed and said, “It’s the cussed wind, bad crossing all right to-day.” Then he advised me to get back on

my copra bag, which I did, and we dashed once more through the reef, met the hurricane seas, which roared over everyone, the pigs squealed, and on we ploughed—diving, plunging, circling through the open strait towards Papeete. I closed my eyes, the time seemed ages, and at last we pulled alongside the quay at Papeete.

We had started at 7 a.m. It was now 3.30 p.m. Eight and a half hours to do twelve to fourteen miles!

Morning dawns. I rise early to pack before the steaming heat begins, for the *Marama* is at the wharf. I bid adieu to my surroundings in which I have lived for some time.

They say that this house is haunted, it belonged formerly to the head butcher of Papeete. He and his wife, a Marquesasan, both died during the epidemic. I have not gone very much into the researches of occultism, but every morning, precisely at 4 a.m., I was awakened as if by magic: that was the hour at which the butcher used to rise. Then several times mysterious footsteps walked past my shuttered doors on the verandah outside, then a knock further down. I jumped from my bed, opened the shutters, but not a living thing could I see. This happened several times. I asked the man and wife who kept the house, and they said they repeatedly heard the knocks and footsteps, and at first believed that burglars were at work.

The man, who is a sturdy Scot, told me that many times he had got up and gone all round, even to looking under the house to see if anyone was hidden there.

It certainly was curious, but I argued: If this butcher's spirit, or his Marquesasan wife's are *earthbound*, and frequent their former dwelling, I don't know them, have never done them any harm. They can't have any grudge against me, but I do wish they would not set their spiritual alarm-clock for me every morning at four.

As I look around, never again shall I see this little house, nor hear the turkey-gobbler gobble his morning hymn. No more will the lovely pink and white hibiscus from that long hedge stare at me, and nod in the early

dawn, nor the red crotons in flaming streamers wave from the verandah. None of these will ever be a part of my daily existence again. By this time the packing is finished.

Good-bye to the rich Chinaman's house next door—and to my haunted rooms.

Once more I am in the ship of plenty—ice, baths, clean towels, good food—the R.M.S. *Marama*, which is as comfortable as anyone need desire, and made homelike by the cheerful kindness of Captain Aldwell.

I give a luncheon on board to Doctor and Mrs. Williams, our Consul, who have done all they could to make my stay pleasant, the American Consul and his wife, and others. Friends arrive to say *bon voyage*. My cabin is half-full of presents: straw mats, hats, fans, wreaths of shells, necklaces galore, fruit; and now comes Mrs. Brander with baskets of avocado pears, papias, and a bunch of bananas.

The *Marama's* whistle sends everyone ashore, handkerchiefs wave, the ship picks her way out past the reef, through the strait. Tahite fades away into mists. Moorea shows her pinnacles of rock, then all is blue in the distance which has swallowed them.

For twelve days now the *Marama* will follow her course, stopping at Wellington for two days, and then Sydney.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

En route for the Solomon Islands—Tulagi—Government—The only hotel—The Bohle Pass—Gavutu—Siota—History—The British Protectorate.

WITH regret, again I left Sydney, where so many people had been kind to me. The Millions Club had made me their guest at a luncheon, after which I spoke on travel and Empire.

On a hot day at the end of November, after one week's voyage over blue waters and smiling, sunny skies, I beheld the islands of the dreaded Solomons rising into the heavens. The ship is now passing between the Russel Group. On one side is the mountainous Island of Guadalcanal. As I look at this island mountain towering out of the tropical seas, my thoughts take an imaginary exploration of inquiry as to what the natives are doing up there in their stronghold, where no white face penetrates. Are they engaged in their devil worship? Are they strangling some bereaved widow? Or are they dumping mothers and living babies into a single grave?

I scan these mountains with my glasses, but the shadowed heights disclose nothing. Along the sea front of this island it is quite safe, coconut plantations flourish, and the oil of the coconut, or copra as it becomes, will form the chief ingredient for creams, pomades, and so forth, to beautify women in those cold and temperate zones thousands of miles away. Women will pay exorbitant prices to induce youth to stay with them, to defy the inroads of remorseless Father Time.

So I enter this Solomon Group of islands, land of cannibals

—in places—head-hunters, devil-worshippers, sorcerers, and fanatics of all kinds. Yet even these people are advancing. Across the way in the distance is the Island of Savo, on which is a small volcano. This is covered with mystic blue clouds, and is a great fetish point with the natives. Around one corner of Guadalcanal stands the Catholic Mission, and directly at the base of 5,000-foot mountains lies the red-roofed mission of the Church of England. Up there in the mountains an expedition tried to proceed some years ago, but every human was murdered—there were no survivors to relate their grim experiences, no one lived to tell of the savage heathen rites and ceremonies they may have witnessed.

There appears to be multitudes of islands, they are like the “Six Hundred”—islands to the right of us, islands to the left of us. All are covered with the brilliant green foliage of the tropics. It is seethingly hot, even at sea, and a heat mist quivers o’er the landscape.

These islands, large and small, cover a distance of 900 miles in length, and 450 miles in width. People say that there are nearly 1,000 islands in the group, others affirm 600. The three largest are Guadalcanal, Choiseul, Malaita, Bougainville, and Ysabel. Each of these have something like 2,000 square miles of territory. This group of the Solomons is twice as large as Fiji, by whom it is ruled; it is estimated that the group comprises over 9,000,000 acres, or 11,000 square nautical miles.

The Solomons are situated between the parallels of 5° S. and $12^{\circ} 30'$ S., and the meridian of 155° , and 170° of E. longitude.

Through a pretty bay we approach Tulagi, situated on an island off the south coast of Florida Island, the small capital of the Solomons, and the seat of the Government. Already we sight the red-roofed house of the Resident Commissioner on the top of the hill.

The Union Jack flies from the tall staff, its bright colour in striking contrast with the deep azure of the skies. Half a dozen low, verandahed houses are almost hidden away on the slope of the hill by palm groves.

The hospital is built upon the beach, and there is great need for it, as fever abounds on all these islands. Many a man sails hundreds of miles from distant plantations on a schooner to seek a cure here. There is a cemetery at Tulagi for white people, but all natives are buried on a tiny island just off the beach.

Thousands of coconut trees cover every hill and glade. Copra is king of the Solomons—it is their sole export.

Only about thirty white people reside at Tulagi, members of the Government, a few traders; and there is a Chinatown consisting of half a dozen ramshackle thatched shops.

At Tulagi there are no roads, no vehicles of any kind; a path leads up to Government House, and branches off to the other houses, and a built-up walk of coral and sand lines the front. Never have I seen such a capital—no amusements, not even a picture show.

After the ship was tied up to the wharf, I explored all Tulagi in half an hour. The Governor or Commissioner, Captain R. R. Kane, M.C., was away.

The Solomons are governed from Suva, Fiji, under the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. The residents are not satisfied with their present state, and desire to be a Crown Colony, to be under the Colonial Office. They claim that Fiji has her own islands to develop, and has vast unoccupied lands, and they add that Fijians look after their own interests, and that the Solomons cannot develop sufficiently under their control.

The Solomonites prefer Sydney to Fijian rule, but their ambition is to become a Crown Colony. These primitive islands under the Protectorate of Great Britain are scarcely scratched. The copra plantations are new, many are only beginning to bear coconuts, and other plantations are quite in their infancy; but the rich lava, virgin soil, is here and only needs labour to create and produce the valuable coconuts.

One must admit that at present it is a difficult country in which to blaze the trail. In so hot a climate, to plant your coconut groves requires time, patience, the most robust health, and persistence. Fever often follows you,

the heat takes away your appetite, your strength weakens; then again there is the loneliness.

I do not remember in the many parts of the world in which I have travelled to have remarked the lonely feeling which assails one as in the Solomons. Locally they call these islands "The Sorrowful Islands."

You see vast green islands, not a living soul for miles; you come across a native village, maybe two bush huts, low on the beach, then you look to the hills and mountains, land upon which no white foot has walked.

Some parrots and cockatoos shriek in the distance, then all is silent; the birds, wild pig, and dogs are the sole residents.

It is a country impossible to travel in, there are no hotels, no roads—nothing. In the interior natives would kill you, and think nothing of it; sorcerers rule with wild and unheard-of rites, paganism and death stride through these unnaturally beautiful islands.

At Tulagi there is no proper bank, Burns Philp & Co. carry on any banking business on behalf of the Savings Department of the Commonwealth Bank of Australia.

Their Court House was the size of one room. A case of murder was being tried as I passed by, and it being very warm, every door and window was open, and the personnel visible.

Tulagi is certainly in its swaddling clothes, so far as capitals are concerned. I visited the large, cool store of Morris Hedstrom, Ltd., of Fiji, and was surprised to note the assortment and choice of goods for these islanders' wants. Heaps of pretty cottons, crêpes de Chine, eatables of all kinds in tins, toilet powders and perfumes from Paris. Every want for the tropics is supplied, as is also the case with the store of Burns Philp & Co. at Makambo.

When you walk along the front of Tulagi you note horrid black bogs, an ideal breeding-place for the mosquitoes who impregnate you with malaria fever. In some spots sabourers were engaged in filling up the bog land with land and stones; this plan should certainly be extended.

I climbed up the hill to the Tulagi Hotel, and, mark

you, it is the only hotel in the entire Solomon Group, and is kept by Mrs. Elkington, a woman of personality and great charm. Her hotel is spotlessly clean, stands high up facing the sea, and is surrounded with pretty crotons and hibiscus. The meals are as good as the island can supply, the rates run from 18s. to £1 per day—surely not expensive when one takes into consideration that everything has to be brought many thousands of miles. Mrs. Elkington is singularly gifted, being able to play on the piano any piece by ear that she has ever heard. Pianos in this hot, humid land soon lose all tone, and rust. Mrs. Elkington has her Brinsmead built into an asbestos damp-proof cabinet, which is always closed except when in use. She is the only person who can tune a piano in all the Solomons. Being a music lover, she took lessons in Sydney in tuning pianos, in order to take care of her own. Besides her musical genius, she has artistic gifts as well; many charming black and white sketches of beautiful heads hang upon her walls, as well as unique curios of the Solomons.

Captain Williams was kind enough to arrange a party for me there the night of my arrival at Tulagi. It was a sing-song, and began with grand opera, after which everything, from "Annie Laurie" to "God Save the King," came in the programme. My welcome to the Solomons proved to be most enjoyable.

As there are no hotels and no roads in this group of islands, the only way you can see the islands is to go on one of the steamers of Burns Philp & Co., the only line for the Solomons. They call at some twenty islands, carrying goods and taking copra.

At Tulagi, for instance, we had three days, and on the return trip several more days, and as there is nothing to see particularly, the time is ample. If one wanted to see all the islands it would probably take two years. There is a great similarity between them, and if you visited these islands you could not go into the interior on account of the barbarity of the natives in many of the groups. There being no roads, you would be obliged to cut your path,

and to carry all your supplies would be difficult. You would have to charter a schooner, the expense, hardships—without ice or any comfort—would be a Herculean task, which only the missionaries have attempted, besides the dangers ever lurking with you, such as savage natives and virulent fevers. From my point of view, this mode of seeing the islands is the best, because I meet every white resident, get their news and stories, giving them direct to my readers. As the old saying has it, “It’s not all beer and skittles in the Solomons,” and it’s much pleasanter to sit in your easy chair, beside a comfortable fire, than voyage in these weird, bizarre lands.

I was walking on the path in Tulagi with the wife of a planter, and we met her former cook-boy. He grinned and paused, seemingly glad to see her. She asked him what he was now doing. He answered: “I work along Government.” She congratulated him. Afterwards we found out that he had been imprisoned for theft, and he was working out his sentence on the road, therefore his apt reply: “He was with the Government.”

Many of the natives cram the lobe of the ear full of trinkets, so that the lobe gets as big as a bracelet. I have seen them with a pipe and a box of matches stuffed into this queer place. A common, ordinary safety-pin often forms his ear-ring, others wear the lobe hanging five or six inches down on their necks, like a fantastic natural earring.

Mrs. Elkington relates some of her experiences with a native servant of hers called “Old Flo” (a Mrs. Malaprop). She told her mistress that she would like to have been a Red Cross nurse, only as she could not read or write she feared she might make a mistake about the descriptions—she meant prescriptions. The heroines of the Red Cross apparently attracted her. Old Flo confided to Mrs. Elkington that she certainly would have joined the Red Cross Volunteers “if she hadn’t dem harricot beans in her legs.” Again Old Flo was assertive, and announced “that she could cook bankwets and bankdrys”—her idea of a banquet! Flo was to the rescue another time. She

hurried down into a tea party, exclaiming: "Your son John, her child, my child, our children all have one big dam fight."

Our ship lays up at the fine concrete wharf of Burns Philp & Co. at Makambo, which is a small island belonging to this famous pioneer firm, five minutes across the bay from Tulagi. The manager's house is on the top of the hill, with the men's quarters and native quarters dotted about. There is a nice walk around the tiny domain, which perhaps takes a quarter of an hour to accomplish. Here are workshops for the steamers, a good store, and the paraphernalia of the firm's wants and supplies.

Whenever we stop all the white people come on board, and we are like one family, and sit on deck, and discuss things. They are interested in my view of the other nine groups of the South Pacific Islands I have visited. I am anxious to hear *their* views and the news of their island.

BOHLE PASS, GAVUTU, AND SIOTA.

Captain Williams, who does all he can to make it pleasant for his passengers, said he would take us through the Bohle Pass, so that we could picnic at some nice spot, and return by Siota. We started early in the morning by launch; it was delightful sprinting over the blue waters. When we were about an hour out the launch broke down. The Captain and the men all had a try at the engines, but they refused absolutely to move—only a hiss was to be got out of them. Launches are temperamental, I think, for in many countries I have had the same bother. We drifted and swung with the tide; no help of any kind to be seen, not a boat passed us, and a wide reef stretched out; we had to be careful, and not get hung up on that. After a long time we drifted to Gavutu, which belongs to the Levers, and is one of their strongholds. Here everything possible is arranged for the convenience of their business and employees. They have wharves, hospital, store, fine houses for the manager and the men. It is a model establishment, with electricity, waterworks, and a

large reservoir on the top of the hill which contains their water supply. Everything which can add to the amenities of life in the tropics they have at Gavutu.

We left the launch to two expert engineers, and walked about the beautiful place; crotons and flowers were everywhere and large trees. We inspected natives and babies. Time passed pleasantly, and soon the launch whistled for us to return. We were grateful to the two engineers, got on board, and the launch simply raced over the blue waters. We eventually entered Bohle Pass, where the scenery was beautiful.

The mountains were about 1,000 feet high, just a tropical jungle; orchids tumbled out of trees, lianes crept along and covered over stump and rock, and after clothing these, fell in ropes and tied themselves to other trees, making chains of greenery, which decorated the landscape as only Nature can. Brilliant green, blue sky, and water; on we glide, dumb with admiration, but all the time Old Sol was turning me into grilled bones; never have I had such burning in my life—and I have done thousands of miles in Africa and all the West Coast. There was no awning on the launch, and only one lady passenger besides me, with her little girl. She did not burn, but her child and I were blood-red with that fierce heat. Great blisters began to form on my arms and neck, which became exceedingly painful.

I had kept my sunshade over my head all the time, but my flesh was as if it had been put on a grill. The idea occurred to me that as the cannibals only like their food slightly cooked, if there were any about, my arms and neck were quite ready for them. But there is no sense in grumbling about blistering skin, so “on with the picnic!”

We discovered a lovely spot on coral sands, the trees overhung the beach, giving much-needed shade. There were ten of us in the party. We had brought ice and plenty of kai-kai (food), and *how* we did eat, the waves almost lapping our feet. The native boys found some bananas and paw-paw trees, the fruit tasting wonderful,

being freshly picked. Afterwards we walked through thick bush, and saw some lovely flowers I had never seen before—huge red things that depended six or eight inches, in substance like a camellia, but the bloom long and larger. Finally we came across two native grass huts, built low, with walls of bamboo which make the place cool; there was no one about, unless they were hidden in the thick bush in the rear.

It was interesting to see their cooking utensils; a quantity of bananas were hung to ripen, yams and taro were piled up for future use. In their sleeping hut four clean mats were spread, and the crude doors swung easily on sennit hinges. They certainly had chosen an ideal spot on the beach of coral, where the gentle waves formed an impromptu bathroom of generous accommodation. The fruit of the tropics could be had by simply raising the hand.

We boarded the launch, and proceeded through the most enchanting scenery; glorious views met us at every side, then after a time we pulled up at the mission at Siota.

The Melanesian Mission, Church of England, was first established in the Solomons by Bishop Selwyn about 1850. At Siota we found a clean, prosperous establishment. The church, built in native leaf and bush, was picturesque; they informed me that soon they intend building a cathedral. We walked through the main thoroughfare, and on each side were comfortable native houses. The school was educating more than thirty pupils, and the management appeared to be extremely good.

We were shown into a small museum, which interested me greatly. There was an extraordinary war goddess, called "Voutorulagi," made of the fern-tree, and curiously painted, also a gun from the ship *La Perouse*, which was wrecked in the Santa Cruz Group of islands about the end of the seventeenth century.

In a casket lay a grass mat, this had been used as a pall to cover the murdered body of Bishop Patterson of

this mission. He lost his life in 1871, on one of the islands of the Santa Cruz Groups.

At that time the natives were very hostile, as they had previously been visited by some pirate black-birders who had taken a lot of men to work in the sugar plantations of Queensland. Bishop Patterson always swam ashore, and as he was doing this the natives clubbed him to death. They wrapped his body in this mat, and put him in an old canoe to drift out to sea. However, his body was recovered and given Christian burial at sea.

The Lord's Prayer has been printed in twenty native languages, or dialects, for the different Solomon Islanders. I append the prayer in use at Siota :—

Mama i kokou, ke tabu na abamu. Ke tona mai nimua na kinakabu. Ke tanomana na liomu inpari te vaga i kokou. He gami mai taeni na vana te manana i taeni. Mo ko talukehai na lei palumami ke vaga igami kai talukehai na lei paludira. Ko bei lubatigami ta na tabotabo, mo ko lavi gami ta na tanotanedika. Nimna na hava, ma na mana, ma na lada, ke vaa me vaa. Amen.

It was sunset when we left this representative mission, and with the exception of the cruel sun which was merciless in its intensity, we considered that we had passed a perfect day.

HISTORY OF THE SOLOMONS.

The history of the Solomons appears to be as follows :— During November, in 1567, two Spanish ships under the command of Alvaro de Mendana sailed from Callao, Peru, in the hope of discovering a southern continent. After cruising about for many months, in February 1568 they arrived off the present Island of Ysabel in the Solomons, which Mendana christened Ysabel in honour of his wife. These ships made a voyage amongst the islands, and Mendana named most of them; the names are still in use to-day. Mendana returned to Peru in June 1569, very much impressed with the possibilities of these new islands, and he gave them the name of the Solomons,

in the hope that his countrymen might be induced to colonize them, for he believed these islands to have been the source from which King Solomon obtained the gold for his temples.

Phillip II of Spain had too much to occupy his mind at the time, and it was not until 1595 that Mendana again sailed from Peru, with a commission to colonize the Solomon Islands. He was equipped with everything necessary for the planting of a new colony. Mendana's wife, Donna Ysabel de Barreto, and her three brothers were of the party, as well as a large number of colonists and their wives. The chief navigating officer was Pedro Fernandez de Quiros. Unfortunately the ships failed to find the Islands of Solomon, but in September 1595 they arrived at the largest island in the Santa Cruz Group. They had lost one ship in a squall the day before they sighted land.

A settlement was formed on the north coast of the island, and Mendana called it Graciosa Bay. Soon dissensions arose. Insubordination among the members of the colony, sickness, and conflicts with the natives, speedily put an end to any hope of success which Mendana had achieved, and he died there in the following October.

Quiros left Graciosa Bay with the survivors of the ill-fated colony. They tried to find the Solomon Islands which Mendana had discovered on his first voyage, and were quite near, and in all probability the weather must have been thick, as they never sighted them, although for days they were in their vicinity.

Being disappointed in their quest, they changed their course to the north-west and steered for Manila.

The Solomons then disappeared for two hundred years from all European knowledge, and finally became regarded as a myth. Quiros arrived at Manila with the remainder of the expedition in February 1596.

It was thus that the Solomons slept, as far as enterprise went, for two hundred years.

In 1767, Captain Carteret re-discovered the Santa Cruz Group. Monsieur de Bougainville was not far behind,

because in the French ships *Boudesuse* and *Etoile* in the year 1768, after having stayed in the New Hebrides, he sailed to the north-east, and passed through what is now Bougainville Straits. He named the island east of the straits after the Duc de Choiseul, and then continued his voyage of discovery towards Batavia. In 1769, M. de Surville sailed around Ysabel Island and Malaita.

Maurelle, the Spaniard, in 1781, at night passed a dangerous reef south of Lord Howe's Group, and on account of the noise the breakers made, he named it appropriately "El Roncader," the snorer.

Lieutenant Shortland next had a look round in 1788, and about this time the celebrated French navigator La Perouse was engaged on a scientific cruise in the Pacific; he left Brest in 1785. In February 1788 these ships left Botany Bay to continue their discoveries, and they were never heard of for forty years, until Captain Petter Dillon, of the Hon. East India Company's ship *Research*, brought back the news that there were no survivors. The ship was wrecked at Vanikoro. Years after, in 1826, Dillon again visited the islands. A lascar offered to sell a silver sword guard, upon which Dillon recognized the initials of La Perouse. Upon being questioned, the native acknowledged that this and other relics had been brought in canoes from an island, Vanikoro, where two big ships had been wrecked many years ago.

Dillon found out when he arrived at Vanikoro that the ships had been wrecked in a hurricane off the barrier reef, south of the island, and many had been drowned. However, a number survived and lived for some years on shore, but all had died at the time of Dillon's visit.

In 1791, Captain Edwards on the *Pandora* passed between the islands of Vanikoro and Urupua, and discovered Cherry and Mitre Islands. It is sad to think that the living members of La Perouse's Expedition may have witnessed the *Pandora* pass: that they may have endeavoured to signal it, without success.

Other explorers followed; then came trading vessels to buy *bêche-de-mer* and tortoiseshell. Whalers also called

to "refresh" their crews, and incidentally to demoralize the natives.

In 1845, the French Mission of the Society of Mary, with Bishop Epalle and six fathers, also five lay brothers arrived on the south coast of San Cristoval. They also visited Ysabel. Bishop Epalle was murdered by the natives. The party then returned to San Cristoval, where they established a mission at Makira Bay; this they were obliged to abandon in 1847, as three more brothers had been killed by the natives and one died from fever.

After a lapse of fifty years this mission was again established. The Melanesian Mission, Church of England, under the direction of Bishop Selwyn the elder, came to the islands in 1850. From this time on, Her Majesty's ships of war and the Melanesian mission vessel, under the control of Bishop Patterson, made an annual visit, and the latter took boys to be educated at Norfolk Island.

The Solomons became a great recruiting place, and natives were taken to work in the sugar-cane fields of Queensland.

Between the years 1860 and 1893 the number of white traders who were resident increased to fifty souls. This was at the time when the proclamation of the British Protectorate over the Southern Group of the Solomons was declared in 1893.

CHAPTER XIX

THROUGH THE SOLOMONS

Yandena—Planters and missionaries—Steamer day—Lever Brothers—
Gizo—A pioneer and his trials—Lord Leverhulme—Fiasi—Lonely
white men—Bougainville.

WE now pull up at the small wooden wharf of Yandena. In voyaging amongst the Solomons the scenery appears more like a group of lakes, as island after island lies dotted over the water.

We are in the Russel Group, whose soil is said to be rich, and especially adaptable for coconut plantations. Copra is practically the main topic of conversation. As we draw in, one white man calls out to our Captain, "I've got ninety tons," another voice shouts "Mine is 120 tons." On this island the Malaita Company have a 3,000 acre plantation; the whole place bristles with glistening palm trees, a few corrugated iron buildings, and copra sheds are all there is to be seen. The natives bustle about unloading cargo, some wear bright cobalt blue lava-lavas and also red ones, which strike a pleasing contrast amidst the palms.

What a lonesome-looking place! If one is fortunate enough to possess a launch or schooner, then one is not quite so isolated, as it is possible to make for other islands where another white man lives. Exchanges of visits form the only diversion in the mysterious Solomons.

Yet people are not as friendly as one would imagine. Many pass months by themselves, they become shy of meeting people, and there is also much jealousy amongst the different companies and planters.

The planters say that the missionaries have a soft time,

and the missionaries say that the natives are all right by themselves, but deteriorate under the influence of the planters. Occasionally there is a little verbal friction between the missionaries and the planters. But one must remember that it was the missionaries who came out here from the old country in tiny boats and blazed the trail, making it safe for the white traders.

We dropped a young Australian fellow at one of Levers' islands one morning. He was only a lad, and he won't see another white face for maybe three months. He insisted upon giving me several curios. One was an ebony bowl used in the temple by the devil worshippers; it is of native workmanship all inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the shape is that of a bird with a fish in its mouth. He also presented me with two long spears, barbed with knots of wood, and measuring ten feet, and a basket very queerly plaited and dyed in a half a dozen colours by native dyes.

This lad told me that sometimes he had to sit down and have a good cry from sheer loneliness. One night, he said, he ran shrieking along the shore, and the natives followed him thinking he'd gone mad. I gave him a treasured book of mine, *Tales of a Sourdough* by Robert Service, and a box of cigarettes, but felt sorry for him, as our ship drew off, leaving this youngster the sole white man on the island, like Caliban alone—a Robinson Crusoe indeed.

Lever Brothers arrange for houses for their employees. These are furnished comfortably—easy chairs, lounges, mosquito nets, all their linen, cutlery, and curtains. An inventory is taken before the man enters his comfortable abode. Labour is becoming more difficult, and there must necessarily be thousands of "boys" to work the plantations; therefore, Levers have three boats, a steamer and two schooners, constantly out recruiting in the various groups, Malaita, Santa Cruz, and San Cristoval.

A recruiting schooner arrives off Malaita, where it is estimated that fifty thousand natives live, two thousand boys are constantly away working on the other islands. A gun is fired to announce their arrival, and to summon

boys from the bush to come down to the shore. Two small boats push off; all the men are armed. One boatful lands on the shore, the other lays off and watches in case the natives attack or are up to some killing scheme; then they fire amongst them. When the boys appear, there is much palaver, their relatives and hangers-on want a present, and what they call "beach money" has to be paid.

Recruiting used to cost about £8 a head, but like everything else, prices have soared and each "boy" costs between £22 and £25 a head. It is a preposterous price and the Government are trying to reduce this exorbitant tariff.

The "boys" sign on for two years, and come to the plantations. They receive their food, lodgment, lava-lavas, tobacco, in fact all they require and medical attendance, the wage being about 10s. per month, or in some cases one pound.

In the old days traders, pirates, and blackbirders used to swoop down upon these islands and forcibly take a crowd of natives away with them. "Bully Hayes" and others profited by this slave trade.

Formerly many Solomonites were recruited for Fiji. This is no longer allowed, as with the development of the Solomons, they need all their labour on home fields, and even so there is a shortage. Many of the murders of white men are the outcome of revenge on these blackbirders of olden times.

The natives on the plantations are, as a rule, well treated, because of the fact that they are valuable assets of labour.

According to the narratives of the older captains who have traversed these South Seas for years, it used to be the fashion, when a sailing ship was seen, to shoot over the sails; the ship was stopped, a boat was put ashore and they were obliged to pay a visit to the bigger ship.

After coming on deck, a game of cards or gambling was organized, and they were not allowed to go back to their boat until the others had obtained all their money. If they had no money, they had to pay in valuable cargo. Men like "Bully Hayes" and his pirate friends were virtual rulers of the South Seas.

All day we remain at Yandena. It is mercilessly hot; boys handle the cargo, the perspiration dripping off them, their pipes are stuck into their fibre arm bracelets, and as in the other islands they have their lime-bleached hair blonde, red or white. These natives are blacker than the Fijians, not so tall or fine looking. To me they seem of a lower race.

Three white people live on this large island. One is Mrs. Williams; she came on board to talk, and says it is good to talk to a white woman again. She has lived here ten years and certainly looks well and healthy, and has only had fever twice, which is a record up here.

On the ship there are only two women, myself and a lady and little girl who are going on a visit to their relative up in the islands. Women are scarce in the Solomons.

This morning we called at Ufa, which belongs to Lever Brothers. To-morrow we call at Bautika, Loavia, Tahlea, and I trust that these islands will vary in aspect.

Last night a boat with four native rowers, and containing three women and a man pulled alongside and came on board—the manager and his wife from one of the Lever plantations, with his two sisters, who were on a visit from Melbourne. They dined with us, and were in high glee to meet new people and to have ice, for there is none on the island. We happened to have vanilla ice cream and pink wafers for desert. To watch those girls devour the ice cream was an experience.

On many of the Lever plantations they have cows which supply them with milk, cream, and butter. There are plenty of chickens, ducks, and eggs, fruits of the tropics, also vegetable gardens; and with free housing the managers are put to no great expense. They say that if they only had ice machines, they would be quite happy.

This wife of the manager told me how much they appreciated meeting their own white people, after seeing only black faces. Steamer day once in six weeks or a month is a great event of their lives—it meant stores, mail, and comradeship.

After dinner, to the music of a gramophone the girls

jazzed with the officers, and quite a merry time ensued. They were loth to leave, but the manager reminded them that eight miles had to be rowed on a dark night, in order to get home. Their rowers were laid out asleep, like dead men, in their boat below. They were brought to life and bent to the oars, hands were waved, and lost sight of in the retreating distance.

All this day we have steamed past innumerable islands without stopping. We are always speeding north towards the Equator, and every day it becomes hotter. It is now December, and one of their most torrid seasons ; perspiration oozes from our hands, one is never dry. I am sunburned to blisters, which have become most painful ; we discard as much clothing as decency will allow. Even as I write these words the perspiration drops off my nose. It is a treat to wipe one's face with eau-de-Cologne, and the water in the bath is so warm that there is little refreshment in it. But if one desires to see the Solomons one must put up with discomforts.

The ship is well arranged, although old-fashioned, and as we are so few passengers on board, one has a cabin to oneself ; the attendance is kind and attentive, the food as good as you can expect. Everyone has an electric fan and a wind scoop in the port.

The passengers include a planter, several young men in Levers' employ, a trader, a missionary, a doctor, a scientist, the lady with little girl and myself.

Some years ago a member of Lever Brothers wanted to buy some land on a desolate island for a coconut plantation ; he bargained for a long time with a tall, thin, primitive chief. He would not sell this particular land. After every palaver the result was the same, not *that* land, but all the territory he wanted on the island opposite. They found out *why*, at last. The other island which this chief was so anxious to sell was the stronghold of his enemy, thus his astuteness in disposing of it. They showed this chief handfuls of golden sovereigns ; it meant nothing to him, he had never seen gold before and wanted none of it. But when they told him he could have their good

stout row-boat the old man became gleeful and gave over the land at once. With such primitive, childlike people, who had no idea of value and wealth, it was nearly pitiful, but the name of Levers is synonymous with justice and honour—so they built a fine native house for the chief and supplied him with kai-kai (food) ever after.

There are countless uninhabited islands, and we think of crowded London as we steam past beautiful lonely islands with trees and palms, some of them with no inhabitants, others with only a few savage natives, who live in their grass huts; mountains which have never felt the tread of human feet. It makes one regret this mighty waste of land in the multitudinous islands of the Pacific.

GIZO.

We have passed and called at island after island. There is a terrible monotony about them. One can describe them as simply palms, copra-sheds, and blacks—or coons, coconuts, and copra!

The missionary boys wear white lava-lavas and red belts. We are at Gizo now, a pretty island full of palms, the seat of the Government in the north. The resident commissioner, Captain Francis, lives at Government House, a small establishment on the top of a hill. It is quite a pull up there, but when you arrive you are amply repaid for your trouble, for the view is beautiful. On one side the ocean, sounding the endless song of the sea, as it whacks the reef—nothing between it and Australia some 1,800 miles away.

On the other side, a panorama of islands large and small, looking like emeralds set in a sapphire sea. The house is surrounded by a beautiful garden, the crotons are especially beautiful, one remarks such a variety of colours. Captain Francis was most kind. I met him at his office, and we discussed London and home news. Unfortunately, Mrs. Francis and their baby girl could not endure the hot, moist climate, and after repeated attacks of fever, they were obliged to leave.

It is most lonely for a man, here on an island, with no

one to associate with. The manager of Burns Philp, and his wife, and some five men engaged in copra and missionary work form the population of Gizo. Captain Francis was busy, as it was steamer day, but he told me to go up to his house, rest, and read the English papers.

It was intensely hot, and my arms and neck are grilled; the blisters are breaking to-day, the skin is off and everything sore and painful. I have never seen such pestful flies in any part of the world, they are small and make directly for your mouth and eyes. As I climbed the hill, walking through the most lovely croton hedges, holding a sunshade, camera, note-book and field glasses, with no defending hand, every fly seemed attracted to my raw arms and neck. They were torturers, a very Inquisition!

It was a blessing to reach the house, which is all enclosed in wire-netting and practically mosquito-proof. How comfortable to get away from the flies! There were two boy servants, one got me a cool lime drink, and it was pure joy to find a stack of papers, and about a dozen *Tatlers*. People who are never in the wilds can scarcely realize what this means to a wanderer. I spent two blissful hours in the quiet, cool house. Captain Francis has some weird Solomon curios given him by the natives. In 1902, a grant of £2,500 from the Imperial Funds was given for the expense of establishing a second Government Station at Gizo, and for the purchase of a sailing vessel for the use of the resident Commissioner.

Coming back to the ship I renewed my battle with the flies, every time a bite or sting occurs in this land you can never tell what it may lead to. The little girl on board was slightly bitten, a tiny mark that in other circumstances you would not give a second thought to. The next morning her face was so swollen that she could not see out of her eyes. These flies and mosquitoes may bring fevers, elephantiasis, one never knows.

The scenery about Gizo is more interesting; we are amidst countless islands; opposite is Loga, with the Lever plantations; near by is the plantation bearing the name of Lady Lever.

Kolobangara raises its mountainous head to nearly 6,000 feet. This is a native word, which means "The Lord of the Waters." We are favoured by clear weather, making the peak visible, a view not often vouchsafed to travellers.

The native legend is that at the Creation, a huge god found a block of wood floating in the water. He desired to make an island which should stand the highest amongst the lands, so, with his axe, he made a fine slope to the heights with one fell scoop, then his axe broke, and consequently the other side of the mountain is jagged.

Mr. Knibbs, a Crown surveyor, has climbed this mountain; progressing in the bush where every inch of the way has to be chopped is no easy matter. Gizo is a native word meaning "Shark." It is a sort of a junction for numerous adjacent islands, Vella Lavella being one of the principal islands of the North Central Group.

Here the Rev. John F. Goldie, who for years has been the head of the Methodist Mission, has done good work. Probably no one knows the Solomons better than Mr. Goldie. I first met him at Levuka, Fiji, where he had brought over two educated Solomonites to lecture to the Fijians, and they were singularly efficient, a contrast to the ordinary native.

When the steamer blows her whistle, every small boat, schooner, launch, canoe, whatever they have, hastens to the landing-stage. It is picturesque to see the various vessels assembling, the only thoroughfare is the water, and the few solitary people hasten to gather news and see the other units of the white race.

A man said to me, "Do you realize I have not seen or spoken to a woman for fifteen months. You don't know what it means to talk again with our kin."

I met Mr. Benskin, an old pioneer; he has an island named after him, was born in Kent, and has a native wife. He lost his first wife and children in a horrible manner—the natives killed them all. When he returned from a journey he found his wife and children hacked to pieces, their flesh was tossed about all over the ground—and wild

dogs were consuming the bodies. What a scene to confront a loving father ! Mr. Benskin is a tall, hard, fine-looking man, and knows all about the natives ; many are the stories he told me, and he finally asked me to visit his plantation. One is helpless in the Solomons without a boat of one's own. It is like being in London without vehicles. Mr. Benskin tells me that in many of the Solomons, cannibalism is extinct, but most of them are head hunters. In the case of a white man, they sever the head at once by an axe, then they eat a part of the neck, a ceremonious affair, more or less frequent with the devil worshippers. They believe it gives them courage. He said he had been in villages after a raid between enemies, and it was shocking to see the bodies laying about headless and mutilated.

Over there, as we look at Vella Lavella, who knows what is taking place ? And on the unfrequented islands where there are no white men, many are the raids and murders of which the Government know nothing.

The district officers cannot keep in touch with a thousand islands. Just outside my port now, as I write on my camp table, a whiteheaded black is looking in, he is washing the ship down. Fortunately there is a netting over the port, and bars on the door leading outside to the well-deck. Three black boys are there, and they have such strange voices. I catch this phrase, "Maia, a bona bul tuna," which translated means—"Yes, I am a good boy."

To-day I was talking to Mr. Tomkinson, a missionary who has been here many years. He recounted that he had a native boy direct from the bush, who had known nothing of civilization. Mr. Tomkinson then was living in a low grass hut. He had two shelves, arranged upon one of which he kept his eatables, and on the other his various wants, such as vaseline, ink, medicines and such things. Every morning at breakfast, this native would put on the table ink, vaseline and painkiller, beside the salt and pepper ! A unique idea, ink for a breakfast refresher ! This boy had never seen a tea-kettle, and when told to go and fill it, he disappeared for some time. They looked for him, and he was found trying to put the water through the spout !



NATIVES IN THE SOLOMONS.



A LARGE FAMILY, SOLOMONS.

*Library of the
Smithsonian Institution*

To face page 288.

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Every day we pass and call at islands ; some of the plantations run from a hundred acres to a thousand acres. Their principal owners are the Government, Lever Brothers, who have over 20,000 acres in the group, and Burns Philp & Co., who own some 5,000 acres.

Levers Pacific Plantations Ltd. own property at Gavutu, Kookoom, Tenaru, Hu, Ruavatu, Aola, Kaukau, Mauronia, Boi, Three Sisters, Pepesala, Kaylan, West Bay, Somata, Fai-ami, Banika, Ufa, Loavie, Rendova, Loga, Arundel, Pauru, Villa, Stanmore, Karikama, and Lady Lever. A great number of these we have called at for the copra ; it is not necessary to describe them as they are so similar. Lord Leverhulme made an extended voyage among the islands some years ago. Mr. Joseph Meek, who is the Australian Manager-in-Chief, was on this steamer, but left at Gavutu to take one of the firm's steamers in order to inspect the various plantations. He remembers the islands from 1908, when he first visited this area, and bought up the land and subsequently cleared and planted the coconuts. Such rapid development of wealth and progress in absolutely primitive bush lands is a great satisfaction to him, as well as to everyone else who is interested in copra.

There are many smaller companies dotted over the islands. Government inspectors are ever travelling about, earning their salary by looking into the treatment of the natives at the plantations, and although ten shillings a month appears a tiny wage for native workers, still, one has to remember that they are supplied with all the necessities of life and medical attendance. Every company of any size must support a native hospital, and there is a law that you must feed the native ten days on rice, the same number on bread—that means that a baker must be kept—and the remaining ten days on biscuits, the latter being expensive. It is understood that per head each native costs quite a sum a year.

If the "boys" enlist again after their second year is up they are re-engaged at a pound a month, which wage is also again raised if the "boy" remains on and merits it,

The idea of sending cattle up to the plantations is a good one, and might well be copied in Samoa. The cattle graze under the shade of the palms, and keep the weeds and grass down, and more precious still, they destroy the larva of the detested rhinoceros-beetle, which harm the trees. Labour being scarce and dear, the cattle perform a splendid service, besides providing milk, cream, and fresh butter. Once in a while a beast is killed, and the meat relieves the monotony of tinned food.

On our ship *Melusia* we brought up a lot of cattle for Burns Philp & Co.'s plantation. It is quite interesting to see them landed. They are enclosed in a strong bellyband, swung over and tied to a row boat, then the launch pulls them ashore. When within a short distance their horns are released and they swim or wade ashore. Usually, some of the herd have been driven down to the beach; the beasts see their own kin and quickly join them.

FIASI.

Yesterday we stopped at Fiasi in the Shortland Group. There is a narrow passage between Fiasi and a Government Station. On each side are two high hills, and the usual palm groves, copra shed, and red-roofed houses upon a hill.

A large flotilla, from tiny native canoes to good-sized schooners, assembled for the one great day, *mail day*. How these people love to come on board, and have a meal if time allows. But at any rate, they can see and talk to different people. I am sort of an unofficial hostess, the Captain always sends for me. Some have even read about my Empire work and travels in the Sydney papers. With them I am an object of great curiosity. Amongst the party who came on board at Fiasi was Mrs. Scott. She was born in the Solomons, and looks well; every one knows Mrs. Scott.

I was talking to a man who is stationed at Bougainville, a large primitive island just north of the Shortlands. He said, "You don't know what a treat it is to talk with

someone from London. That is my schooner there, and you would scarcely believe it, but you are the first white woman I have spoken to for months." I asked him about Bougainville Island, named after the French explorer. He said that no one had ever travelled in the interior, and very few white men had even visited the shores.

Cannibalism reigns, and all kinds of horrible things. He had to go after a man for the Government, a man who had killed his wife and eaten her. They made him produce her bones, which he did, wrapped up in a native mat.

Skulls of women adorn their huts or fences, but women are of no importance, their heads cannot even adorn a native temple. These natives believe that the more heads they can collect, the better their chance in their so-called heaven or after-life. Some have grass houses "adorned" with row upon row of heads. A man is never safe; he wants his own head naturally, but is doubtful how long he will be able to guard it. They are a low race, and no better than the wild dogs of the islands, my informant said.

Imagine a huge island which no one dares to penetrate. Womanlike, I asked him about their marriage customs, and he told me that when a girl child is born, a man will buy her for his son, who would be a few years older than the infant. A "tamboo," or marriage portion, would consist of necklaces of the teeth of the flying fox and dogs. These teeth would be finely plaited on fibre, and two or three fathoms of shell money; a "make fast" would be added, of say ten spears and arrows. I asked if they had any wedding festivities; he replied, "No, the man simply takes over the girl, she has no option."

The chief is called a "Kukeroi," and his head man or interpreter a "Gultul."

All the afternoon we were sailing past this barbaric island of Bougainville. I stood on the bridge and with my glasses, trying to bring the island nearer, imagining all the dreadful things I had heard about it. Bougainville is now under the mandate of Australia.

A very good paper is published at Gizo, a monthly journal, *The Planter's Gazette*.

CHAPTER XX

RABAUL—NEW GUINEA

Rabaul—Lenient British treatment—A Devil-worshipper intrudes—A thief captured—South Sea yarns—A successful planter.

IN going to the Solomon Group, ships call at Rabaul—therefore I was obliged to pay this port two visits. The following is a copy of a Proclamation read to the natives, in a language they understand, upon the annexation of the late German possessions in New Guinea, at Rabaul, September 12, 1914 :—

“All boys belongina one place, you savvy master, he stronge feller too much, you look him all ship stop place, he small feller ship belongina him. Plenty more big feller he stop place belongina him, now he come here, he take all place. He look out good you feller. Now he like you feller, look out good alonga him. Suppose other feller master, he been speak you, ‘You no work alonga new feller master,’ he gammon. Suppose you work good with this new feller master, he look out good alonga you, he look out you get plenty good feller kai-kai—food. He no fighting black boy alonga nothing. You look him new feller flag, you savvy him, he belonga British (English), he more better than other feller, suppose you been making paper before this new feller master come, you finish time belonga him first, finish time belonga him, you like make him new feller paper longa man belonga new feller master. He look out good along you, he give good feller kai-kai. Suppose you no look out good alonga him, he cross too much, British (English) new feller master, he like him black feller man too much. He like him all the same you piccanin alonga him. You get black feller master belongina you, he all same Police master, you look out place alonga with him, he look out place alonga you. You no fight other feller black man, other feller place you no kai-kai man. You no steal Mary (girl) belongina other feller black man. He finish talk alonga with you soon. Bye-an-bye ship belongina

new feller master he come and look out place belongina you. You look out him now belongina place, belongina you, you speak him all the same. Me been talk with you now, now you give three good feller cheers belongina new feller master.

Nomore 'um Kaiser.

God Save um King."

For several days we have been around the bay outside Rabaul, the new territory taken over by the League of Nations and administered by the Australian mandate. Everyone complains that the natives under British lenient treatment have become spoilt; they no longer wish to work, recruiting becomes more and more difficult and expensive. Native labour laws are exacting, food, lava-lavas, tobacco, taxes and medical treatment cost so much that by the time the copra planters have complied with all laws, and paid the taxes, there is little left—the present price of copra being below pre-war.

During the German rule the natives were forced to work, if not, they got the stick. To-day they know their power, and take advantage of it. They provoke their employers to the limit of their endurance, for they are aware that if an Englishman strikes them they can have complete revenge by reporting him, and he is obliged to pay a fine of £5. Furthermore, the native now does not salute the white man. The only salute one receives is at Government House. The natives would not have dared forget a salute when the Germans were here, it would have meant a flogging.

All through the Solomons, and now in a Papuan territory, the men declare that the native knows when he has been a bad boy, and respects the power of the stick, the only method of reproof they understand.

For the past two days we have been anchored at Matupi, close to a smouldering volcano, the Northern Daughter, the whole side of which has at one time been blown out. The entire locality reeks of sulphur and brimstone, and with this intense heat and extreme humidity, life has been anything but agreeable. It seems impossible to breathe,

and I now dread this cruel sun; my burnt arms, face and neck have been excruciatingly painful, and yards of skin peeled off. I feel like the man in the Bible who could wrap his skin about him. So far as looks go I am ashamed to be seen.

For hours I watch the boys always loading the hole with big bags of copra, about 150 lb. to the bag; then a schooner comes alongside, most picturesque, with kanakas in the rigging. Two or three stand like statues on the prow, their lava-lavas of scarlet in vivid contrast to the blue sky and water.

My cabin has any number of tiny black copra bugs, they fly as well, and nip you a little, but are not poisonous. Still they are a nuisance, as they get amidst one's clothes and are into everything, even your face powder. Wherever copra is, these bugs are to be found.

I have a fat black rat, who has also taken up his abode with me, in this cabin where I am now writing. I sit under the whirling electric fan, a camp writing-table before me. This always accompanies me, for I believe in describing on the spot, when you are amidst the local colouring and ideas are fresh. Outside on the well-deck, Solomonite natives are working the copra cargo; the noise is terrific; the winches lift enormous quantities of copra, which are tightly packed below. A shower comes on—one can't do much with copra in the rain, wet copra is not good, and may ignite.

Queer native cries, and weird-sounding words, reach me through the port, and the open iron-barbed door; bizarre black faces look in at me, their hair sticking out. The red-haired boys put the lime on in order to get a "Mary" (girl), as they think red hair makes them more passionate-looking. Some have white marks of paint across their brow, others red or yellow. It is very hot, and they are practically naked.

I had a horrid experience with a native last night. My cabin has a port looking out to sea, and one overlooking the well-deck. Over the latter is a strongly fitted wire mesh covering, in order that the native can't get his hand

through and steal. At 4 a.m. I was awakened by some small object falling. In my sub-consciousness I fancied it was the rat who had knocked over something. Twice I heard a slight noise, the fan was on all night, which whirling sound helps to deaden other noises. If it was the rat, I did not like to get out of my top berth, as I was obliged to cross the cabin in order to switch on the light; it would be horrid if the rat ran across my naked feet. I slept with my head on a level with the two ports. Just dozed off to sleep again, when I awoke with a start—a native was gripping my fingers. With a scream I dashed out of my berth, put on the light, grabbed a big stick and my revolver. All was silence, but pitch dark. I looked out, not a soul was to be seen. On the floor were the two small toilet jars overturned, my sponge and other objects which had fallen, and the bent and broken wire-netting. I have my revolver and will not hesitate to use it, but it is a ghastly sensation to wake up in the night, and find your fingers in the cold, clammy grasp of a savage native.

In my long "safari" in Africa, out in the real wilds, I have had many experiences of natives. I remember one night my head man expected an uprising. As a rule he fixed my tent, and left a lantern outside; this night he said: "Ma no sleep in tent, Ma sleep in little dark native hut"; which I did, and probably saved my life.

Yesterday, Captain Williams and I were invited to have tea at Government House, Rabaul. Their Excellencies, General and Mrs. Wisdom, had gone on an inter-island voyage, and Captain Wright and Mr. Bailey of the Treasury Department were our hosts. Formerly it belonged to the Germans. It is a charming home situated on a mountainous hill some 500 or 600 feet above the town, from which a magnificent view is obtained of the ocean on each side, as well as a wonderful panorama of mountains. The effect is as if you were in an aeroplane; the house is delightfully cool, painted green and white, with red roof. Mrs. Wisdom has created a real English home here—the chintz, pictures, and flowers were a treat to my eyes,

having had nothing to look at for weeks, except blacks, palms and copra.

His Excellency has a most attractive collection of native curios. On one occasion Mrs. Wisdom was giving a tea-party, and neither she nor any of the guests could think of the native word for butter. The boy stood there gazing abstractedly at them while they asked him to bring butter, finally one of the guests tried, "Bring grease from cow." The boy hastened out and returned with the butter. "Grease from cow" had made it quite clear.

That evening Captain Wright gave a dinner-party at the Rabaul Hotel, the best in the town. Everyone was talking about the robberies, for it seems that each night someone has lost articles by theft. Out here in the tropics, it is impossible to close or lock up your house; at Rabaul there is no light in the streets, it is pitch dark, people go about with a lantern. Mrs. Whiteman, who is a celebrated woman here who owns stores and a copra plantation, said that she had been robbed of nearly all her gowns, silk stockings, and petticoats. Captain Wright had been visited the night before; a lot of fine cutlery and a clock had disappeared, more than half a dozen people at the hotel related their experiences. Mr. Cobban, one of the Chiefs of the Police, was out every night with his boys, but had not been able to catch the gang. Women with their young children were afraid to sleep, and revolvers were taken out and kept within reach.

Some eight or ten of us returned to Captain Wright's and sat chatting on the verandah; suddenly all was excitement. A thief had been caught, and the police boys hauled the fellow up on to our verandah. The police were immensely glad, and they looked queerly smart in their uniform, a white cap with black band marked "Police," naked to the waist, a short lava-lava and a white belt and pocket at the back. The thief trembled with fright, but could give no explanation as to why he was hiding in Captain Wright's cook-house. They asked him: "What was his master's name?" he responded, "Me no savvy." Thus he was marched off to the police-

station, and it is to be hoped he will confess as to the members of this robber gang and the citizens of Rabaul be able to sleep in safety.

A man who has been in this country since 1881—Peter Hansen—was sent for by Captain Wright, to tell me some stories. Peter has always been a character in these regions and has spent many fortunes. Now, alas, he is an old man of sixty-nine, although he does not look it, and possesses nothing. He is credited with having forty-five children, of various colours ; as a “ Maryhunter ” he surpassed most men. He was a friend of the pirate “ Bully Hayes.” He recounted how in 1888 he had a house on Witu Island, where he lived, with his black woman and child. A tidal wave struck the island ; he saw this immense volume of water coming. After three waves there was nothing more on the island, his house, woman, and baby were washed away out to sea, but Peter stuck in the top of a tree. When the water subsided, Peter came down to find nothing but desolation. For some time he lived absolutely naked in the trunk of a tree, the top of which the tidal wave had carried away. He afterwards found taro, and yams in the ground, and fed himself. Some natives, who had not been killed, made their appearance and were going to take his life, but Peter was lucky enough to have found an old, useless musket. The Kanakas did not know it was worthless ; they became humble, and Peter passed nine months naked with the natives, until a boat rescued him. Peter Hansen in 1881 worked in the coal mines of Australia with the now Sir Joseph Cook. He told of his reminiscences of those days.

Fortune then changed for Peter, he owned an island which even now bears his name “ Petershaven,” and had thousands of coconut trees, and amassed a fortune. At one time, when one of His Majesty’s ships entered the bay, Peter entertained over 1,000 men for three days—food, wine, champagne, and even “ fair ” partners were provided for the guests. Sometimes Peter had a harem of forty young girls, blacks, and a pack of savage dogs to keep other men away.

During the flood-tide of his wealth he visited Sydney, arrived in his old cotton island clothes, and hurried to Farmers & Co., to procure a new outfit. He bought the finest silk pyjamas, evening suits, overcoat, boots, shoes, gold watches and chains, and tie pins—his purchases amounting to £450. His appearance did not suggest a Croesus. Some of the heads of departments hovered around, looking at the worn-out clothes dubiously. Tentatively they asked him: "At what hotel was he staying?" He answered: "The Australia" and produced a roll from his pocket, notes which represented £600. Peter paid cash. All the heads of departments changed their expressions of doubt for appreciative smiles, benign, attentive. They would send whatever he wanted to his hotel, and not bother him to come to the shop. With bows, Peter was escorted to the door. Money produces smiles, expressions of appreciation are often simply the effect of gold.

Now Peter, dressed as a gentleman should be, next obtained a box at a musical comedy. How the girls loved Peter, how his money flowed at champagne suppers, diamonds and various gifts he showered upon them. "Life was one gay masked ball" for Peter in those days. As that wonderful poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, has written, "There are none to refuse your nectared wine, but alone, you drink life's gall." Yet Peter is not a repiner; his memories are ever with him, as he told us, "He's had a good time." Mrs. Whiteman asked him, "Did you ever find a woman who liked you simply for yourself?" "Yes," he replied sadly. "She is old and black, she sews my clothes, gets me my food. I'm not grumbling," said Peter. Yet he had a job at 10s. a day doing stabling work, and has just lost it. Peter told me—"I have a one-course meal a day at the Chinaman's and that's enough; I'm getting old now." Here is a pioneer, a man who was worth fortunes, alas!—the wheel of fortune has refused to turn.

While talking of personalities of Rabaul one should not forget Mrs. Whiteman, whose husband was at one time the only Englishman trading in this German Colony. He has died, and Mrs. Whiteman manages stores and an



CEREMONIAL OF BOYHOOD ENTERING MANHOOD, RABAUL, NEW GUINEA.



THE DUK-DUKS IN DANCING ATTIRE, RABAUL, NEW GUINEA.

To face page 298.

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enormous copra plantation. The other night she planned to go over to the plantation some fifty miles away. She and her three boys were to embark at midnight; at the last moment some business on her part interfered, the boys went on her behalf to report the news. On the way over, a storm sprang up suddenly, as they often do in the tropics, the boat was wrecked and the sharks ate every boy. Such is life out here in the South Sea Islands, risk—dangers—and danger overcome, then life goes on again. The sea looks lovely in its blueness, but if you go over, man's enemy, a hundred members of the shark family, await you.

Fish in these waters are abundant, but they do not rise quickly to the bait, therefore dynamite is used as a lazy way of fishing. A charge is exploded, and dead fish come to the surface. In former times you simply scooped the lot, but of late, there have been so many cases of the native heads, part of the shoulders and many arms being blown away, that it will soon be forbidden by law to "fish," if you can so call it, in this manner.

There was recently an eclipse of the moon, which caused great consternation amongst the natives. One native spoke to another native: "Boss, like this—what's the matter along this feller moon, God-d—Master, me no savvy, me think um Kaiser along him moon, him feller's finish."

After our dinner at Rabaul, the excitement of the capture of one thief, and all the stories I had tried to remember, the captain and other officers of the ship and I stumbled over the dark roads of Rabaul, and boarded the launch back to Matupi, where we were anchored near the smouldering volcano. It was seven miles down the bay, a dark night; the captain took the helm, for he is like an owl for seeing in the night. A ship had come in, a recruiting boat well lighted. With the curiosity of men who follow the sea, where everything that floats they must see, we steered, and flashed our lantern to read its name.

My mind was full of the stories I had heard, many very funny ones. As Admiral Keppel says, the queerest stories, however, although not very bad, do not look well

in print and given out to the world. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Never have I seen phosphorescence so marked as in these waters. To a lover of Nature it was wonderful. As our launch cut through the waters, we left a comet trail of silver stars behind us. About midnight I climbed the very steep gangway, and with the myriads of stars of the tropical night looking down through the open ports, I fell asleep.

Everyone at Rabaul knows of Mr. Mouton, not only because he owns the biggest plantation in this region, but he is really the oldest resident. I don't mean old in years. He was only thirteen years of age when he arrived in New Britain, and has the distinction of being the only survivor of the Marquise de la Reys Expedition, which set out from France to found a new colony over fifty years ago.

I was invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Mouton, and fortunately for me I found Mr. Mouton in a reminiscent mood. A party of us sat on his verandah, and listened intently as he told us how, as a lad, he and his father decided to leave Belgium and join the Marquise's expedition. It had been all excitement at first, many wanted to go. They sailed from Havre, France, and put in at Barcelona, Spain, where for one reason or another they were delayed for three months. Spongers and adventurers who said they wished to colonize with the Marquise de la Rey, lived on him, got all they could, but on the day of sailing deserted. After terrible hardships, fever, bad food, storms, and hurricanes, the expedition landed on these shores, but many had died at sea. Young Mouton and his father survived. As he said, they had struck a wild country, where were cannibals of the worst description. Many a time he had watched these natives prepare a human feast, but they dare not say a word of disapproval; if they had, they would have soon been in the pot themselves. Every hardship was theirs. Finally, they chose the land which is theirs to-day, and now Mr. Mouton is a rich man who employs some 350 natives, has a manager to work his

copra plantation, while he can ride in one of his fine automobiles. But a pioneer is always a pioneer, and Mr. Mouton does not particularly care for cushioned ease. At any time, early or late, the natives never know when Mr. Mouton may be making his visit of inspection. As he told me, "I hate to hear people finding fault and grumbling with the present luxury. If they had gone through what I had to in the early days, they would have had something to complain about."

CHAPTER XXI

THE RETURN TO SYDNEY

Malai—The feast I refused—Cruising round the islands—Far-flung posts of Empire—En route for Sydney—Faisi—Jazzing in the Solomons—Tulagi again—Legislation—Return to Sydney—Finale.

RETURNING FROM RABAU.

I LEFT the steamer at Faisi to go to Malai, a native village in the Shortland Group. It was terribly hot, one of those days when all your clothing becomes as wet as if you were sitting in your bath. The water pours out of your skin and you feel it showering over your body. I was armed this time with a large black umbrella. My tortured skin having peeled off and healed, it is not pleasant to contemplate further sunburn.

The scenery about here is of the same monotonousness—palm-trees, a red-roofed house, blacks, and copra. About seventeen men and one woman live on this island. When the launch ran alongside the little stone landing at Malai, I looked with curiosity at something which resembled a dead white man floating a few yards away. It proved to be the intestines of some slaughtered pigs. While I watched the thing, two sharks appeared and fought for the meal. They chewed and tossed the pieces into the air, and every once in a while I could see their fins out of the water. In a few seconds every morsel had been gobbled up. It gives one a queer sensation to be so near to sharks. Even in bathing one may be taken at any moment. A native woman about here left her two babies paddling on the beach—she had only gone to pick fruit for them—and before she could get back two alligators came up to the beach and each grabbed a child.

I walked along the village, accompanied by natives of all ages and sizes. Never have I seen such black skins, even in their eyes there are no whites. Those sinister eyes looked horrible, all black. You could not hope to read their expression. Their mouths were scarlet from the chewing of betel-nuts; their bodies naked except for a short lap-lap. Yet these ferocious-seeming folk wore a cross about their necks, Catholics all, and under the Marist Brotherhood. It appears almost incredible that these dreadful savages could have been Christianized.

Some of them spoke and understood English, and they wanted to shake hands, which I loathed doing, as many natives have the scaly skins caused by a disease called cuss-cuss, which is contagious. I went through their village. It was comparatively clean; their houses of grass, in some cases were high and large; inside were the women and piccaninnies. The women's breasts were pendulous, loose, and flopped about as they walked. The houses were dark in the interior; one had a bedstead, a rare thing in this out-of-the-way place.

It was about noon, and they were making a feast to which they invited me. I declined, owing to a previous engagement, as I told them. They showed me the feast in preparation. On a long table covered with banana leaves lay great chunks of half-roasted pig, each piece would weigh many pounds; then there was wild cabbage, which they showed me how to eat; it grew on long stringy bushes, and they shredded it off with their fingers. On several fires close by were big kerosene tins, in which were boiling vegetables, thick green banana leaves acted as a cover. Alongside sat a man who mashed coconuts out into a sort of grater, thereby reducing the coconut to a creamy pulp. Bananas and arrowroot were to be added, and this would form their dessert.

It was tragi-comic to see a big pig, followed by her litter, come along and sniff at the cooking-pots, and also at a cooked pig—which might have been her better half!

Although this tribe had the worst-looking faces, they tried to be kind. One gave me an ivory nut, another a

long yellow-tasselled flower, and all the village came down to see the launch off.

A few miles further on I called at the mission at Poparang, where the Marist Brothers have done splendid work. There is a large fine church. I had a talk with the Rev. Father Bock, who has passed fifteen years of his life amidst these natives. He was born at Verdun, France, and went to the war.

A big village of new straw huts had been built to house a number of natives who would journey here from other islands to celebrate Christmas. There are several Sisters (nuns), who teach and look after the native women. The Rev. Father told me of the dangers they had endured when they first established a mission amongst this desperate head-hunter tribe.

For days we have been cruising past and stopping at various islands of the Russell Group, West Bay, Pepesala, Tetimari, Rendova. There is absolutely nothing to describe; some islands are yet covered with the primitive bush, others have thousands of coconut palms. One must think of the labour in clearing the plantations, the hard work entailed in digging up trees and shrubs, preparing the land, and inserting the seedlings or nuts, then keeping the land clean and fighting the beetle. Naturally, black men do the most strenuous part, but the white man has to work as well; and after the day's toil is over, what has he? In most cases a lonely house, and no comradeship. He may sit on his verandah at the close of day and watch one of the most beautiful sunsets which Nature can offer, with not a soul to discuss it with.

Island after island we pass, some inhabited, others not. In almost every case where the island is mountainous no white man has been in the interior, yet there is great wealth represented in the plantations. The price of copra is down now, but will surely increase in value. One of the most amusing true stories told in Rabaul, which is verified by those in charge of the Expropriation Board, is as follows: A man came out to take charge of

one of the German plantations, taken over by the terms of the Australian Mandate. Some of the officers motored this man about, showed him the place and the millions of coconut trees. After the drive was over, the man looked perplexed, and blandly inquired: "But where are the copra-trees?" If you knew the country you could scarcely credit such ignorance.

It is rather pitiful to know how life is carried on uncomplainingly in these far-flung posts of the British Empire. Only the tenacity of our race keeps them alive—Empire-builders. They are the best of us. How they can cling on and accomplish their task is remarkable. To-day at West Bay a woman and her three children came on board and stayed to lunch. She had not been out of the islands for eight years; no one ever entered the Carlton with more enthusiasm than these three children, aged ten, eight and six. The mother was so glad to see us and to talk to women again. Captain Williams, who is a lover of children, produced some sweets and a child's picture-book, a swing was hung on deck, and we all took turns in pushing these children, born in the outskirts of Britain, but Britishers all the same. We have use for every one of them—did not the War show that? No words could describe the radiant countenances and wonder-eyed delight of these two girls and a boy; they who had as companions only a cat and a cockatoo.

The passengers going south to Sydney are about twenty; they know the islands and have governed and lived at strange stations, such as Ocean Island, and Nauru on the Equator, Bougainville, Ysabel and Choiseul. Many are tired and worn out by fever. The climate taxes one to the limit; although we have fans in the cabins, yet the pillows and sheets are soaking wet. In the morning one shakes them out and puts them in the sun to dry. Coming back to the loneliness of the Solomons—or "Sorrowful Islands"—a friend of mine who was in the Government service was stationed at one of the isolated stations. A young Cambridge man of twenty-four, he came out from England, proud, content, hopeful—eighteen months of

solitude drove him insane. On my voyage to Suva I met him being taken home by a brother official. His melancholia made one sad. He was going back to England a wreck. That is what the Solomons had done to a promising young official.

In years to come, when these islands are populated, another story may be told.

While at Faisi we were invited one evening to jazz at Mrs. Scott's, who, as already mentioned, owns an adjacent island. Her husband, not being in good health, remains at Sydney, and at present she is managing their copra plantations which cover three islands. Mrs. Scott speaks the native language like one of them. She and her guests, also Mrs. Peterson, who had been stationed at wild Bougainville, came to dinner; they were dressed in the height of Sydney fashion, dinner gowns, bandeaux for their hair, and looked as if they might have been going on to the Savoy.

They arrived in Mrs. Scott's schooner, manned by a dozen jet-black boys, picturesque and barbaric in the extreme. After dinner, in the glare of bright moonlight, we sailed over to her island, which lies at the entrance of the bay. One side faces the ocean. It was perfectly beautiful in the golden glory of the moon, as silently we passed islands whose palms were silhouetted strangely against the deep indigo sky, and arrived at her wharf. Through gardens and hedges we reached her home. The house is very large and built in the native style, with overhanging roof of pandanus; boughs of betal-nut tree formed the sides and partitions, while the verandah measured 20 feet wide, and encircled the house. Lamps gave the light, but could not rival the magnificent moon which transmuted the palms into silver. This island is only twenty-five acres in extent. The gramophone was put on and we danced. There were no "wall-flowers," four women and about twenty-four men all eager to dance and talk. I was amused at her ten female servants, Marys, locally speaking. Each wore a flower in the top of their "wool," muslin jackets, many bead necklaces, and red and white lava lavas. Some of

them had been with Mrs. Scott since she was a child. It was certainly a pleasant and interesting evening, and indicated how the best of the Islanders live. About midnight, with the help of the native crew, we sped back to the ship. As Mrs. Scott said good-bye she murmured sadly, "It's only once in a long while we have a party."

At many of the islands it is not interesting enough to look out of the port—an island, a long line of copra, a red-roofed house for the manager, a row of small houses for the natives, and that's all!

The ship drops anchor, our row-boats are put over, the launch draws several boats to the shore, they are loaded with bags of copra and return, the winches rattle, and ten bags in a pack are hurled below, to be placed and adjusted in the hole. Amongst our passengers are twenty Germans from Rabaul, who have given up their plantations, received the chit of their value from the Expropriation Board, and are on their way to Germany, where they hope to be paid. They sit on one side of the deck, and we British on the other; there is not much intercourse between us. If they speak, we politely answer, but we can't forget—not yet.

Quite an exciting moment arrived. The odour of burning copra permeated the decks, for copra is known to ignite. The hatch was opened, and the men found that one bag was on fire; this was removed, and we settled to tranquillity again. Fire at sea must be a terrible experience.

TULAGI.

On my return visit I stayed some days at Gavutu and Tulagi. There was rather a gloom over this primitive capital, as four people had died, and when the entire white population only numbers thirty souls, they naturally become apprehensive of danger.

Anyone living in the Solomons must expect fever, and prepare themselves for it. The latest idea of the medical profession is, not to take quinine until you have the fever. If you saturate your system with quinine before fever,

it does not have the desired effect when the fever rages. If you are attacked, then dose yourself with quinine and whisky, lay down with covers on you, and sweat the fever from your system.

Black-water fever, pulmonary troubles, and dysentery take their toll from the Solomonites, and many a hurried run from distant islands to save their lives at the Tulagi Hospital is the result.

The hospital was opened at the end of 1915. It is said to be well equipped with an operating theatre, and accommodation for ten white people and thirty natives, whose quarters are quite separate. When I was there, only one nurse, assisted by natives, cared for the sick, and the idea occurred to me as to what would happen if an epidemic took place and the ten beds were filled, with only one nurse to administer to their wants.

At present, according to Government statistics, in all the Solomon Group the population is as follows :—

White	235 males	60 females
Yellow—Chinese or Japs	80 „	8 „
Half-castes	15 „	29 „
Estimated natives	150,000	

This is purely conjecture, as no one can take an exact census of islands that have never been surveyed—it might be double the number, or less. The natives have been dying off at a great rate.

Among the missions of the Solomons are : the Melanesian Mission (Church of England), Marist Brothers (Roman Catholic), Methodist Mission, South Sea Evangelical Mission, and the Seventh Day Adventists Mission.

Tulagi, although it appears so small, yet is advancing steadily. It is prettily situated, and if you could see the tiny grass Residency hut of 1897, and compare it with the present charming bungalow built on the highest hill, where the Government residence is now placed, one readily sees it is going ahead rapidly.

All ceremonies such as hoisting and lowering the flag are carried out at Government House, as in the Residences

in all parts of the Empire. With a full equipment of police boys and bugles, the flag is lowered at sunset.

The heat and humidity here is really exhausting. The temperature ranges from 82° to 92°, which is nothing as dry heat is concerned, but accompanied by humidity of almost the same degree, one is never dry—perspiration trickles down one's back, and everyone suffers with the disagreeable prickly heat. As soon as you step out of your bath and attempt to dry yourself with a towel, from every pore water issues, and you cannot really dry yourself; consequently, any bite or embrasure turns rapidly into a sore, which never or rarely heals in the tropics. Altogether, the climate of the Solomons cannot be described as a healthy one.

The distance from Tulagi to Sydney is about 1,750 miles. The Resident Commissioner established himself on the Island of Tulagi, off the south coast of Florida, in 1897, and in 1899 a second Government station was established at Gizo in the New Georgia Group, and a third Government station was begun at Shortland Island in the Bougainville Straits in 1906, while a fourth was founded at Auki, on the Island of Malaita in 1909. The Government have also a station in the Marovo Lagoon, which was started in 1910.

The Resident Commissioner reports to the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, and the legislation in force is based upon the provisions of the Pacific Order in Council 1893, and the Regulations issued by the High Commissioner under powers conferred by that Order.

The people complain that it takes so long before justice can be administered, as most cases are submitted to the Government at Fiji—for instance a murder, and like serious cases.

At least forty different languages or dialects are used by the natives in the entire group. In many of the islands the natives are fierce, and war continually with neighbouring tribes. Some districts are completely annihilated; murder and vendettas and head-hunting abound.

“Salt-water” natives, who are fishermen, fight with

“Bushman,” who are taro and yam growers. A boy is often afraid to go back to his native village.

Shell money is used by the people of the Island of Auki, near the large Island of Malaita, which red money consists of small pieces of shell. The money is cut out and rubbed flat, then threaded on a fibre, each string being a fathom in length, and valued at five shillings and upward. This currency the native likes to use for the purpose of buying a wife.

Another form of currency is “feather money.” This is made from red breast feathers of a small bird, but the natives are fast losing their taste for this kind of money, and mostly prefer gold and silver—not notes, which perish quickly, as one is always wet with perspiration here.

On the Island of Gatukai, New Georgia, the old stone cooking-pots are made and used. Unfortunately, the native art is becoming lost; they obtain European cotton goods so easily that they do not bother to plait mats or cloth, although I have seen beautiful woven covers and belts, as fine as linen, from the Sikiama Island, Lord Howe and Santa Cruz Groups.

The natives have a sort of Freemasonry order among themselves, which they call Duk-Duk. Weird are their straw dresses and dances upon occasions of a sing-song.

The natives affirm that the moon belong to “Him big feller, Jesus Christ.” When it is full moon they say: “Him feller Jesus Christ, him got plenty kerosene.” When the moon is just born, they tell you: “Him feller Jesus Christ has all kerosene finished.”

At Bougainville the boys have long hair, which they wear stuffed into a white pandanus sort of hat, with a tight band around their forehead, the hat itself being some foot and a half high; they even sleep with this strange head-dress on. They are most superstitious. No one must see their hair down except the Mary (girl) they marry. They are virgin boys, and to take off this head-dress is regarded as a terrible disgrace. One of these boys would not pay his tax, and they arrested him, and cut off his long hair. The boy could not bear this humiliation, and

went mad and killed himself. These boys are as black as jet.

On board ship, just before arriving at Tulagi, it was intensely hot. One of the Solomon boys who was loading cargo suddenly went mad. He got hold of a big iron boat-hook and was going to kill us all. For a time we had great excitement. He would not listen to any man, white or black, but shouted, "Me kill! Me kill!" No one dared to approach him; they could have shot him, but did not wish to be so drastic. After a time a large piece of tarpaulin was slung over him. When he saw he was encompassed he slipped out and dashed overboard. The ship was in deep water, some half-mile from the shore. The native swam for the land, a boat went after him, and another native boy swam after the mad one. When they hauled him on board the small boat he was dead.

Such is life in the Solomons—the Sorrowful Islands. It is said that the cook-boys often go mad for a time, on account of the merciless heat.

After a week of calm sailing it was with great pleasure I again recognized the North Head, stately and picturesque, looming up in the distance.

FINALE.

And now in London, summing up this lengthy journey which has occupied two years, and in which I have travelled some 100,000 miles, I desire to thank the many kind hearts who have assisted me in divers ways, imparting to me valuable information, conducting me over their homes, initiating me into their manner of living, from the elaborate residences of the wealthy to the grass huts of the natives in the most primitive wilds.

I would like to suggest to the English-speaking race that instead of travelling over the same old ground, travel dictated by custom and habit, such as the annual journey to the Riviera and Switzerland, they take a broader view of things. Secure your passage on one of those great liners resembling floating towns, where you may enjoy your own

suite de luxe, with private bath and every comfort your purse allows, and steer your course for Australasia.

There is nothing better for health than a rest cure on board ship for six weeks. You sit on deck, absorbing the pure, invigorating air, and at last discover that you have time for reading, for that contemplation which your soul requires. There is a fair library on all these ships.

The food is very excellent, in fact one is apt to eat too much on the voyage. Then, should you weary of the placid life, you will find the Sports Committee organizing every conceivable sort of fun and games: tennis, deck croquet, cricket, fancy-dress balls. There is a dance nearly every night, concerts and lectures are interspersed frequently. One need never be dull on the journey out and home.

At intervals the ship drops anchor at the various ports of call, which also helps to relieve the monotony. You go ashore, interest yourself with excursions, purchase curios, interview the natives, after which the return to the ship, the relating of individual experiences, and the continuation of the ship's course towards the south.

For Americans who wish to avoid the cold and snow of the mid-west, the voyage to Australia is quicker and more easy than for the English. From Vancouver and San Francisco splendid vessels sail every week. Ships of the Oceanic Steamship Co., sailing from San Francisco, call at Honolulu and American Samoa, then on to Sydney. Vessels of the Union Steamship Co. leave Vancouver and stop at Honolulu, Suva, and Sydney, making the voyage in twenty-three days. On both lines the passengers have a glimpse into that earthly paradise—the South Sea Islands.

As the seasons are exactly the reverse of ours at home, winter being summer under the Southern Cross, a six months' journey to Australasia should be undertaken by all travellers who have the opportunity. They are certain to be comfortable all the way and to imbibe fresh knowledge all the time. Arriving in Sydney, the traveller may live as if in London or New York. After you have exhausted

the sights of Sydney, in two hours' journeying, by motor or train, you can be enthralled by the scenery of the Blue Mountains. Here you may camp out, motor, drive, and have your pick of numerous hotels. The Majestic Hotel, Medlow Bath, is considered very smart, and is beautifully situated at a height of 2,446 feet, and is only seventy-two miles from Sydney. Katoomba is a mountain centre with a population of 6,000 inhabitants; good shops and first-class accommodation add to its amenities. Leura is another resting-place with pretty falls, whilst the Wentworth Falls are worthy of a visit. Then, a little farther on is Mount Victoria, from which spot you visit the world-famous Jenolan Caves, where several days might well be spent in order thoroughly to investigate these wonderful natural caverns. Each is different in style and formation, massive, gigantic stalagmites suggesting many styles of architecture. These caves are electrically lighted. The Blue Mountains, so pronounced are its beauties, will afford the visitor many weeks of sheer delight.

Another jaunt from Sydney is to the alpine districts of Kosciusko, where, in July, ice carnivals are held. Ski-ing, skating, and all the sports which make Switzerland famous are indulged in under the skies of this southern continent. Mr. Charles Maclurcan, hon. treasurer of the Kosciusko Alpine Club, has the distinction of being the champion skater of Australia. Nor must the traveller neglect to visit Northern Australia. It may seem strange to Europeans that the farther north you go in this great country "down under" the hotter the climate becomes. Brisbane is a fine city. The Barron Falls, which are very beautiful, and the wonderful bridges—triumphs of engineering—which the train ascends at steep gradients, should on no account be left out of the tourist's programme.

In Queensland the scenery is of the beautiful tropical description, and one motors through miles of tobacco, cotton, banana, pineapple, and sugar plantations. From Sydney you journey to Melbourne, either by train or by very comfortable ships. There is a marked diversity of

opinion as to the respective merits and greatness of Sydney and Melbourne. Some boast of Melbourne, others stand by Sydney. Both, at any rate, are very fine cities of which any nation might justifiably be proud. Melbourne is the capital of Victoria, and is admirably laid out, with miles of splendid boulevards, charming houses and gardens—St. Kilda Road, Beach, the Toorak, the Botanical Gardens are indeed beautiful spots. So far as gardens are concerned, Melbourne surpasses all Australia. Here, too, are magnificent public buildings—Houses of Parliament, Museum, Library, hospitals, fine shops and good hotels. The Oriental I found first-class in every respect. “Menzies” and the Occidental are well known and most comfortable. Melbourne is rich in its industries and in everything that goes to the making of a great capital.

From Melbourne it is only one night’s journey by sea to Tasmania, which on no account must be left out of the itinerary. Here, again, is another beautiful country. When you awake in the morning you are gliding up the Tamar River, where the reflection of the banks on its mirror-like surface is most picturesque. You arrive at Launceston, a clean, bright town, and in motoring around the environs you could easily imagine you were in England. It was misty there on the occasion of my visit, and the mountains were veiled.

All Tasmanians are extremely English. At Hobart there is a magnificent harbour backed by Mount Wellington and Mount Nelson. I motored through a hundred miles of apple orchards and hop-vines on my way to National Park. It was autumn, and two million bushels of apples were soon to be exported. In the spring (November), when the apple trees are in flower, the sight must be amazingly beautiful.

Hobart is the oldest town. Many of the colonial houses dating from the early ’eighties are still standing in their gardens, overlooked by the gigantic oaks brought out from England long, long ago. Three months at least should be devoted to Tasmania. The great islands of New Zealand, North Island and South Island, should be visited by reason of their wonderful industries and magnificent

scenery. I am, however, not qualified to write of New Zealand, although I have visited Auckland and Wellington on four occasions to embark on steamers going to and from the South Sea Islands. I hope to go there some day for a more extended stay.

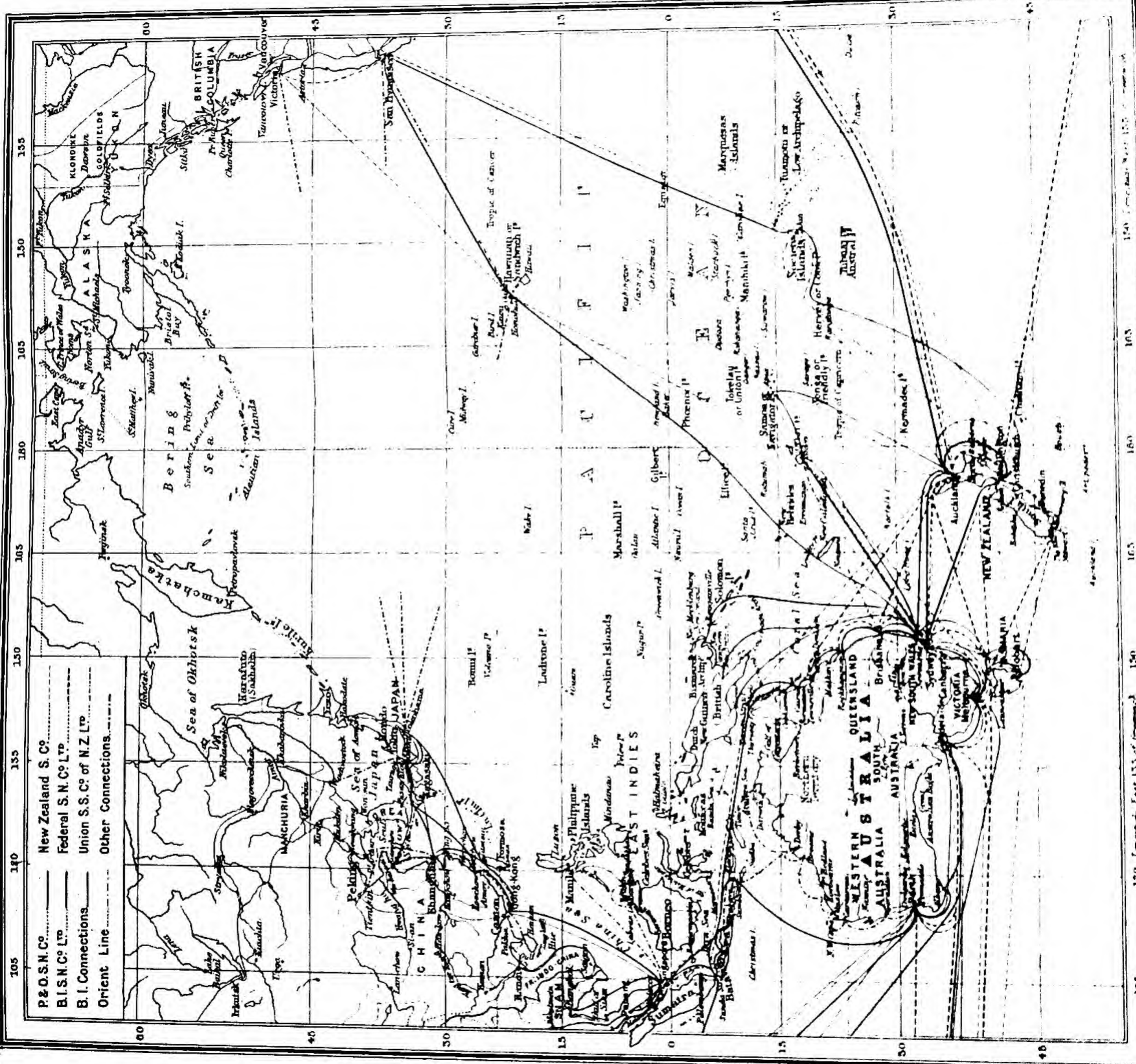
Fremantle and Perth, Western Australia, are most important and thriving cities, and must be seen to be appreciated. Perth, the capital, is making great strides. In this portion of the continent farm-workers, miners, labourers of every kind, will find great opportunities; miles of virgin land await the tiller.

To my intense regret it was impossible for me to visit Adelaide and to see the great wine-growing centres of Southern Australia. My time limit of two years had expired, and I was obliged to hasten back to the "Old Country."

In conclusion, I say to the British: Travel through Australasia and see with your own eyes the wonderful achievements of the men of your race. Become better acquainted with your brother colonials, study their methods, bring them ideas, work each of you for the benefit of civilization, progress, and home life, and furthermore spend your British money in British colonies.

Australia needs not only immigrants of the poorer class, but men of wealth and brains who will come out and study the country, make note of its needs and publish the facts to the world. Britons must realize, and must be made to realize, that we need this coalition of brotherhood throughout the Empire of Great Britain, for—
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